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Remy St. Remy :

OR,

THE BOY IN BLUE.

BY

MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

“Round his mysterious ME, there lies, under all those wool-rags, a garment of Flesh, contextured in the loom of Heaven.”—SARTOR RESARTUS.



NEW YORK :

JAMES O'KANE, 126 NASSAU STREET.

1866.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865,

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Those who have given their best beloved to their Country, and who have toiled and suffered during bitter separations, and at last wept in hopeless desolation because the sweetest voice was forever silent, and the dearest heart lying in a far-away grave, these pages are inscribed, with the love and sympathy of the writer.



P R E F A C E.

THE real life of to-day lies parallel with the intensest fiction of yesterday, and has more pathos and heroism; but, alas! the poetic justice is all left out!

These pages were written because the reality drifted past our eyes and ears, and is a portion of history. Perhaps our taste would have gathered something of pleasanter color; but there is little that is lovely, though much that is grandly beautiful, and wonderfully sublime, in the years that have just left us.

The writer is conscious of the utter poverty of words, while attempting to express the sad truths which have found life in these desolate days. The record of this story lies under our palm; but the soldiers upon God's battle-fields march forth, in this little book, under the veil, which the truly heroic always choose and the really noble can comprehend.

Years hence, this second christening would have been unnecessary, because many of the évents recorded here, will be embalmed in the glorious annals of our crusade against tyranny, and the consequent triumph of humanity. Liberty has led its lovers through strange ways, where they have followed gladly, even unto death; and when the smoke of battle shall have drifted away, there will be indisputable proofs of the enclosed picture, even though the mists of fictitious baptisms hide a few of the actors in this drama from the curious eyes of the world, because the finer forces of some natures compel them to forget their individuality, when humanity demands the sacrifice.

C. H. G.

HARTFORD, Ct.

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REMY ST. REMY.

CHAPTER I.

NO SURRENDER.

“ Yet will the old time
Never return ! never those peaceful hours !
Never that careless heart, and never more,
Ah, never more, that laughter without pain ;
But I that languish for repose, must fly it,
Nor save in doing, daring, taste of rest.”

By a white fountain, midway between the homestead on the hill and the white shore of the sea, stood two, whose faces cast back broken reflections from the restless ripples in the deep marble basin, and the picture of their changed lineaments might, and perhaps did suggest a resemblance to their future, and send the thought thrilling through their hearts.

Whatever they saw, or felt, was unspoken.

Remy St. Remy's manner indicated a desire to end the interview. She had forced herself to an appearance of indifference. You might have imagined her next

utterance would be a ripple of sentiment, or a quaint conceit suggested by the unusual appearance of the sky and sea, but fate and not fancy, was in their coming words. Every syllable was from the soul. The man wore the look of one who had fought hard, and been vanquished. A stern purpose, once vitalized by hope, lay dead upon his face. You could see the pallor, and feel the quiver of the last agonising effort of subjugation.

It had been a brief contest, and was just ending between these two magnificently matched spirits. Both were unconquerable, but the glow upon the woman's forehead, and the suppressed gleam of her eyes, proved that truth and justice claimed her as victor.

The young man's dark eyes wore no look that an upright soul sends forth, even in defeat. He had come from his southern home with not a doubt of success, and the pitiful drooping of his spirit shaped itself in attitude and features.

Only the metallic ring of his voice told that he was Carryl Farnam, the proudest man of Tennessee, the humblest man in New England.

The girl stood like a palpitating statue facing the sea. The far outlook of her still eyes rested upon the thunder-cloud bordering the horizon. She, only a child, a lovely happy creature, a half year ago,—but now she was lifted to the highest womanhood—the grandest pinnacle of heroism, to meet the approaching storm. Not that

which her eyes gazed upon startled her soul, but the terrible one that faced her future, and whose thunders were tokens of death, and whose whirlwinds wasted houses, leveled tyrants, and wrested fetters, and yet she was gloriously affluent in resource, and rich in personal reliance, as the last threat and argument fell upon her ears.

A young martyr, who had resolved to resist the rack with all vital and spiritual force, would have worn the deep calm of unutterable determination which transfigured her face.

“You will not go to your home with me, Miss St. Remy?”

“I will not.”

“You will not attempt the journey alone, you cannot, dare not.”

“I dare—I may. My future and yours is no longer in any wise blended. I cannot comply with a wish against which my highest nature revolts. You are determined upon rebellion to the best government man ever knew—and Carryl Farnam, if I ever loved you, and I am not sure that I did, I detest you now. What I may do, I do not know. If my course has in any wise seemed plain to me, you will not share it, and it would be useless for you to know.”

“Woman’s mysteries,” he said, with a sneer.

“Once I abhorred both mysteries and subterfuges. I do not know if I do now, except as they are embodied in

yourself. Had you asked me before our last correspondence, and this interview, if a deception or silence was ever justifiable between ourselves, I should have said no, and perhaps been angered at you for putting the question. To-day there seems to be a revolution in all things, and in myself most of all. I do not know what I am, or what I may do, and how can I tell you, even if I choose to reply to questions you have no longer a right to ask. Before your disloyalty, my heart was a glass in which you could see yourself, and every thought of mine. To-day it is an alembic, and I cannot tell what it may precipitate. My crushed future holds worthier solutions than before I passed this trial. My heart responds to something beyond repose and selfish luxury. Your patriotism is dead, and villany lives in its stead. I christen this new birth of yours by that name. I know you wish I were a man at this moment, and so do I. My patriotism is Procrustean. It may torture me till it is fitted to every act of my life. Don't interrupt me. I have nearly finished our last conversation. When I promised you my hand, I was a toy, and I pleased you. To-day I am a woman, and the daughter of an Unionist, as loyal as any man who calls this Republic, home. He has not told me this to change my estimate of you. I should have known it, if he had uttered no word of our poor insulted country. He has never written your name since he left me in France."

“You call our affection and your promise nothing, when weighed against loyalty?”

“Nothing!”

“I do not forget my birth-place, and its claims upon me. You have a girl’s fancy, but you have a woman’s heart. You will repent the bitter words of to-day, when it is too late.”

“Never! My birth-place was in the United, not in the divided States. I never forget that. You can leave me now. A traitor will never find forgiveness, if he beg ever so imploringly. Remember this, Carryl Farnam, and one thing more. You take with you my prayers for your penitence, but not one heart-beat of affection. The dead never rise in this world. Remember!”

She turned from him with a strange quietness, a wonderful calm, and followed the pathway down the slope towards the sea. She looked as immovable as the marble Hebe at her side when she rested, turning no gaze backward. The fountain of her life had grown bitter, but its Marah was invisible. An hour passed, and her host, Colonel Berry, brought her a letter, but it bore no mark of home, yet she felt its contents, and the superscription was familiar to the eye of the colonel.

“The last, I fear, until the storm passes. The very sky seems pitiful to-day, and the white Catalpa blossoms have covered you as the birds did the lost children

but you are not lost, you know. We will be only too glad to shelter and care for you if you will stay. Please don't be distressed. You used to look as if no cloud could blot out the sunshine of your faith and fancy. Don't let it go now, when we all need it so much, and you, more than ourselves. How it thunders, and how heavily the surf throbs and throbs on the rocks, as if its big restless soul understood the agony in the northern heart! But you don't open your letter. Shall I leave you to face its contents alone, Miss St. Remy?"

For a moment her wonderful face quivered, and then she slowly unsealed and read the loving, but terrible tidings. Steadily her eyes followed the tracery of her father's hand, and then her white fingers closed over the brief message, and her future was silently shaping itself in her woman's brain. All that day's decline the strange girl sat motionless under the falling blossoms of this transplanted tree, whose roots had germinated in the garden of her childhood's home. Her hands tightened over her letter so closely that the color left their thin tips, and they lay like exquisite models carved from meerschaum.

Only once during that time did she lift her splendid head, and then only to look answer to poor Dot, who came to say:

"'Pears like you'd growd dare, pretty chile, jes like dat black stun woman down in Massa St. Remy's

flower patch, only you isn't black, course you isn't. You'se a nuff site whiter nor I wish you was dis day, chile. 'Speets you got sumfin in dat are letter dat spiles de red roses on your cheeks—tell Dot."

The young girl lifted her eyes, placed them silently upon Dot, until the funny bit of blackness had retreated, without turning, to the doorway of the mansion, and then, with a movement not found in gymnastics, threw her huge white apron over her face, and herself upon the marble floor, and rolled one way and then the other, as if she could manipulate herself into her usual jolly condition. Suddenly a bright thought struck her, which she expressed audibly, with a bit of wholesome philosophy.

"Dot, you are a fool, and a nigger. Crying won't help any body. Marble floors has got rheumatiz in 'em. Dinners are best kept warm in a body's stomach. Mistis Brown says I'll be mancipated. 'Sposè dat's nice, but I heap sight rather 'd marry Hokey. 'Spose I'se got to wait for dat. May be Hokey 'll be shot with a gun, or killed with a pistol, or sumfin. Guess I won't tink of dese tings though, 'till I'se had dinner anyway. Dey would spile my dispepsy if I got too hungry crying 'bout dat handsome Hokey. Now hold your tongue, Dot, dese white gals don't know noffin like as much 'bout feelins as cullud pussons does, 'cept my mistis."

She wiped her eyes, righted her apron, and put on

what she called her "topish ways," and moved onward to the kitchen, imagining herself superior to any "white party," who took their meals outside the dining room. Her "topishness," however, cost the house-keeper a twinge of distress, as Dot's skirts swept by a vase from the library, and sent it shapeless to the floor.

"De pesky ting broke it's own pesky self," was Dot's apology. No remonstrance changed the girl's form of expression or brought a penitential word. She thought all the Northern people were "Bobolitioners," and she had caught the idea that the word meant, thieves of colored people. Therefore, she considered any wrong done to them justifiable. She was not adored in the kitchen, and, but that her stomach was of intense interest, she would have absented herself altogether. However, the memory of Hokey, nor the white face of her mistress, nor the broken vase of dainty china with exquisite coloring, disturbed her relish for dinner, and she was prepared to resume her grief with unimpaired digestive organs.

The thunder pealed in the distance, but approached no nearer. The surf throbbed on in its rhythmical sorrow, and answered thought for thought in the spirit of the exiled white girl, and in its monotonous but cadenced sympathy, her palms loosened their grasp, and the numbness went as the roses came back to her finger tips. She gathered courage from the voice of the sea, and that day's communion had told her that,

even as its waves touched and washed all the homes of the children of man, so God's hand held every creature.

All who love and listen to nature are soothed and comforted by its voice, and she believed that somewhere and some time upon its bosom, she should rest with a reunited household, though weariness and watching; and perhaps struggle, lay in long lines of suffering between.

There was, she knew, too much intuitive delicacy in the hearts of these Northern friends to ask the contents of that last letter from the lovely Southland. She did not imagine how one heart longed to ask just one question, and dared not even with his eyes.

The sun still shone high above, but the low black cloud continued to hang like a rim upon the further edge of the Atlantic. Moan after moan rose up from the waves, and now and then intonations vibrated from the black mass of electric vapor.

Like a white crown upon a lonely headland, rested the home of Colonel Berry. There are few so charming, though many are grander, in New England. Architectural taste has been of slow, and uncertain growth in America, but it had found complete manifestations in this harmonious structure.

From its columned entrance to the shelly beach, stretched a terraced lawn, studded with graceful trees, tinted and toned by all the colors of progressive fruit-

age, gold and green, russet and red, peeping out from nestling foliage with a glance of beauty, or boldly facing the sunbeams, and drinking perfection. Cedars wore their sober green, and Lombardy poplars skirted the distance, like giant watchers guarding the quiet, where the robins sung during the spring time, and the velvety bees hummed from the early tulip's coming to the white amaranth of the dead summer.

Pebbled pathways set one's fancy thinking of white ribbons woven in and out of green tapestry, and carpeting the slope.

The summer had throned herself right regally upon these New England hills which sloped so gracefully towards the ocean. In truth, her reign had half spent itself in exultant minstrelsy, but the orchestra of wild bird hymns failed to reach human ears, so pained were they with the drum beat and bugle call, which summoned brave men to victory or heaven.

Colonel Berry had called together his thousand men, and tented them upon a meadow of his father's smoothing, where the white canvas cones dappled the green in sight of his mother's eyes. She was proud of the picture, even through the pain in her heart, and her son, oh, if he could have taken one other love than her's he would have been glad, even though the next dawn was to light them on their way to the battle-field.

He knew that Carryl Farnam had come northward in the disguise of a loyal man, to accompany Miss St.

Remy to her native home, before the pickets should interpose impossibilities to their transit. He knew too, that this Southerner had possessed her promise to a marriage, and her love too, or at least her admiration. Women mistake one for the other sometimes, and perhaps Remy St. Remy was too young to discriminate, when the betrothal occurred.

Carryl Farnam was young, proud, elegant and rich, and it had been a pleasant plan of exclusive families to unite these two. Both had been educated in part abroad, and both came back with a warm love for their own land. It was with inexpressible pain that they found so much dissension growing in their homes, but there was a ranker growth of strife springing in their hearts as they expressed each to each their thoughts, principles and purposes.

Miss St. Remy had exchanged no messages on political subjects with her absent father, but she held her own, having formed them unconsciously, as one does their opinions of good and evil. Had the message come to her that her household had turned traitor to its government, and she must believe the testimony, she would have taken the intelligence with the same emotion, only bitterer, as would have followed the death of all that made life beautiful and welcome. This, however, she knew could never be, and no assurance could make her believe such an event possible, save the audible words of her father.

That Carryl Farnam was a foe to his country, was a fact which had crept so slowly into her soul, that she was able to bend to the truth, and cast him out from all participation in her regard. Suffering that comes slowly, finds more endurance and patience than a quick blow, besides, she felt more for her country's wrongs than for her own. The hope of her life was gone, and she never questioned if another could rise in its stead.

Now the parting with her old friend and affianced husband was past, she crowded into the brief hour the past and future, and but for the caressing voice of the sea that arose up and consoled her with a faith in the Infinite, she would have gone mad!

With this unseen strength, this inexhaustible balm, she forgot herself, and only remembered that in the morning a brave man was to go forth from his fireside and its strong arms of love and luxury, to die, if God willed, and she put her own sorrows by, and passed quietly into the presence of a pale, calm woman, who had consecrated her sacrifice by tears, and in the silence and solitude of her private apartment—but with smiles and cheer in the presence of her noble son and those who shared his fate.

Not a film of the cloud that had surged through Miss St. Remy's life lay in her eyes, or upon her face, as she glided over the marble hall, and, with a merry voice, sang :

“ There is a mighty Noyse of Bells
Rushing from the turret free ;
A solemn tale of Truthe it tells
O'er Land and Sea.
How heartes be breaking fast, and then
Wax whole againe.”

She stooped, and left just the spirit of a kiss upon Mrs. Berry's brow, and then chirruped away of the omens of the sunshine on this last afternoon of the colonel's citizen life, and drew, oh, such delightful auguries from all that came from sky and sea. She was a very bird of beautiful prophecy all that purple twilight, and though Mrs. Berry knew by a woman's intuition that a heart was well nigh breaking under that musical twitter, she would not make it harder to endure, by observing the swan song.

How many of our desperate griefs could be borne with patience, if we alone knew that the blow had fallen !

When the color had quite died out of the sky, when the thunder had threatened and then gone, and the astral threw its nebulous light over the elegant parlors, Colonel Berry came in for his last evening with his mother, and the one he loved better than all the world beside, though hopelessly, and with a wordless devotion.

It was a strange evening. Mrs. Berry understood the young lady, and hoped for her son's future. But the colonel ! He could in a measure comprehend his mother's forced cheerfulness, but not the gay spirits of their guest.

Breaking the silence at last, he said :

“ I hope you will remain with my mother in my absence, for your friend, I perceive, has gone without taking you, as he said he intended, upon the first day of his arrival.”

“ No, he did not take me. My father told me to await his coming, as he should not remain in the seceded states. That was his brief message in to-day’s letter. I do not expect to hear again from him, but hope to see him soon, and my brother also. Neither will bear arms against this government, and both believe that much blood will come of this temporary separation. Mr. Farnam took my message to them to-day.”

“ But you will remain here ?”

“ Don’t tempt me to run away, by making me promise to stay. You ought to comprehend human, and especially woman nature better,” and she ran her beautiful fingers over the pearl keyboard of a piano, and sang a verse of “ Tim the Tacket.”

“ A bark is lying on the sands,
No rippling wave is sparkling near her;
She seems unmanned of all her hands,
There’s not a soul on board to steer her.”

Turning quickly round, she said :

“ You are the pilot of this bark, and how can we tell where we will drift when you are gone? Don’t ask absurd questions.” Then her voice fell to that strange key that thrilled every fibre of his self-poised being, as

if he were but a fleck of down upon the breath of her words.

“You are going away, and the good God and His loving angels guard you. You are His messenger—His warrior, and we are only the sparrows, but He has counted us, and will mark us that we *do not fall*. Good night. I shall see you from my window when you go forth. Your mother wants you entirely in these last moments.”

She gave him her hand in silence, then as she drew it away, she lifted the handle of his sword and touched it to her lips, and like a spirit was gone.

When the colonel recovered his voice, he said :

“Mother, you will let that girl share my place in your affection when I am away. She can never be to me that which my heart demands, but I love her just the same, and so will you. Don’t blame her. She was betrothed when we first met, and does not imagine my devotion to her, but you will care for her as if she were your child.”

“Yes, my son, always, if she will let me. But I don’t like the glimmer in her eyes to-night. She is not a girl any more, but a woman to meet any fate heroically. Poor heart !” And so they made common interest in the girl, and talked of her into the deep midnight, and what the future might shape of the strange circumstances of her position.

Colonel Berry knew that she had refused to go with

Carryl Farnam, and took leave of him before the letter came, and he drew a world of hope from the event Miss St. Remy had intended he should overlook.

In the morning he could see the waving of a white hand over the balcony, and he felt that a silent blessing followed him. He was of a proud New England family—the last one of his name, save his pale sweet mother, whose love was divided between the graves on the slope, and this one son. He was worthy of all the pride and affection she lavished, and in giving him to her country, she bestowed the bravest man, the tenderest heart, and the strongest sabre-stroke in the Federal army.

Miss St. Remy found Dot coiled upon the floor, with her wool covered by her apron, and the same sort of philosophy that induced her to eat while her mistress fasted, sent her to sleep during the leave-taking down stairs.

Dot was the envy of her mistress for a moment, and then came back the same determined and self-reliant expression that had answered with more eloquence even than her words, the appeal at the fountain.

Backward and forward she paced her chamber, stopped, looked at her face in the mirror, swept back her hair with her hands, pulled out the golden arrow with its diamond tips and feather of pearls, and let the long dark coil roll down upon the emerald green drapery of her attire, and said, half aloud, to herself:

“Deserted! No, not that, but alone—Remy—and by your own choice—thank God! He thought you less than a woman to relinquish home and affection for duty. Perhaps you are, but you have weighed Carryl Farnam and found him valueless! Go to bed, child. Plait your hair—there is no one to admire its wealth or color now. You love praise too well, but girl, you love your country’s honor better. You would have been a good and true wife to a soldier, if he wore the Federal blue—but oh, what a rebellion you would have raised for an uniform of grey! Somebody would have been mustered out, without waiting for military ceremony. You would make a petite soldier. Napoleon was about your size.”

She looked long and earnestly at herself, and then the big tears brimmed her eyes, and hid the beautiful face from her sight. Slowly she sank upon her knees and prayed for the protection of her people, and for the triumph of liberty.

A deep calm fell slowly over her brow, and down her quivering lips, and stilled them into hope and trust.

She disrobed herself, letting her sleepy woman take her rest, saying softly—“I won’t waken you, poor Dot. You have your sorrows to bear, and your heart is white with unselfishness.”

“My father, my father,” came through her unconscious lips, from the dream-land where she had gone, but a sweet faith rocked and soothed her soul even there.

CHAPTER II.

MARCHING.

“Who serves for gain, a slave, by thankless pelf
Is paid; who gives himself, is priceless, free!
I give myself, a man, to God, lo, He
Renders me back a saint unto myself.”

COLONEL BERRY fought a fiercer fight between duty and inclination in the grey of that morning than any bloodless battle that early dawn witnessed. He was brimming with patriotism, but oh, if he could only carry with him the certainty of safety to “the little saint,” as he called Remy St. Remy in his heart, it would be so easy—so easy to go! Would she wait for her father’s coming in the shelter of his mother’s care, or would it be his mission to tear her from the heart of Rebeldom, where he feared her woman’s affection would lead her while he was on duty in the field? He rather hoped he might be called to follow a fate like this, and with his imagination all aglow with the thought,

he was spared the pain of parting glances at the dear old hills about his home, and the beautiful bold cliffs, and low white shores where his boyhood drank faith, hope and courage, which was to lead him through fields of fellow men harvested by the sweep of death-dealing shot, and over floods lashing out human life in terrific surges, or silently wrapping them in an endless sleep.

The morning went by, and, little by little, he forgot the troubled dream of the morning, and the white hand that evoked it, and a new world of care dawned upon him. From car to car he went, with a proud pain in his heart at taking so many noble fellows from their families, to what? Not the fate that fell on that Sabbath morning—the last Sabbath—upon the poor lads at Bull Run! He was almost vain of his command—handsome fellows! and to think of leaving them upon the field!

Their rollicking jokes, old ones, repeated for the sake of old times, how old! were uttered with grim efforts at smiles, but the voice was not false to the heart. That quivered and thrilled, not to fear, but to the probabilities of their fate.

Not that New England soldiers carry away unwilling souls, but the thrilling story of disaster had sped over the land, and too many hearts were writhing in certain sorrow, and many were yet waiting for the possible tidings of loss; and these constrained Northerners are tender and pitiful, albeit sometimes wordless to those

who wait and grieve, and they feel too, the great throbbing pain that indignation brings to loyal men, when they lift their eyes to the banner they have always revered.

But merriment helped them bear it better, and so they jested over their future, and wondered who would come back again to the sweet homes where peace brooded always.

The tented field, and the preparation for contest, the drilling under a scorching sun, and the bugle calls broke in upon their old ways and grooved habits, which seemed tame and monotonous in the retrospective. Close friendships were closer, and their hearts grew so big that there was room for a whole regiment in each. How they consecrated themselves to their country, and, perhaps, if the truth were fully told, they somehow mingled in a vague way, their colonel and country together, for they were proud in their love for him, the grand man!

The days about the Capitol were few, and letters went back to tell of love and safety, and then came the thrilling order to *march!*

It was deep twilight, and the morning's bugle would reiterate the startling order. Every man had completed preparations, and the musings, which by some unexplained power, always come in the dark, fell upon the waiting men. Even the officers, with northern prompt-

ness, were ready, and felt the leisure almost painful, but pleasant memories

“Swung in a censer to a sleepy tune,”

soon lured them to soldier’s dreams.

Colonel Berry sat alone in his quarters, with the remembrance of home mingling with his pictures of the future, when his sentinel announced a visitor desiring an interview upon military matters.

The graceful army salute, and the handsome face of the young man interested the officer directly.

The young gentleman offered a letter, and stood with his lifted cap in the dim light of a swinging lamp, and for a moment was too conscious of more than ordinary scrutiny, but a will of unusual power kept his deep dark eyes steady, and the quiver that swept over his clearly cut mouth was held in subjection.

Whatever thought crossed the mind of the colonel, it was quite obliterated by his surprise and distress at the contents of the note.

“PHILADELPHIA, July 25, 1861.

“COLONEL BERRY:

“*My dear friend:*

“I know this missive will pain you, but you will comprehend and pardon me.

“The quiet of your beautiful home, only made my terrible anxiety for the future and its possibilities unendurable, and I escaped, hoping to sooner join those who are dearer than anything save liberty. I am on my way to the frontier, feeling assured of my safety. When my father bade me await his arrival, I endeavored

to be obedient, but it became impossible. With your northern calm, which comes by Christian culture, you do not comprehend the southern temper, and its ungoverned expressions. I can trust my father's coolness and determination, but my former friend, Carryl Farnam, has carried back to Tennessee a touch of passionate hate that may fire my home, and perhaps immolate the only two whom death has spared to me. He had the wickedness to write me his intended course, and while I hope, I have great fear. I would not have stooped to write ill of one who was once my betrothed, but I could not otherwise excuse myself for want of compliance to the wishes of yourself, who I regard as a sincere and unchangeable friend.

"The bearer of this note is an early acquaintance of mine, also an exile. He is true to the core of his heart, to the cause to which you are now devoting yourself. For my sake, could you find him a position near yourself, I am sure you will do so. He is too young for active duty, even if he were strong. You can, if you choose, trust him to perform any delicate service, no matter how dangerous. He has been carefully educated, and would relieve you of many irksome cares if you feel disposed to trust him. He has means at his command to procure for himself any necessaries, and I have given him my beautiful saddle horse which gave you so much trouble to procure. I have no need for him now, and sometimes you may be glad of a swift ride upon his back---*toward the enemy*---I will hope.

"You perceive, I am writing as if the matter was settled, and Ringold had already assumed the position of aid and servant, so sure am I of your willingness to grant any favor I may ask, that is consistent with your duty.

"You shall hear from me whenever it is possible, and God keep you safely in the storm of battle, and in the quiet of your tent, for your mother's sake and for your friends.

"REMY St. REMY."

For a moment he could only comprehend that she was gone, and through a desire to spare him pain, had neither told him how or when, and the contemplation was agonizing. He crushed the letter in his hand, and rising, faced the waiting stranger, and then remembered the wish—the last one of "the little saint."

He reached out his hand, and, with a tremulous voice, welcomed young Ringold, and with no formality of arrangement or questioning, said :

“It is settled. If you will remain with me, I will make it a mutual servitude. A friend’s friend is mine. Your duties will sometimes be to endure, more than to perform. Have you strength for long and rapid rides over the wild hills, and more especially through the swamps of Virginia?”

“A Tennessean is cradled in the saddle. I think my endurance equal to even a hardier looking New Englander. I could not, perhaps, swing a sabre as well, but I could hold a rein, or keep my saddle many an hour without weariness.”

“How long have you known Miss St. Remy?”

“Always. Our childhood was together. We are very nearly of an age. We were abroad at the same time. My father is an Unionist, and so is hers. It was her wish that I should be with you, and she proposed the plan, and even procured my pretty blue outfit, and gave me her beautiful horse, re-christening him for my service and for yours. She called him ‘Victory’!”

Colonel Berry looked earnestly at the handsome boy who shared so much of Miss St. Remy’s care, and wondered no more at her special interest in the lad, he was so delicately organized, and so intrepid in his appearance.

His dark short curls and low white forehead; his

deep earnest eyes which now and then opened wide with a flash like a lightning gleam over a summer cloud, and then closed into a soft quietude; his beardless lips like cut coral over his pearly teeth, now tightening into energy and determination, and then curling into a genial smile alternately.

“Could you fight your southern people if the fate of war should bring you face to face with the enemy?”

The young brow drooped for an instant, and a white film fell over it like a veil of mortal terror, but it cleared like a mist in a morning wind, and the slowly lifted head grew firm upon his handsome shoulders, and the easy posture of his hands changed barely enough to bring the small compact muscle into relief, and his voice deepened, but not a quiver shook its music as he replied very deliberately:

“I could defend myself, I could defend you against my childhood’s dearest friend. I could send to a quick death the man who should make a *secret* warfare against our Union, but I could not fire a random shot against battalions of Tennesseans. You know there are many true hearts, who to save life and their households, have been marshaled into the ranks of the rebels. Opportunity will prove them our friends.”

He paused a moment, and searched the face of his superior. The lamp was dim, and the colonel’s hand half shaded his eyes. Suspense was unendurable, and the lad continued:

“You cannot think me disloyal because I utter such expressions of seeming sympathy with the South. Every drop of kindred blood I have, throbs in Southern veins. I am young, and stand alone on this side of the grand division of a once united country, and, Colonel Berry, I shall stand or fall where I now am. Do you believe this?”

The colonel held out his hand again, and the suppressed words found eloquent expression in the sharp yet half withheld grasp which swallowed up the small palm of the young aid.

“Your hand was formed for peace, and your words are human, Ringold, but there is power and principle in your voice and manner. I do not doubt you. I could not suspect your truth any more than I could suspect the loyalty and truth of the noble woman who sent you to me. I thank her for thinking of me, and you for coming. I had intended to select some one from the ranks to be near my person, but you leave one soldier more in my brave command. We move to the front at the *reveille*. There must be some military formulas observed in your movements, and they must be attended to to-night. I will not leave you behind. Have you all needful personal preparations?”

“All. I beg pardon. I have a colored valet, and I do not know how to dispose of him. He is reliable, and can adapt himself to any position of servitude. He was reared in the house, and can perform all requirements

that could possibly be made upon him, and, except to keep silence, he is perfectly obedient. I gave him his choice between freedom and the South, and I cannot tell whether it was liberty or the promise he made never to leave me, that decided him. He gave his word to his mother, who was my nurse, to be mine always, if in his power, and since they parted, she has gone where there is no form or color, and the promise has become a supernatural compact. In France he was free and tempted. If you have use for him, he is strong and willing. His falsehoods are infrequent and always ludicrous, and his thieving has no temptations except in the form of ornaments or table luxuries, both of which will scarcely come in his way."

A moment's reflection decided the colonel, and the freedman was henceforth to be an appendage to their novel life.

A few parting words, and the morning saw young Ringold with his blue tunic and short full pants in the saddle, and a long black plume fastened with a silver star to the graceful hat which shaded the boyish face of the young soldier.

You would have guessed that a woman chose the costume, so perfect and elegant in its detail,—and been glad that strict regulations were not yet made, or if they had been brooded and hatched in military brains, had found no means of entire promulgation.

Victory looked as if he, too, had enlisted. His hand-

some head was higher than usual, and his small neat hoofs touched the ground proudly, while his thin nostrils dilated with the spirit of the warlike music to which he stepped.

The night had been spent in sleeplessness by the young man, and even the servant kept his black eyelids wide apart while listening to military regulations and instructions. It was no easy thing to separate these two who were bound by the tie of isolation and a common calamity.

Jetty was to follow in the train, and when they encamped, there would sometimes be leisure for giving now and then an hour to the comfort of each other. Jetty could not quite decide to be subject to another's order, and in his own mind he made a mental reservation in his new vassalage, that he would give "Massa Ringold's boots the best licks, and his dinner de best care."

The last interview was like that of friend with friend, as they were hereafter to be, though the inferior's expressions only proved an equality of affection.

"Remember, Jetty, our future depends very much upon how we do, and endure now, and how we help remove our poor country's misfortune. You see, I talk to you as if you were as white as you are from this time free. You must act as if you were as white as myself. You will sometime thank me for making you a man," and a faint smile half lit up the face of the speaker and

a broad grin quite illuminated the ebony of the listener, as both thought of the future with hope, and a bit of comicality in their positions. The ludicrous is so close upon the tragic, that a smile comes to strange and serious positions sometimes.

“Talk little, Jetty. Be obliging and helpful to all: You are strong, but if you get ill, or too weary, I’ll look after you. Remember, Jetty, and God keep us both.”

“Amen! De Lord can send a mighty sight bigger lot of trainers to ketch us if dese ’ere folks go for to carry us de wrong way. My! Wouldn’t Mamma Cleopatra flop her big angel wings ober us two if anything was goin for to ketch us? ’Pears like I seed her shiny face now, lookin right out of a crack in de door of de hebenly kingdom. Mebby like it’s only de mornin coming out of de sky, but she’s dar, sure, and she’ll keep a mighty sly watch of dese two chillen. Good by—what ye call you, Ringold? capin, or sumfin? Good by. Here goes my shoe after you.”

Ringold was touched, even comforted, by the weird faith of Jetty, and his face was lifted upward with a strange courage and hope.

The long line of infantry defiled over the river, across which so many had passed to death on the 16th and 17th of July, and whose fall lay like the cold invisible hand itself, upon a thousand hearts that must still beat on, dulled and heavy. All thought this, though they laughed

and made grim jokes of the military procession on the return from Bull Run.

But there was a new commander now, young and energetic, a man who said—"We have had our last retreat. We have seen our last defeat. You stand by me and I will stand by you, and henceforth victory will crown our efforts."

The general kept his word in spirit, but the power was withheld, and history shall pronounce sentence upon the paltriness of personal ambition, and the inexpressible contempt of coming years shall be upon the recorded name of the man who prevented victory.

The officers of the regiment were too much occupied with their cares, to give many thoughts to the "Boy in Blue," as he was designated, for want of a proper name.

"How finely that young fellow by the colonel sits in his saddle!" said Captain Trissillian. "He and his horse look like one magnificent creation. Wouldn't they be beauties in bronze, eh? I wonder where they were got up? Enlisted last night, or joined by arrangement? The colonel is as frank as a boy, and yet as mysterious as the black statue of Mnemosyne. He's strange, but he is as true as the sun, and as courageous as the Wolfe of Quebec. He reminds me of that general, as he seemed to my boy's fancy, as I read of his life and death, and spelled out half the meaning through great tears. I suppose many of the world's best will

fall in this shameless rebellion, and their names be flung to fame, like Cæsar's rent mantle to the populace, to incite others to patriotic self-abnegation. Halt! The colonel is coming back along the line, and the 'Boy in Blue' by his side. Handsome as a woman! Looks like a foreigner. A lost prince, perhaps. Look at that boot! Silver spurs!"

Captain Trissilian was silent as the two rode by, and then forgot them in his attention to his company. He was a jolly fellow, full of merry life when there was no use for serious endeavour, but a worker in the world when the play was over. He was just the man for a soldier. He could and would find something to interest himself, and those about him, and make merriment of even nothing. He was not a happy man, for he had too vivid a memory of suffering, but he did not cast his cloud over others.

There is no vacuity for some souls. They fill every space with beauty and every silence with music. Sometimes the tones are minor, but always sweet.

His mother had died at sea, after the exposure of wreck, and one of the seamen had taken the lad to his New England home, and given him all that it is generally supposed a child requires, food, raiment and a school-master. He had never been tamed to the staid ways of the people who wished to be kind to him, and they scarce expected it of him, though they longed to make him one of themselves. He had different blood,

and his foster-mother comforted herself by the remarkable truism, that "a robin couldn't be made into a bantam, it must have its song in the trees of a rosy morning, and not just cackle down on the pebbles when it was going to rain."

The terrible shock of wreck, and the writhing of the waves about his tender limbs—then the separation from his only friend, produced a fevered brain, and after his slow recovery, he could recall too little of his past life to benefit those who would have sought to restore him to his friends, but were only glad that they could retain him in their own hearts. He seemed cast into their hands by the storm, a child of the sea. He remembered his name and that was all, and with a childish pertinacity, would answer no other. Leon Trissilian began, and ended his appellation. His foster-father and mother had written it with Luke, for a Christian prefix, and Barnes for a domestic addendum, but he was always seized with an attack of deafness whenever he heard the sound. It was his only offensive stubbornness, and though it caused many a sleepless night, filled with profound inquiries, self-instituted and always unanswered, after the true method of subjugation, the boy kept his name, and rewarded by affection and respect all their sacrifice of religious principle founded upon Solomon's precept. It is very remarkable that this one bit of advice should have been such a favorite, coming from such a man, whose theories nor practices would

suit the advanced state of Christianity. Probably this sentiment is preserved as one does an ugly relic, simply because the ruin of which it was a portion, belonged to another age. If that sentiment about the rod could only be left in the antiquity where it belongs, there would be better and far manlier boys.

There's a sermon at daylight, when the regiment is on the march!

But to go back for one word more, the good people of the village said he must be conquered or he was ruined, but had you seen his genial face, and heard the kindliness which filled the sound of his voice when he spoke to his men, or watched his Napoleonic outline and bearing, you would have been sure he was neither.

His compact figure, crowned with a broad white full forehead, rimmed about and thatched over with short crisp brown curls, and dark clearly defined brows, fitting over deep blue eyes, that looked black when they were filled with emotion—a lip that sometimes contradicted and sometimes confirmed the promise of power in the upper part of his face, but which was fully substantiated by the testimony of a nose which was Roman to perfection, and might have made the great Napoleon dissatisfied with himself, even after Marengo.

Don't be skeptical, for who is there who does not know an uncrowned hero, or a demi-god who will have no earthly association with the immortals, except in your own big heart and clearer perception? Napoleons

don't always find a command. Subalterns don't always find an opportunity for recognition. There are greater men in the ranks of the Northern army to-day, than have ever worn an epaulette or even a chevron. Believe this. The ranks hold the victories in their staunch hearts, and muscular arms.

Presently, back rode the colonel toward the head of the line of infantry, and halting for a word with Captain Trissilian, he beckoned to his aid, and presented the two, who, in his admiration, ranked highest of all that band of noble fellows.

Admiration recognizes no period for its growth. The captain had the root of a lifetime in his superior's heart, but the other's position was of a few hours' existence yet equally strong, though not alike.

The captain's ungloved hand was instantly extended, forgetting that the military salute which returned his recognition, was all that was convenient or conventional on such an occasion. His smile of pleased appreciation was unreturned by young Ringold, but it made the captain's glance the keener, and his quick instinctive perceptions saw only dignified reticence and sorrow, where others would have perceived *hauteur*.

"I will be that boy's friend always. He can depend upon this soldier, poor lad!" was his remark to Lieutenant King, when the blue aid was out of sight.

The colonel's adjutant looked with rather an unhappy fancy upon this strange addition to their suite, but his

face cleared after a few explanatory words from the colonel, and he tried in vain to be social and communicative to the lad.

“Too deep a hurt somewhere, for me to cure,” Surgeon Ainslee said, after an attempt at friendliness. “The wound bleeds internally. Hope I shan’t have many such in this campaign. They are almost incurable. I saw some such after Inkerman. They all died. Had one case that kept sleep out of my eyes many a night, thinking it over. This one was pitiable—fetched in for dead. Found life, and brought it back to stay a few days, but there was not any wound on the surface, at least no blood. Gave wine and nourishment, but the patient would not, or could not swallow. Couldn’t give much special care, there were too many moaning for help, and this one was silent, and except for the way the lip tightened, and the eyes turned away, should have thought him comfortable. Found him dead one day, and wishing to satisfy myself that it had been no want of attention on my part, I examined the body and found”—here the surgeon covered his face with his hands—“a young girl. She had papers upon her person that explained. I told you once of Sergeant Millwood, of the 87th, how he fell with the colors in his handsome white teeth, having lifted them from the grasp of a fallen ensign. He, brave fellow, had been wounded in the neck, and his hands and garments were dripping with blood, but still he fought on, and when

the colors fell at his side he lifted them, for the hand that held the staff was his sister's. She saw death coming to his face and she fell, but there was no wound except in her heart. I could not have saved her, but I saw her buried in a box with the sergeant. It is the one good thing of my life. I know the colonel will cure that lad if anybody can. He cured me of something worse the winter we were in Leipsic together, and I followed him to this country as a spaniel would his master. I'd die sooner than leave Colonel Berry. There hasn't been many such men finished. Nature gets in such a hurry sometimes; that she leaves her work in a very incomplete condition. Nothing requires retouching about that man. I am glad I found him. He keeps my faith firm in human goodness on this earth, which, by the way, is a very good sort of a one—better than on the other side of the salt pond, let me assure you. That is too old. Its sins have festered, and its evils are contagious epidemics. Sporadic wrongs spread here though, faster than the preachers can hinder. Tell you what, Mr. Chaplain, you'll have to be a dead shot, to keep down the enemy in camp. You are fresh, and don't know what soldier-life generates. It's a big crucible, and a sure one. The gold will show and there won't be so much as you calculate, either. Am sorry to say it, but I know. There's Trissilian, no dross about him. Hope he won't be shot. Should hate to take a leg off that man. That boy looks like the captain, only their color

is different. Both are Frenchmen, or I'm no judge of nationality, and both trumps, beg your pardon, I am not much used to the clergy, that is, the American style of cloth. The English chaplains are the jolliest and laziest, but I wouldn't like to say, the best set of men in Her Majesty's service. If I had no self-respect, I'd like to wear a gown on some outpost of the British army—in peace. Trumps, is a familiar expression to the parson on the other side."

"March," had only meant that Colonel Berry's troops should enter Virginia, and take a position on Arlington Heights, for a time, but it was a forward movement, and they were to be at the out-post of a long line of hastily constructed fortifications, and the outer guard to the Nation's Capitol. Camp life began here in holiday style, but the men were restless in their idleness, and the chaplain did have enough to do, and he was not a "dead shot," so Colonel Berry had double duty to perform—to command and drill his men, and keep the chaplain in clerical self-respect.

CHAPTER III.

SECRET SERVICE.

“I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,
Its lips in the field above are dappled with blood red-heath,
And red-ribbed ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is asked her, answers ‘Death!’”

RINGOLD said this over a thousand times to himself in those days so idle to him in his impatience. Others drilled, paraded in dress uniform, performed sham battles, and did many things to fill the dread monotony, but except the writing, and keeping Victory within a curb, and, now and then, a long tour of inspection with the colonel, there seemed nothing, absolutely nothing.

To be sure, the little touches and attentions he gave to his officer's portable home, occupied, now and then, an hour, but this was so little in the days—the long days of suspense. The delicacy of Colonel Berry's tent proved that nothing could crowd the æsthetic out of Ringold's nature, any more than the occupant could

thrust the "Boy in Blue" out of his heart. Mosses dotted the floors, and winter foliage hinted a dream of blossoms by their graceful minglement of form and color.

Ringold's own tent, with its white-fall looped back with scarlet tassels when the sunshine came for a visit, and the spotless cover to the camp-bed, with its close snowy drapery falling at night-time about its tiny proportions, and the folded cot of Jetty, ready to do guard duty before the entrance when the master slept, told the story of refinement that no circumstance could change, however readily he might brave trial or endure the hard life of a soldier.

Whether he was a hero of choice or circumstance could not be judged by the contrast between his tent, and its tiny round table of exquisite bits of china, upon which Jetty served delicate food at odd unemployed hours, and the flash of eagerness with which he undertook a perilous and wearisome expedition.

No courteous urging ever induced him to accept an invitation to dine with an officer. Some thought him timid, till his haughty bearing contradicted the thought, and all felt his silent endurance of some mysterious sorrow.

Now and then a storm of Jetty's conjuring, was to lull, and a sermon to follow. Besides, there was a lesson in the primer every day, for which Jetty dressed in the full uniform of an immense brooch and three bright

metal rings, and called it dress parade, or inspection drill, and afterwards informed any one to whom he dared offer a remark, that he was detailed. This made up the days. Jetty felt almost white when he had mastered the soft book, and arrived at hard covers, and thought of becoming a missionary to the heathen*white people of Tennessee, who could not read, and who excited his sympathy and contempt.

A strange and strong friendship had grown up in these months between Captain Trissilian and Ringold—though reticent upon the part of the latter, but full of frank confidence from the captain, who quite overlooked the way in which the boy covered the past in his history, because he too, could go back in memory to a time of which to utter a word would bring fearful pain. The captain never mentioned his own family relations, and all the more pitied the silence which lay over the past in the lad's life.

The surgeon sometimes speculated upon the "Boy in Blue," and brightened a little, and said he was mending, but oftener shook his great tumbled head and put his forefinger over his own left breast pocket, remarking with a professional tap:

"Here, chronic. No help from surgeons or physicians. Cases of this kind are always beyond medical or surgical comprehension. Needs active life. Will die in this waiting, but the general can't move, they won't let let him, the cowards! Wonder he don't die

too, or resign. Chronic inactivity is at the capital, and the cabinet have it terribly. Wish they would send for me. Something acute would take place in twenty-four hours."

They didn't, and so the autumn crept over the city, surrounded with white canvas cones, covering idle men, longing for anything rather than stupid stillness, but the time was not all lost, though some fainted and fell even at rest, and were sent home for burial.

It was bitter cold in the earliest of the winter weather, and the moonless night sank over the blue ridge of Virginia, and left only the glimmer of the white frost, and the clear lines of starlight to make visible the pathway from Washington to Leesburg.

It is a wild delightful route in the summer, when peace and pretty blossoms, and the gurgle of innumerable streams make beauty and music all the way; but at night, with cold and clustered pickets, and darkness and silence, with the enemy before, and the bold bluffs between one and safety, there is, perhaps, not fear, but a strange inclination of the heart to drum out a retreat if the will submits; but it did not, and a bold rider crept cautiously up the cliff and down the road towards Leesburg. A swift light hoof trod into the brown earth the brittle blades of grass, and made scarce a sound. Into the woods at last the rider entered, and dismounting, threw the rein loosely over the neck of

his animal, and tying a knot in the scarlet ribbon, stroked his sides and uttered a few low pet words, and laid his head close up to his soft glossy mane, and then with a keen look to shape the dim surroundings in his memory, should he ever return again, started for the distant camp-fires. Once only he stopped and looked back into the darkness of the thick wood, with a shudder of pain at separating from the mute partner of his perils, then for a moment turned back and caressed the dumb friend, while the dull throbbing agony at his heart was tolling the old peal of wordless suffering which he thought might be hushed for ever this night, or be allayed in part, by absorbing service.

It was a wonderful fate that led him back into the shadow, for but a moment elapsed when from a sharp turn in the road, a guard of mounted pickets galloped by, as if taking a large circle around their encampment.

An inspiration flashed through young Ringold's thoughts. He led Victory from his hiding place, and facing the camp, gave a signal which the animal comprehended as fully as if he carried a soul in his handsome heart, and had received a military order. Swiftly he clattered over the frozen ways, with a marvelous flourish of limb and a keen relish for the seeming freedom of secret service.

Ringold sped after, and with a hurried order to the sentinel to stop the flying animal, which he knew

neither would or could be obeyed, he passed without the usual cry of "Halt! Countersign!" which had been the dread of his expedition.

All the soldiery were long since in their blankets, and dreaming of peace and the better days gone by, but the rebel General Evans' tent was lighted and filled with consulting officers.

As if Victory was guided by the will of his master, he made a circuit around the sentinels and passed to the rear of the lighted tent, turning now this and now that way in the darkness, and was visible only here and there as the camp-fires shone upon his ebony figure; but the music of his flying hoofs kept his locality discernible.

After a time he was silent, and the sentinel's thoughts went back to his morrow's chances, as each day held a promise of something that startled his tired fancy into a momentary thrill, and then died into stupor. If he thought of the supposed dismounted picket, it was to conclude he had captured the animal and joined his party.

Close to the tented home of the commanding officer, where a small hand could lift its swaying borders, and look into the faces of the consulting group, lay young Ringold. It was his first secret service.

He once detested such modes of circumvention, but times had changed, and necessities made contemptible acts in peace, noble ones in war, and such a war too, as

our own! He had been too late to hear the leading purposes—the initiatory of their movements, but the concerted plans lay in ink upon the camp table. Dare he risk the return of the pickets by waiting till General Evans had fallen asleep? There was a strange quiver in his heart as the picture of his fate floated over his vision, but the future! He must forget the present and take the risks. He thought of his father, who he feared was lying in a confederate cell, and his white teeth set together firmly, and his small hands sought the touch of his side-arms, and he lay still, and patient upon the frozen earth. An hour bore a century's dull weight of time, but the long draught of nightly poison was swallowed by each officer—a rough parting word was said, and sleep finished them for that night, and thrust triumph away from their arms *forever!*

Slowly, and dreamily, the sentinels paced backward and forward, and as slowly the lithe figure crept past the opening of the tent, and swiftly through the parted canvas, with not a rustle—gathered the papers as noiselessly but as deliberately as if they were strewn fragments of tender thought which one half resolves to bury in the blaze, and yet the reluctance to part this one tangible connection with a broken life, holds the hand. Perhaps for a moment the thought that amnesty to political prisoners would save his household, if this plan which he held in his throbbing palm were successful, made him stand under that swinging lamp irresolute, and forgetful of

the danger of his position, but the temptation passed, and he said in his soul :

“Not at such a price !” and dropped to his old position, and crept cautiously out into the night. Scarcely had he passed the patrol when he heard in the distance the coming of the mounted guard.

Life or death was in the next two minutes, and more than the value of a million lives and deaths lay in the same brief space of time. A low quick call—a mingling of the ring of other hoofs with the advancing group, and sooner than the sound Halt ! could be given, Victory stood by his master and the saddle was reached, and then a fierce rattle of sentinels’ musketry—the flash and thud of bullets sounded the second halt ! with terrible emphasis, and then more great drops of lead patter on his pathway, but a strong arm shields him—he is mailed, steel-plated by the God of Battles for future glorious purposes, and the deathly hail does not reach him. The mounted ten, follow quickly, but their worn animals were never christened by an Union woman, and consecrated to God and her country.

They pushed their sharp spurs rowel deep into the flanks of their horses, but the flying Blue-bird swept over the space with an appalling speed—holding the white treasure in a close grasp, and keeping the knotted rein in the other ’till near the bluff—terrible Ball’s Bluff !—and then thrusting his filled hand into the breast of his tunic, tightened his girdle.

Down the bold steep he sped, but the riders behind were gallant fellows and used to the wild ways of a wilder south country, and dared anything that man dare do. They sought after him with the last roused energies of blooded hearts, and the terrible fear of what might come of this bold night-raid to the Leesburg encampment.

One brave fellow led the rest by a dozen rods, and when the swift current of the Potomac would seem to be a barrier over which no man would dare venture, the loose reins of young Ringold expressed the will of a fearless soldier, and a plunge into the tide, a moment's sinking, and then a struggle for life and land. Never faltering, the white curl of the eddies held their progress, but not entirely. The cold leap chilled only the outer life, the heart beat quick and strong. Death must call some helping element to conquer these two. Life would not be plucked out by the anger of the water which whirled them down toward the end of the distant island. The moon, full, round and white, seemed like the stare of a mid-day sun, as it stood suddenly upon the forehead of the mountain. Three times they tried to gain the shore, and fell back into the hurrying water. Then, with a bravo! from his master, the horse stood with every muscle rounded out, upon the firm land, a hero. Victory!

Ringold's heart beat too quick with the swift ride, and the swifter thoughts of the last hours to be con-

scious of the chill of his plunge, and he felt in his breast for his wealth of knowledge, and finding it safe under his rubber blouse, he became conscious that another was leaping upon the beach a little further down, and a cry of agony followed, as of one in deadly peril and deadly need. He looked across the hundred yards of swift water and saw the group waiting upon the other shore. What was the sound? Human, surely. He forgot all in quick humanity, and riding down the slope to a lower point, he saw a hand grasping an overhanging laurel, but a horse was drifting down the rapid river.

When Ringold was sure the laurel was all that was required, he drew his revolver from its belt, and waiting 'till the unhorsed soldier was upon the firm earth, he gave the order to surrender.

“Why not?” was the half-sullen yet facetious answer. “Those paltry fellows might have followed, and then the order would have come from another commander. They grew too far north—they are cowards.”

“I am a federal soldier. Am I a coward? Speak it, if you dare!”

“Rather an unfair question, when I have been under water. If my powder was dry, we'd try a target. I'd take you, and I am sure you would be welcome to make a bull's-eye of me. It's devilish cold, and a trifle wet. I don't mind if you fire now. My thoroughbred has gone to a horse heaven, and I am very little consequence to the confederate service without him. I

brought that beast from Tennessee, and he hadn't a superior among even the soldiery, not to mention the animals, who have been conscripted. Come, if I am your prisoner, give the order to march."

There had been a swifter flight of thought in the mind of Ringold than the whirl down the bluffs, while that strange and unmistakable voice rang upon the early morning wind. He went back to his beautiful home and sat under the shelter of the dear old roof, and peace was there, and merry groups were knotted about the hospitable rooms, but the merriest there, the best of all those good fellows had been this one, and his marvelous tones had sent contagious laughter rippling from every lip.

"Carryl Farnam, you are the prisoner of a Tennessean, and a loyal one. You do not know me, nor will I tell you my name. I would not risk being labeled spy, and advertised in your wicked journals. I may wish to do my country secret service again, and I should not like a description of my person, and you may thank fate and not myself, for liberty. I shall leave you. Good morning, sir."

"For God's sake give me one moment. I am alone. You need not fear me."

"Fear you! I do not know what the word means. Would I be here to-night if I did? You, poor braggarts, claim the chivalry of the land—claim even superior heroism in your beasts. Mine reached the

shore with northern blood and northern breeding, while yours—perhaps it would have been better if you were with him. Sometime we may meet again, and if we do, I'll tell you of this night, and, remember, you were in my power once, and—my—powder—was—dry!"

Ringold crossed Harrison's Island, and once more gave Victory the rein, and a plunge into the stream, wider by double the distance than the last perilous crossing, but it's a still, sluggish expanse that was navigated with safety.

"He carried a pass from the commander-in-chief, and hurried down the Maryland side of the river, a weary ride of thirty miles and more, and found General McClellan waiting his return, or perhaps grieving over the probable fate of the brave young soldier.

The interview was brief, but the plans of the enemy whitened the lips of the general, and when he would have thanked the lad he could not utter a word, but his silent grasp of the little hand, was eloquent.

The drafts and plans and orders brought from the enemy by the Boy in Blue, saved our National Capitol! History will reveal how it all happened, but it would be a useless risk of life to explain it now.

Carryl Farnam trusted to the dimness of the dawn and the deep shadow of trees which lay where the moonlight could not touch, and returned by the help of his fellows in the full day, a hero! for following the young

spy, who he claimed to have thrust under the swift current, and saved the grand army's strategy from exposure. He was promoted to a coloneley for bravery and important service.

For months there had been seeming idleness in and about the beleaguered city, but it was a needed lingering.

There was a great army of our enemy only waiting for a time that never came, when their intentions could be carried out.

Every feint was comprehended by what seemed to them, a supernatural information.

It was at this time that McClellan was christened the "Little Devil" by the rebels, but his supernatural perceptions could have been explained by the Boy in Blue.

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG ENEMIES.

“There rises in my heart an awful fear,
Lest from these evils darker evils come,
For heaven exacts for wrong the uttermost tear,
And death hath language after life is dumb.”

It was early spring, and yet the deep valleys of the Tennessee river were draped in blossoms, and flushed with the promise of the coming summer. Upon the mountains there were hiding places where the winter airs yet lingered, but the sunshine stationed its *videttes* at the very outposts, to signal and guard the buds that opened their sweet eyes too soon.

Tenderly had nature cradled the children of this valley, but they had grown into rebellion, as if the wicked spirits of the air had looked down upon the beautiful land and entered and possessed its inhabitants. It will never be comprehended unless the old faith in retribution makes these strange manifestations of evil understood.

There are laws which must be obeyed—laws of hu-

manity—if one of which is broken, the after years will inevitably punish.

Chattanooga was built upon wickedness, and justice has meted punishment. The marshaled hosts of secessia have fallen upon its bosom, and victorious federal troops have trodden them into the dust. The land has been flooded with the blood of brothers, and its crescent of hills been red with the tide of ebbing life. Its valleys have been slippery with the slime of festering soldiery, and loathsome with the pestilent odor of death. Haggard eyes and wild hollow voices have looked and called unanswered to the sleepless heavens for help. Languid lips have sobbed in vain for one drop of water—have called in such fearful agony for a touch of a far off hand that the distant heart leagues away, has lifted itself, and answered, and then wondered who asked for them. When the voice was remembered, the space could not be annihilated.

The sky was filled with the glare of cannon, and the mountains answered each other with the doom of a thousand men, in a word. Broken trees, maimed in mid glory, their swaying arms rent away and hurled in wild wrath at the valley whose old name was forgotten. The crimson rain became a crimson drouth, and the wild agony was stifled in dreary, lonely deaths. Is the retribution completed? Only the Avenger knows.

The Cherokee Indians once held Western Georgia and

bordering lands upon the north and west, and they were theirs, guaranteed by Congress. Churches and schools, farms and cattle, spread over the best slopes of this lovely country. Chattanooga was their best and proudest village.

They had grown to love the pacific ways of civilized men. They had made the white man's God their own, and worshipped Him with as deep a veneration and affection. Their children grew worthy of the change, and their dead strewed the mountain sides with Christian commemorations. But the white people coveted the rich acres and the navigable rivers, and our government was false to her promises, and the helpless red men were uprooted and swept into a strange wild land, where many perished miserably from want and exposure, but more, from that baneful aching of the heart, that longing for home and the peaceful surroundings that made life a joy, and not a burden.

Upon a slope of Mission Ridge stands a marble shaft like the white finger of wrath, marking the burial spot of Wooster, their spirit guide, and their leader in the new way, that had become so pleasant.

Brainard is the forgotten name that once designated Chattanooga. It was worthy the apostle for whom it was christened in its elder days, and it became worthy the fate that fell like a fulfilled prophecy upon it, because of broken promises.

There is one more, and perhaps many, unholy spots

upon the face of this Republic. Winchester, Virginia, and its borders, bear the sign-manual of retribution.

Poor mistaken enthusiast, John Brown ! A noble impulse working through a disturbed brain !

He swung in mid-heaven, a lifeless hideous mass of purple flesh, and the place that witnessed this historic tragedy, is as desolate as the shores of the Dead Sea.

Thirteen times have the hordes of secession and the federal armies alternated in marching and counter-marching over the detested spot !

May the wrath of the Avenger be appeased with the rivers of blood, and the sinless lives that have already spread our land with desolation, and dotted its fairest valleys with unrecorded graves !

These things had not yet come to Chattanooga in the spring of '61, but the volcano of wrath was palpitating even in this sweet time, and the dull red smoke of eruptive fire was settling over the faces of the proud hills, and upon the bold brows of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge. It followed the borders of the river and stretched away to the northland, and mingled with a purer element and was lost at last in the holier spirit of loyalty. But to the south it grew deeper and darker, until humanity even, could not breathe its deadly atmosphere.

There were a few Lots in this Sodom of the New World, but they would not flee at the warning.

On the shore of the river stood the house of Robert St. Remy. It was as beautiful a spot as nature could well make. The water curled round a deep green point, and the grand trees stood up in the pride of old sentinels that guarded the children from the fierce strokes of the summer sun. Scattered over the point were groups of sweet blossoms daring the gaze of mid day, and making the earth lovely with their presence.

The house was large and low, with graceful verandahs shading the French windows that made the rooms all look as if but retiring nooks from the sloping lawn. The entrance seemed always open, and hospitality had reigned with a free hand under its pleasant roof. There had been for many years only Mr. St. Remy, his only living son, and the pet and idol of the county, Remy, to occupy it.

There were painful reasons for her strange name which were never explained to their friends, and no one could ask so delicate a question of any who carried St. Remy blood. There was that strange and incomprehensible something about them that has no explanation, but it is a power in their presence which repels curiosity, and wins respectful attention to all the amenities of refined life. The mother died abroad, and a delicate cenotaph reared its exquisite white beauty under a Linden tree down by the river, and the inscription,

“THE BELOVED DEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD
OF ST. REMY,”

began, and ended the history.

Robert St. Remy was worthy of a description in those days. He was tall, and possessed that unusual accompaniment of altitude, grace of manner and ease of position, with handsome limbs and small extremities, and muscle that would have been the envy of a Titan. His forehead was high and broad and brown, jutting over deep eyes whose color was unknown to his acquaintances, so dark and changeable were they, and so shadowed, yet no one ever looked upon his face without feeling their strange power, and even the lower grades of life bowed and swayed to his will, without a motion of resistance. His face was not handsome. There was not a line or curve of beauty upon it. His skin was an extreme olive, and there were tones and shadows upon it that only a brave artist would have dared reproduce. Beneath the eyes, deep purplish tawny colors suggested endless sorrow, but the lips which owned no symmetry at rest, curled into a contradiction of this hint of grief, and thrilled every feature into sunshine. His teeth bore the fifty years' service—with a brilliancy that contrasted strongly and strangely with the hues about them. His hair was threaded with now and then a silver line, but it forgot to be old in its soft gleam and beautiful abundance. Its large black rings lay about his neck, and his beard was silky and jetty, but closely cut in an English way, that the older servants said pleased the dead wife, and so he never changed its form. But his voice!—there lay the subtlest charm of all. It was full

and deep, but changed with every emotion, and like the truest barometer, indicated tears, or sunshine, storm or calm.

He carried a glorious nature, true as steel to the highest standard of manhood, and tender as a woman when humanity, affection or sympathy swayed his thoughts. He had sorrowed for himself and grieved for others. He had loved one woman devotedly, whether happily or not, always, and it filled his lifetime. He could adapt his heart to but only one love.

His home was beautified to meet the demands of his own æsthetic nature, and when a perfect companionship filled it with delight, it would have been impossible to question the existence of a present heaven. This joy had been lured away from earth, and only the children kept him patient. He hid his loneliness from them, and they did sometimes quite beguile him of it. They made every day a measure of happiness to his home.

Abernethy St. Remy was the eldest born, and a strange reticent man, delighting in chemicals and alembics, telescopes, and hieroglyphs, and, except his little sister and his father, no one ever entered the holy of holies in his affection. He looked like his father, only not so grand, and his profile was like that of a delicate woman. There was power in his steadfast gaze, but it was gone when he turned his face from you. You felt that mingling elements were charmingly blended, and that the fire of

heaven, or its soothing and cooling dew might drop at a touch. He had pursued science because peace made her ways pleasant, but he began to feel the stirrings of strife conjuring a strange life in his soul, but the rumble of distant thunder, the threatening undertones of revolution, the swift breath of the tempest of hatred transformed the delicately tempered stylet of steel to the weapon of Achilles.

He boldly denounced the wrong, and grasped the sword of truth, justice and liberty, and like an avalanche precipitated his loyalty upon the restless opinions, and vague plans of the people. No man in all that valley dared face the hot breath of this crater of boiling eloquence, and dissent. Followers came to his standard, staunch as the hills, and enemies, secret and vindictive, only waited for brute strength to crush the grandeur of this apostle of freedom.

Berny St. Remy had been his familiar name among his friends, and it became the watchword of the true Unionists of East Tennessee.

His soul, when roused, was prophetic. He saw the coming suffering—the martyrdom for liberty—but, thank God! he did not foresee all. He could not have looked and lived, and yet he possessed marvelous endurance. He never once quivered for himself before the blast, but his sister, the darling of the house, the idol of a broken home—she must be spared! She was

abroad when the change came, for one year more of better school life than she could, in all respects, find at the South, and her father returned, leaving her in safety, while he was here to lull, if possible, the turbulence that had begun to rise in gusts, even beyond the ocean. But it was like lifting one's impotent finger to the wild north wind, this one voice among the crazed multitude.

Berny was strong when alone, but it was terrible to look upon his beloved face in its agony of crushed hope and wasted peace, with only one life to give, and that belonging to the girl, motherless, and with strangers, and he fainted at heart sometimes before the possible suffering of the future. Not once did he think of himself, or calculate his chances of life or death.

Scarcely had coming events conspired to shape a course for either, when a message arrived announcing that Remy St. Remy had returned with a gentleman and his mother, (old friends of the family), from abroad. She could not stay from her people in their struggle. She could not face the intimations of fallen greatness that met her from exultant foreigners. She waited an escort to Chattanooga.

This was a new subject to consider—a new trouble to encounter. She was a St. Remy to the last drop of blood, and both father and brother gloried in her spirit, but decided that she must abide in the North.

Her father wrote her his desire,—a command never

having passed his lips to her. Love had been a sweet law, and disobedience an unknown sin.

She had given her hand to Carryl Farnam because her father wished it, which was a better reason to her, than because her woman's fancy was pleased. Her heart was a closed blossom whose petals had never felt the sunshine of earnest affection, nor comprehended the interpretation of life, and so she had promised.

Her brother had broken the old compact of friendship months ago, with Carryl Farnam, and detested him for the vile treason he plotted and promulgated, but love held a deep meaning to the father's understanding, and he dared not destroy his daughter's happiness, even if his own waning years were wrecked upon the new breakers that howled and seethed about them.

He remembered her sweet childish face, and the deep tender eyes where a Tennessee sunshine always slept, and her round dimpled olive cheek, upon whose velvety curves never a tear of his own conjuring, lay. He remembered the cenotaph on the lawn, and the lives and deaths it commemorated, and could not tell his child that worse than a grave separated him, and the man to whom he had given her. Perhaps he sometimes permitted a thought of possible change in her young heart also, but she was a woman, and so chivalric was he in his ideal of her constancy, that he did not keep a thought of swerving faith to comfort him in his agony.

That Carryl Farnam had gone to her, he did not know, though the rebel assumed to bear messages for her return. That he came back rejected, humiliated and revengeful, was kept from the knowledge of the St. Remy family. It would have lightened their anxious hearts too much. The sweetest friendships had changed to the bitterest feuds, and the closest ties of blood become compacts of death. Bitterer here, than upon any of the western towns had fallen the strife that precedes the open battle.

Berny had rallied a band of staunch supporters of the Union, and next him in command stood his father! A strange reversal, but the fitness of the two for their respective positions reconciled the apparent want of honor to age. They did not then look forward to an open war, with the hills echoing to the wild cry of carnage, but to the small uprisings that often break upon a disturbed country, and this organized band had but just begun to feel its power and security, when Carryl Farnam returned after a protracted absence. No one knew, but all supposed he had visited the head of the rebellion for some wicked purpose, and his presence brought distrust to the true, and secret exultation to the enemies of America.

CHAPTER V.

HOKEY.

“And thou, sad angel, who so long
Hast waited for the glorious token,
That earth from all her bonds of wrong,
To liberty and light has broken.
Angel of Freedom! Soon to thee
The sounding trumpet shall be given,
And over earth's full jubilee
Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven.”

“Ho, wake and watch!—the world is gray with morning light!”

THE dependents in the St. Remy mansion felt in a vague way that a great sorrow was before them, but it only excited their enthusiastic religious natures to anticipate the coming of the millenium—that great day when they should all be white! The signal for a change of color was listened for in the stillness of those soft spring midnights, and the Sabbath days were often wasted with toiling to the highest point of Lookout Mountain or Orchard Knob, to get a little nearer to the coming blast of the last day. They had a firm belief that all bad white people, and they were growing too numerous each day, were to be changed in the twinkling of an eye to the darkest complexion, and the wooliest

heads. Retribution, and poetical justice, are favorite themes of those ignorant and innocent people. They had heard terrible legends, and horrible romances of colored suffering, but it had never come to them. They were sometimes, like unruly children, governed and punished, but not with stripes. They took the commendation, and condemnation, of their superiors as so much justice, and never thought of resistance to the decision.

Maunder Cleopatra had been the mother to them all, in the sense of being nurse to master's children, which made her oracle, and authority, in temporal and spiritual matters. Medical advice from her huge lips was followed with unquestioning faith. She dealt life and death, seldom the latter, from the medicine chest of Master St. Remy. She could not read the smallest word, and yet she never made a blunder with a bottle, or mistook the uses of the great bunches of odorous herbs that were all the better for the smoke and dust of the cabin pegs, where they hung like talismanic warnings to disease.

Sundays, she grew to be saintly in a silk turban of scarlet and saffron, and a chintz gown of the gayest colors that Remy could find in her semi-annual visits to New Orleans. She mingled her conversation, as is usual with influential-colored people, with copious quotations from the Scriptures, not quite applicable always, and sometimes not easy to locate, but always unanswer-

able. She had been the trusted servant when there was an unusual call for discretion. She had seen the happiness and sorrow of the Remy family, but, unlike her kind and color, she did not make their history the foundation of her colloquial entertainments.

The younger members of the colored portion of the household, did not take to veneration early, or easily at any age, but when they were once subjugated by her will or wisdom, there was no revolt, even in thought. She trained them after Solomon's advice, and sometimes, though not often, she resorted to the power of the church and public prayer, in a grove upon Missionary Ridge. This last was always a sure remedy for present evils.

Hokey was her especial trial. There was no white mistress, and the master was too sad and broken to be troubled with darkeys, so she said.

She related her experience, or rather her biography after this wise to the clerical colored party, who promised to bestow it upon his congregation with comments, and explanatory ejaculations, when he should have the grief of standing over her coffin.

"Of this special trial," as she called Hokey, "there was many openins for the milk o' human kindness to run in,—ain't none now. In the beginning, and firstly, he was a heap sight handsomer lookin than the older nigs. He didn't take to the catechise, a bit. 'Pears like he went agin it, afore he could talk. When I ask

him who made him, he said he spected de blacksmith did, with charcoal dust. He know'd better, dat niggarr did. 'I said no,' very solm like, 'God made you ob de dust ob de ground.' He said jes as quick, 'spect he'd better made sumfin smarter nor a niggarr. Dey isn't much 'count no how. Don't think he had much to do. One ting good 'bout 'em, dey don't fade, but de color runs, ky!' Says I, 'Hokey,' says I, 'you'r ten year old, and does'nt know your catechise. 'Pears like you'll die bimeby, and then where'll you go to?' Ef you believe it, dat are scamp said he'd be a white boy den, after he'd gone up, and buy a million books with picturs, and lock de doors and keep every ole body from making him put em down. 'Hokey,' says I, awful solm agin, 'servants be obedient to your masters, not eye-servants, havin somebody follerin ye with a cat-tail, for he dat went in at de lebenth hour had jes as much pay, as he dat worked when de sun was hot,' and he jes ris right up, and, you wouldn't believe how sassy and handsome he looked, when he said, "Guess I'll wait a spell, den 'cause, maumer, I spect yous'e a mighty nice old nigger woman, but you'se proper like a cropple crowned, hen, what's taken to crowin. I don't like yer cackle. When de Lord made Adam mebby he painted him black. I asked Masser Remy, and he said, mebby. I don't want any of your catechise. When I'm a big feller I'm goin to be mancipated, masser says I am, and ky! won't I——? No matter what I'll do, ole cropple

crown. Mebby I'll marry Dot, and mancipate her, ky! little female nig!" And he whopped him's pesky black self heels ober head and stuck his toes inter Dot's mouf which was allus open when I talked scriptur. Ky! didn't her snap her white grinders onto his toe nails 'till he squealed like a hyena. De berry next ting dem darkies did was to steal raisins, and eat em out of each oder's moufs as lovin as two pigs, and he'd call her his gal. Tell ye what, that are boy has been my trial, but he's grow'd to be a mighty likely feller, only he ain't a bit religous, not a bit, and I'm awful 'fraid he'll go for to marry my Dot and take her to perdition wid him, only I don't b'leive he'll quite go hisself, he's so good to my ole bones. Massa did mancipate him, and he don't stay off long. He says he'll come to my funeral, and I know yer'll have a handsome coffin for me. 'Pears like I'm willin to go, but I should like to be sartin first of a proper nice funeral. Dare ain't many young ones to cry, and Dot, she's away, and 'pears like I'se goin to glory 'fore she comes back. I heard de tick ob de death watch at de head ob my bed, and I dreamt ob a white horse and me on him, and Hokey scarin him like possess't, and I flyin like mad. I'm off mighty soon, I reckon."

She never knew when the proper resting time for her tongue occurred, nor where the periods came in her conversation, but silence fell upon her at last, just before

the great iron heel strode over the land, treading in the wine-press of agony and death, servant and master, out of which at last the fountain of liberty shall cast up its pure waters, and baptize every suffering soul.

There was a prolonged contest in Hokey's mind between liberty and love. His affection for his master was as tender as a great white heart could make it, but his longing for universal freedom was stronger than his hold upon life.

He must serve his people and his master too, but how?

Poor old Cleopatra had failed to indoctrinate him with her creed, but now that there was no strength in man, he lifted his helpless hands to the God of Liberty, and offered himself a sacrifice of serving, or suffering with the abnegation of a Roman patriot.

Vip was the gardener. He had been sly and troublesome, and Viper was the original name given him. Cleopatra's stripes and prayers had not changed his purposes or habits, but taught him to follow still more closely the nature that came with him. He carried more duplicity under his black skin than could be crowded into twenty white men, but he was intensely superstitious, and only through this element in his nature could he be controlled.

Hokey detested and feared him, and Vip returned the hatred but not the fear. He did not forgive Hokey for

being free. He considered himself fully as deserving, and far more capable of managing himself, but the master, perhaps, understood his nature too well to trust him.

It had been a principle in the St. Remy household never to purchase a fellow-being except for humanity's sake. When there was more than the needful supply they gave liberty to the worthiest. In the annals of the house it was recorded that Hokey's mother had been bought to make the father of this favored servant happy.

Cleopatra's husband too had been procured at an enormous sum to content her loving soul, and give her an object upon which to lavish her affection, religious experience, and temper. She had become too wretched to be successful in pastry or poultry, after a few interviews with him on one eventful Christmas time, and her master purchased the handsome lazy fellow, and secured success in the *cuisine*.

When the woman was promoted to the position of nurse, her piety, propriety, and pride, rose to such a height that she was heard to say that her husband was "a shiftless nigger, but mighty good lookin on Sundays and could pray dretful fine."

He went to sleep before she did, and she had a "nice funeral, proper nice," and wore a black print dress, and wept in a handkerchief bordered with "unconsolable grief," and a lemon and green bandanna was wound

about her head. Scarlet was excluded in her first sorrow, but it was restored with apparent cheerfulness in just four weeks and five days.

She never married again, for her master was unwilling to meet the outlay of first expenditures, and so her scoldings were distributed thereafter. Viper and Dorothea, or Vip and Dot, were her only descendants, and as unlike as two colored people could well be. They disliked each other with an intensity that was fearful. It took the form of digital and incisor warfare in childhood, but afterwards in sullen separation as far as practicable. Cleopatra's ebony cheeks wore many a salt jewel because of their implacable hatred.

It was well that Dot was with her mistress now, or the lawless spirit that pervaded black and white, might have led to a tragedy of the St. Domingo order.

The remaining slaves were peaceable, careless creatures, who had no sorrow that could not be cured by a kind word or gay gift, except when a real grief came, and then they found consolation in religion. Faith was almost fruition in their believing souls.

The political cauldron of Chattanooga was seething, and who could tell what would be evoked even from the hearts of those simple folk, who were, with now and then an exception, happy and content with the fate that was upon them.

Freedom was a pleasant word, and sounded grand, and is grand, but to them, for the most part, it veiled

care and personal responsibility, and they coveted neither.

This domestic picture had many counter-parts in Southern homes, but there were too sad contrasts, because liberty belongs to every human soul, but it cannot be reached without pain. All progress, and all growth, comes by agony. The second birth to the dark children will be through fire and blood, but it will be to an inheritance of manhood and womanhood at last.

Evil has a vivid existence in this era. The wrong is to the right, as shadow to a beautiful picture. It is needful. It does not make gold of less worth because meaner metals are abundant. A higher Hand cares for these things, and time is a thorough alchymist. The stream of God's providence flows on, and springs of kindness are never exhausted, neither are the hands that mete justice ever weary.

Be patient and strive in the humble ways, for there are Toussaint L'Ouvertures innumerable, among your people, who are worthy the martyr's crown, or, better still, the laurel of liberty.

The good God's day has not yet come for your perfect emancipation, but the blush of its dawn is upon you. Be patient!

CHAPTER VI.

JUNE 8, 1861.

“Come out of her, my people, lest ye be partakers of her sins.”

“And yet we must
Beware, and mark the natural kiths and kins
Of circumstance and office, and distrust
The rich man’s reasoning in a poor man’s hut.”

THE twilight of a thousand years gone by settled down, upon Tennessee, the deluded, the wronged.

Write this date in black letter upon the page of history.

Nelson, the patriot, called upon the vibrating people to make this day glorious for future years, but they could not. Rebel troops cast rebel votes, and rebel majorities sealed the fate of struggling loyalists—but not forever.

He implored them to arrest despotism, but they were impotent. As an alternative, the only one, he said :

“Cry, friend of freedom! ‘Every man to his tents,
O, Israel!’”

‘Snatch from the ashes of your sires,
The embers of their former fires,
And he who in the strife expires,
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That tyranny will quake to hear.’”

East Tennessee could not endure the result of this election to loyalty or treason with complacency, and so Berny St. Remy became an orator. The pale quiet student flung the long suppressed fire of his nature to the people, 'till brand after brand of burning truth was seized and held up glowing with quenchless brightness to the darkness that was gathering with appalling terror about them.

They begged permission to be a State by themselves, these mountaineers, where loyalty and liberty could live on the hills and in the valleys of that wild eastland, but their pleading was too late—too late! Violence was forcing them to a vortex of ruin, and nothing but the strength of the rejected government could rescue them. The heroes of these mountain homes were betrayed, hunted like the Huguenots, imprisoned, murdered, or worse, exiled!

Many crossed the mountains to escape from the rebel soldiery, and enlist under the dear old flag, which they hoped would sometime go back triumphant, to float on the highest peak of their boldest bluff. There were heroes who must remain, and the unfettered echoes of

these grand mountains incited them to chant the sweet notes of liberty, keyed from their forefathers' diapase of freedom. Women and children were hunted by secession soldiery, and innocent martyrs to their country, they were translated by the angels to the highest heavens, to plead there for their crushed and bleeding households.

Brave Alleghaneans! Your history will glow by the Switzers' story, and your Johnsons, Nelsons and Maynards, be sung with the songs of Tell, Furst, Melchthal and Stauffaehel.

Mountaineers of every land and time have been liberty loving. They are not tamed with an easy hand, and the light leash which holds the citizens of a plain, they part at the first wrench of their will, and assert the boldest independence.

Andrew Johnson was a new ruler of the popular opinions. His elements were of a later day, and a stronger stuff. He had grown from the lower strata of society to a power of the highest rank. He had taken root deep in the heart of the original earth, and nothing could sway him from his position. "He is only a mudsill," his enemies said, but they trembled when his name was uttered.

Southern habits and social regulations are not promoters of industrial progress or intellectual culture in even the higher ranks, and less so in the lower classes, but Johnson had been one of those wonderful exceptions

which at long intervals shoot across the years, like a meteor athwart the sky, and we wonder and admire, but cannot entirely comprehend. He learned his alphabet after marriage, because poverty denied him the luxury of books, and in his earlier struggles for life, there was no hour to spare for the growth of intellect. But his time came. He crossed the mountains of Tennessee and rose to the rank of Senator by virtue of energy, and his loyalty to Freedom.

Hardy, and true to whatever purpose his iron will had determined upon, he did not droop under the calamity of the brief severance of his state from the mother government, but labored, and waited, till deliverance came. The days seemed years, and the months centuries, but they waned at last, and the cloud was lifted, but not entirely swept away.

To grow from the depths of lower humanity,—and reach moral perfection in this life, is impossible, and whatever failures belong to the history of Andrew Johnson, we must remember, the good he has accomplished, and how through the darkness of ignorance he has lifted himself to a higher plane than one could have believed. If he sometimes vibrates, and the backward swaying is too far, pity and forgive him, for the sake of June 8, 1861.

He proved his honest patriotism in the Senate of the Federal States, in his memorable speech upon the

secession of Tennessee, and the election of its first Rebel Governor. He said in an outburst of natural eloquence :

“Isham G. Harris to be my master, and the master of the people I have the proud, and conscious honor of representing on this floor! *Mr. President, he should not be my slave!*”

Through this struggle, Berny St. Remy could not be inactive. It was useless to remain, and his father gave him to a cause he did not yet see how he could best serve. It was not unmanly to weep when the hour of separation came, and there was no woman's tears to hallow the parting, but woman's tenderness and man's bravery lay in the souls of both.

A secret gathering and a seeming separation of his band, and then they were gone, and the rebels raved in vain because they could not be captured. Revenge upon those who were courageous enough to remain, was all that there was left for baffled enemies, and they enjoyed its sweetness to the last drop of the fiendish draught.

Colonel St. Remy reached Paducah on the very day of its occupation by Union forces, and offered himself and such of his men as should reach the Federal lines, to General Grant's service, and was gladly accepted. There was that in the face, and in the grasp of the Tennessean's hand that met a response from the leader of the Western armies. Berny St. Remy had waited

and hoped for his people, but fate had doomed Chattanooga. Its destiny was already sealed.

His father remained to keep alive the dim hope of some who were true, but faint with waiting. Tired souls there were, who felt the humiliating blow of defeat so keenly that the wound would not readily heal.

Hokey was a secessionest externally, because he could render better service to his old master by learning the purposes of the rebels, and at heart he was too humane not to rejoice at an event that delivered his people from bondage. He had learned from the developments of the summer that it was the cruel masters—the hard men who spared no bond of blood or affection when their interest demanded its sundering, that were eager for the dismemberment of the nation. More than all the years of his life, had the last few months developed his latent perceptions and his heroic energies.

Vip was suspicious of him, and watched him with an intuitive comprehension of the truth. He too rejoiced in secession, because he believed that in the overturning of power, he should somehow find himself a-top, but he did not foresee that all but death lay across the path that led to it. He had no care for his race—only for himself—Viper.

Sometimes, in his reflective moods, Vip soliloquised of himself thus :

“De Lor knows what he made me for. I don’t. I’s e agin everybody and everybody’s agin me. I’s e sure ob

one ting, I ain't sponisible, cause I didn't hab nothing to do bout making myself. Guess if dis nigger had, dare would have been more wheat flour and less charcoal used. Bress me, what for did de Lor put my har in such a kink fur? Spect he frizzled it ober de brimstone afore he let me come, and I'll get off wid only a single scorch when I goes to de bad place. O, I hate de white goats. I'se a sheep, and belong to de right-han ob de Lor's Throne."

He was well named, but the time had come when no man dared utter his full appellation in his presence. He did not mind the sound of Vip, that was well enough, for it meant just nothing but himself, but the other,—it interpreted too much of himself, and he felt it like a blow.

The rebels watched the movements of the colored people with even more jealousy and suspicion than they did the open opponents of the new doctrine. They feared and coveted them at the same time. Too many, had already escaped to the "Dixie of Darkies," Canada and, since the uprising of the North, thousands had found their way where no home waited and no welcome met them, because they were wanderers. They were called the bone of contention, but no one cared to retain the object when it fell into their possession.

Mr. St. Remy's tall figure had drooped somewhat in the summer's waning. There was no one to comfort him in his loneliness, and sometimes his own thoughts

were almost too horrible for endurance. He sat hours and hours by the cenotaph, wondering where his childrens' heads were pillowed, and while he reasoned that Remy was safe, he knew she was wretched, and love has so many sad imaginings and so many fancied possibilities.

Early autumn came, and the lazy day had sunk into a golden glory. The purple busts of the mountains had changed from dun to dusk, and then to dark. The narrow white shore looked like a torpid serpent stretching itself on the border of the slow current of the river. The distance held silence, and across the stream the marsh grass was burning in a lurid blaze, and arching great cones of smoke which rose to the very zenith. The reeds vibrated slowly to the motion of the faint air. The new moon touched its curved side on Orchard Knob, and lifted its crescent horns to heaven like two imploring arms.

This night found Mr. St. Remy in his lonely seat, listening for some utterance of hope and praying for a human voice to speak sympathy, if it could not syllable a promise of coming help. He felt Fate's hand closing and crushing him in its grasp, and his heart stood still with despair. The night deepened hour by hour, and the fire died out over the river.

A sound trembled by his side, but did not startle, it only thrilled him as if a pleiad had come down and touched his hand. The starlight seemed drunken with

joy and reeled through the restless ripples of the river. A clear confident voice broke through the stillness, and said :

“ I am Aurora Farnam. We do not meet anymore, and I could not come in the sunshine, but I trust I bring a ray when I tell you that the St. Remy heart is not truer to the old Republic than mine. I do not fear the daylight, but it would endanger you. To-morrow there will be manacles for you in my father’s house. I am glad there is no light, or you would see me crimson to tell you this. You must go with me to-night. I have seen this fate coming to you, and am prepared.”

For a moment he uttered no sound. No fear of personal suffering had part in that strong man’s tremor, but a thought, first of his country, then of his child, and last, of this brave young girl who risked so much for him, shook every fibre of his being like the throes of an earthquake.

“ I cannot go with you, my child ; a man’s defence is his own arm. My life may be taken, but it shall be purchased dearly. I cannot forget my self-respect even in this. My daughter must never blush for her father.”

“ If you could meet your enemies in open warfare, in honorable contest, would Aurora Farnam counsel her old friend to flight? This is a mob, a band of guerillas. Would you waste your life for the opinion of such a horde? Remember Remy—remember Berny—

and remember——me! I am almost alone in the world. There is no gulf so wide or deep, no distance so immeasurable as that which separates me from my kindred, except my poor, patient, helpless mother. But I am strong to do, and shall suffer, if the time for open rebellion comes, in our household. I am not here to-night to go back without you, and I shall remain if you are deaf to my supplication. Hokey waits for me under the tulip tree, down by the river. We came in my own boat."

A shudder, though not of fear, crept again slowly over him. Aurora felt it under the hand she rested upon his shoulder. She knew the reason of this strong patriot would assert itself, and decide him to spare his steady arm for a better purpose than mere personal defence. It would be needed by and by. Both were sure of this—too sure.

"Don't waste time, my friend, for it is almost midnight and the young moon has gone down. We can gather whatever you carry from your home quickly. It must be little, or we shall be suspected. Vip is never fully asleep now. I fear that vile negro, and so does Hokey. He would sacrifice you to-night. He was born inhuman, so don't grieve for the love of a servant whose affection you never had. Hokey is as noble as Vip is detestable. By and by, it will not be murder to kill Vip in some safe place."

It almost stupefied her listener to hear this girl—this

child, as he thought her, planning for him, a man! He could not comprehend the rapidity of growth which Aurora's latent energies had reached. A few months of terror which passed in listening to plots against human life, and those lives as dear to her as her own, had fostered a marvelous capability of meeting the exigencies of the vilest schemes. She was intrepid, and life had long ceased to be a pleasure to herself, but she held it precious for its uses to others and to her country. Her very fearlessness gave her a peculiar aptitude and fitness for meeting danger, and a cool calculation of chances for others. If the daylight had shown him her face, he would have turned from it in unendurable pain. Eyes so dry, weary, and patient in suffering, had never met his own.

She had been a dashing brilliant creature, upon whom youth sat superbly, and gave prophecy of magnificent womanhood. She was plain featured, almost to a positive ugliness, when silence lay over her face. Her color was so faint, and the contrasts so indistinct! There were no degrees of tint. The palest pigments and no others entered into her creation. She was tall, lithe and willowy, and her pliant figure and graceful outlines were never in an attitude that did not force the beholder to wish she might become changeless. Under this characterless toning, there lay a fire which sprang to the response of a thought or word, and covered her features with a veil of light so radiant that you doubted if she

could be again the same statuesque impersonation of calm.

Impassioned, and impassive alternately, the light and shadow of the immortal flitting over her face, gave her a marvelous charm, and an almost supernatural power. She was patiently waiting for Mr. St. Remy's thoughts to become accustomed to this last pitiful outrage, for patience had become so habitual to her, since the strife began, that had he waited in silence till dawn, she would not have broken it, unless, as now, his safety demanded haste.

Scarcely could the outlines of any one be discerned, but her quick sight distinguished the poor man's figure leaning toward the marble remembrance of his dead, and his brown cheek lying upon its cold surface, as if to gather endurance, and then his bent spirit asserted itself, and his voice had the old manly tones, as he begged her to wait, if she had no fear, and he would return presently.

But a half hour passed, when he came back with the courtliness of the elder days, and offered his arm to Miss Farnam and they walked in silence to where the boat lay, lazily rocking in the eddies that curled about the cove by the tulip tree. Neither spoke as the slow dip of oars, deep and strong, shot the little shallop rapidly past the town, and round the bluff, and then it stood out in the stream and rowed in silence till opposite a glimmer upon the bold shore which sent a faint

line over the waves, and then died into the dark. Hokey headed his boat inland, and pulled 'softly to the shore. He touched the ledge, sprang out and carefully assisted these two, his hunted master and Aurora Farnam, up the difficult ascent to an entrance in the cliff. Turning a short sharp angle, they stooped, and entered a passage ending a few feet beyond in another turn, which opened to a dimly lighted room. There were the comfortable furnishings of a wild life, and nothing more, except a few volumes of rare books. Aurora's face lighted with the certainty of present safety and assumed her droll old way of making others forget themselves.

"Mr. St. Remy, the Brigand of Chattanooga, and Mr. St. Remy's adopted daughter. No resemblance required. He preys upon himself, and she intends to do the same. Ten thousand dollars offered for his capture, and the young lady succeeds, but don't realize the bounty. She feeds him just as the ravens fed Elijah. Hope he will have his food as frequently as that historic gentleman did; but can't give an assurance. He has a barrel of hard bread, a few bottles of old wine, and something to hope for. He shall have the news when there is any, and liberation when he will promise to drop two rebels at every expended cartridge."

The strange girl chirruped on, till she brought a smile to the sad face, and then the gleam upon her own went out as if it had forgotten to stay.

Hokey was to take her home before the dawn, and a

poor half idiot of her father's house would come to the cave, when no other could reach it unsuspected.

This poor negro had been spared from the slave gang, because she plead for him, and he had lived as he could, doing little and knowing less, in fact nothing reached his intellect except through his abject love for his young mistress. That terrible morning when he clung to his poor mother, years ago, and she with the tears she would have shed over a dying infant, pleading to keep him because of his helplessness, was fresh in a memory that held but one thing more, and that was Aurora's white hand upon his head the night he lay upon that mother's freshly covered grave.

The sound of her voice in that long ago purple twilight was his idea of melody. When the birds sang he thought of it, and when the waters rippled and gurgled over the pebbles down the mountains to the river, he always said softly to himself, "Aurora singing to the stars. Poor Joe can hear her. He aint clar deaf." She could trust Joe with any service; for devotion made him understand, and follow her minutest instructions.

She had explained to the poor lad that this was an important mission which he was occasionally to perform. Under his blue cotton blouse she hung a cross carved and polished from yellow cairngorm crystal and held by a scarlet knot.

It was a gift to her from Remy St. Remy, and held

a meaning, for the loyal girl, of unbroken compacts and unswerving devotion. Joe understood it as her mark upon him, and that hereafter he was to be only her's to command, and disobedience to any other order than Aurora's would be understood by her as proof of his affection. His fellow servants also bore a mark of ownership, upon their shoulders in ugly scars from a hot brand of steel, but his flesh was spared because he was valueless to his master. Joe was proud of his mark—the shining cross—and it was a sore trial, because he was to show it to no one except Mr. St. Remy.

He comprehended that in serving the hidden man, he was pleasing his mistress, and this was enough to secure perfect attention.

All this was explained to the prisoner, and then with a pitiful and half comical farewell, Aurora left the man alone, with fate frowning her grimmest, and hope battling obstinately in his bosom for life, just a breath of life, and it conquered!

The day dawned, but his one taper burned on, for no light of this first morning of captivity came in from heaven. He did not care even to lift the stone away that kept the entrance closed, till the sun had touched the meridian, and began its descent down beyond the crest of Look-out Mountain. He had lain in that dull stupor of wordless agony that few can feel and live, but the remembrance of his children roused him at last, and going forth into the passage he found Joe sitting

silently upon the stone floor, with a hamper, keeping guard, and patience at the same time. Even this brief captivity was sufficient, to teach him how sweet was human presence, and a quick thrill of pleasure ran through veins, which had grown sluggish in the last few painful hours.

“Doesn't yer wish yer was a nigger and yer name was Joe?” was the whispered salutation, as the negro parted his blue covering, and showed the cross in his bosom. “Missy Aurora tied it on my neck, and she's nobody's mistis now but Joe's, and he's a fool. I know'd whar you'se hid; she bring'd me here, afore Masser Carryl got home. He's a mighty cruel man, Missy says I'se to tell dis with her love and, says she'll come and pay her spect's afore the moon gits too big to mind her bizness. That's all I'se to say, only here's yer dinner.”

Joe laid out the cold food, daintily prepared by Aurora's white hands, upon a shelf in the rock, and turned to go. There were so many questions to ask of a world that seemed to have drifted away somehow in that night, that first long night of prison life!

“Joe did the———”

“Dat's all I's to say,” Joe whispered.

“You need not speak so low inside this room, Joe. How long have you waited outside?”

“Dat's all I'se to say,” and he gathered up whatever he was directed to return.

It made Mr. St. Remy's anxiety doubly hard to endure because he could not comprehend the reticence of the *daft* creature, and his imagination filled the words with a world of terrible interpretation.

"Pray tell me, Joe, if there has been any outbreak to-day?" but Joe had fulfilled his duties as he comprehended them, and before the sentence was complete from Mr. St. Remy's lips, the strong sibilant sounds of Joe's sentence came back, reverberating like the hissing rush of angry prophecies from unearthly voices.

Silence and solitude are rapid promoters of superstitious fancy, but here were terrific realities, which held all imaginings in contempt. If a quiver ran through his heart at the weird sound, it was because the fear was upon him that he should wait in vain for another visit, and tidings of the day's doom to his fellow Unionists.

Mr. St. Remy had furnished himself with the requisites of self-protection, and held in the charges of his arms a score of deaths, and he began to long for action. A hunted man soon forgets pity and tenderness to his pursuers. He was sorry he had not taken his chances in an over-mountain escape to the Union army, and died in the ranks, rather than hide from enemies he longed to face. But he was kept for other and perhaps better uses even, than he could have rendered fighting the foe at long range, or in a closer clash of bayonets.

Providence had destined him for special service,

though its value might seem small. It would satisfy his ardor when the hour for action came.

There was a fiendish pleasure snatched from Carryl Farnam when he entered the house at "Cairngorm," Mr. St. Remy's plantation, and missed clasping secession manacles upon the patriot's feet. The hatred that he had gathered on the slope by the sea, miles and miles away, was to be expended to-day, but the means had slipped from him.

The servants were in terror because of their lost master. They feared the fate that had befallen their fellows farther away, for the story of their sufferings which had gathered intensity in its wanderings, was marvelous for cruelty, when it reached them. To be masterless, meant present riot and future starvation, as they understood it. Some maintained that he had "done gone and drown'd hisself, he's so lonesome for Remy," but then there were missing articles that no servant would have purloined. The dead mistress' picture that hung over master's bed, a bit of ivory in a golden circle, sparkling with diamonds, but guarded from ignorant covetousness by the speaking eyes of the buried woman. The Minnie rifle and a box of revolvers that were brought from over the ocean, a garment or two, and an infant's shoe that had hung for years upon his dressing mirror, and which nobody dared to touch, were gone. These informed St. Remy's enemy that his visit was vain. For a moment, Farnam

thought to burn Cairngorm, and enjoy his vengeance watching the flames, but another form of cruelty was hinted to his wicked heart.

Sometime Remy St. Remy should enter that house, the purchaser of her father's or brother's life, and he would be its master, and hers. It should wear its old look of loveliness, and the servants should be the same to torture her with remembrance. But if he should fail!—— he would arrange for that. Every rebel seemed in those days, and even now, to believe that whatever falls in their way, is theirs. This was the first principle that was evolved by secession.

He joined his fellows a few rods away. They had been considerate enough to permit him the pleasure of this visit unshared, and he carried the tidings of defeat to them, but promised to "secure the game by and by," and, as the daughter's betrothed, would assume the care of the premises.

A few miles distant, there was another Union household, or rather there was a widow whose sons had divided the house, but she was true. One followed the seceded states and its fortunes, and the other had written to say, that he should join the Federal troops immediately, upon his return to this country, and only prayed that he might never meet in mortal combat, his elder brother, who had been his pride, and example, till this division of principle and fate. The mother was one of those stately southern matrons, who comprehend

nothing that is unworthy, and hold honor above wealth love, or life itself. When her eldest born brought the sword of a rebel for her to gird upon him, she turned away, saying with a voice into whose tones happiness would never again enter :

Hobart Ringold, I could stand by your rounded grave with more hope, and consolation, than I have looked upon you to-day. Your brother enters the ranks, a patriot, a soldier, and a christian. If he dies, I am henceforth a childless widow. Perhaps your hand will make the picture reality. You are your father's child, not mine by any likeness of life or purpose, but God knows I loved you best, once, though not now. May the curse of every heart broken by this war fall upon your head. I have implored you to spare yourself this, but you have craved your doom. Do not touch me Do not look upon the wreck you have made. I shall clothe myself with black, and drape my house in mourning, till I die—Go!" And her white hand stretched toward the door through which his handsome face had brought the sunshine of her earlier widowhood, and carried now the happiness of a fading life.

There was one other in her house, who held the old government in reverence, and that was her silver haired father. Age had come to him like the falling of the dew, in Autumn.

His joys and sorrows belonged to others now, and were absorbed into his soul by a loving sympathy with

all humanity. He waited patiently and willingly for a summons to a higher existence for the sake of his widowed daughter. His old swift blood again rushed through his veins, and his chivalric soul was flooded with loyal heroism, when the bugle blast of contest reached his ears. He seemed to take on a new life, and battled with his strong arguments for the right. He was a host in his daring, when the might of his eloquence was upon him. Carryl Farnam spent his hoarded hate upon this snowy head, already bared for a crown of martyrdom.

Mrs. Ringold met this new torture with a stunned silence. It had come the very evening she lost her eldest child, her deluded boy! Her father gloried because he could suffer for his country, when age had eaten away the sinew with which he would once have fought.

“Be brave, my child,” he said, “liberty is a goddess worthy the worship. I only wish I were a thousand strong men, and not weak, and old, and helpless. But Carryl Farnam’s heroism is only equal to such enemies as I. He is a *secession* officer. God keep, and love you my poor child, but I—I am, happy, exultant! It stirs my sluggish life. Fix your bayonet, braggart, I will go only as they did in Piedmont, to your prison.”

His figure reared itself to its old proud height, and he looked like a captured king.

Shame rendered Carryl Farnam viler than before, and

he grasped the old man's garments, and wrenched him from the arms of his widowed child, and with one firm thrust sent him forth, only to fall across the entrance of his house, and he was dead !

The patriot stepped from his own threshold to heaven, to carry the wrongs of his people, and plead the cause of freedom. God heard him !

Carryl Farnam found his country's enemies that night, and entered the service of the southern autocrat.

CHAPTER VII.

MELTED IN THE FIRE.

“But I am dead, you see,
And that explains it.”

“What can you do with people when they are dead?
But if you are pious, sing a hymn and go,
Or if you are tender, heave a sigh and go,
But go by all means, and permit the grass
To keep its green feud up 'twixt them and you;
Then leave me---let me rest.”

AURORA FARNAM stood in the deep embrasure of one of her father's windows, on the morning of the day that her brother left them. She wondered that the dawn dare drop upon so bad a world. She looked up to the sky and its light smote her like a blow. She looked backwards to her rich life, so full of happiness, and saw how all the blessing that a childhood and girlhood can understand, were confluent at her birth, and flowed like a deep bright river, and then diverged with the last year's waning, and wandered on till heaven exhaled every drop, and left her a barren existence. Her thoughts voyaged over the possible years, but found no

place of rest or peace. Poor, poor Aurora! A blank, blind, weary way, and oh, so hard to walk alone!

“Aurora.”

Not a word was answered.

“Aurora, I am going now. My mother cursed me. What have you for me to make my thoughts easier to endure?”

He waited, but she did not turn or move.

“Shall all our lives and their promises be blotted out by a perverse fancy of something which a woman can neither judge or comprehend? I am pleading for the last time, Aurora.”

Slowly she turned, and faced Hobart Ringold.

“Thank God for this last assurance. I hoped your voice would never smite my ear again. If I were not worn out with the weary anguish of looking into the dark of a wrecked life, I suppose I should repeat the curse your mother gave you, but I will not; for I am too weary. I am ground, and tortured, and bruised with the wrongs I see growing about me, but you have no more power to pain me; you only tire with your heartless talk. If you choose to attempt to strike the heavens and beat your own life out against the stars, it is nothing to me. The heavens will not fall by the smiting, though they may look cloudy and black. The sun will still shine above the darkness. This dumb aching will find a balm by-and-by, when the coming strife shall need my service. There are few women,

too few I fear, to care for the fallen. Perhaps I'll rest your head when a swift ball fixes your time to die. You see how calmly I look to this end which is not far away. Till then, let there be utter silence betwixt us two."

Slowly her eyelids crept down over her dull eyes, and she turned back again to the soft air of Autumn, as if she had held her breath, lest she should gather the same atmosphere that fed the life of the man she worshipped once, but loathed to-day.

"Aurora, my Morning, will you send me from you so?" and there were tears in his voice, but she answered nothing.

"Aurora, there will be no other dawn upon my life."

She turned again like an upward flash of fire that had smouldered under the crust of Stromboli.

"Amen! As you have turned from the God who created you, from the country that protected you, and the mother who bore and loved you, so may the sunshine of the eye and soul be blotted out, as I am blotted out from you forever."

Again she faced the sky, and slowly the man who once held her happiness in his palm, and tossed it into the popular vortex of enthusiastic error, turned away, never to look into her glowing face again.

Her father came next for an explanation of this short interview, but she lay upon a crimson pillow, so pale

and worn, with that eating agony always growing into her cheeks, and grooving channels for the tears that would not come, that his heart relented, and he stooped and kissed her lips, and went away resolving that though his heart went with his son, and Hobart Ringold, his words should not wound his daughter.

“They’re not made like us—they can’t help it, poor things! I’ll stay by, and Carryl shall not wring her heart with his hard words. I wish it was all over though, but she won’t be here if the time don’t come soon. The only way to fix it, is to take sharp measures. Nobody’s daughters are like mine in this God-forsaken place. One extreme or the other,—fire-eaters every one of them. Her mother was like Aurora, before she took to her bed, so alike—so alike!”

A little drop of human blood that was not yet dry, curdled in his veins; and as he felt the cold flutter, he said again to himself:

“Somebody’s walking over where my grave is to be, I wonder who, and where?”

He seated himself in the embrasure, where Aurora stood to dismiss Hobart Ringold, and the heavy crimson curtains quite concealed his person from observation.

Presently she stirred, and moaned, and a patient smile lay over her face, as if moaning eased her agony.

He father looked about the room. Everything bore the delicate touch of his daughter’s hand. Here a

blossom drooping over the throat of a crystal goblet, there a filmy netting across the bared bosom of Psyche and a touch of delicate tracery, blossom-like, wrought with her happy fingers in the better time upon the satin cushions of his cosy chair. Everything seemed frescoed over with the glamour of her busy hands, and as he looked, he too moaned, and a strong deep pity, and something of the old natural love visited his heart, and he said softly, "Poor child, the rough winds of these stormy times have blown the light out of your sweet eyes that used to flash and melt with every change of a bird's song. Poor, poor Aurora, your name doesn't benefit you any more, but may-be there is a better life for us all in the next year. Whatever is, I must follow my State, whether to peace or ruin, for I have said it. I wish the words had never touched the air."

Aurora heard the last utterance, and the dreary undertone that keyed such a wail of woe which she was sure he would hear without one backward look. It was not like a Farman to return, even if they had taken the wrong way. She lifted her eyelids just enough to take in the picture of his face and see how worn it was, and mark the bleaching of his thick brown hair, so like her own, only deeper in color! Now she knew that among all her secret enemies, she had one staunch secret friend. There rose a ripple of the old color to her face, and she felt the flame deepening which she feared was quenched forever. Hope is so re-active—so hard to die! She

knew the Farman blood too well to stir it by a word, hoping for a deeper throb of feeling than welled responsive to its own thought.

Carryl entered now, the last and hardest to thrust out from her prayers. How could she let him be the vile possessor of the same blood she bore about in her great throbbing heart?

She knew he was to commit his first outward act of cruelty this day, and she dared not think when the blood would be staunched. The concentrated hate that is born of wrong, of suffering and deception, flooded her white lips and crept up to her pale rippled hair as she rose, and faced him with every muscle full, and not a curve or line of her eloquent face unbent. The old fire, only a thousand gleams brighter and fiercer than ever lit it before, shown out of her eyes, so dull and dry, and weary but an hour gone.

"A boiling village runs over with babble sometimes, and I suppose by the young devil looking out of your eyes, that you have caught the froth to-day, eh?"

Not a word came.

"You can be more insolent with your face, than any man ever was with a wicked tongue. You are a magnificent young lioness, and I know a mate to you. You'll both be tamed by-and-by."

Still the silence. It was insufferable. Her presence stunned his brain. He could not say what he came to utter. Her gaze blistered his eyes, and he felt the lava

of her look burning into his very soul. His hatred hardened and charred as he stood there, but he could no more turn from her without her will, than the moon could turn from the great light of the sun at its full. He tried to speak, but words were too tame to express his anger. It would be like a drop of water upon a burning prairie. He could not quench her with words, and in the desperation of an untamed beast, he struck her with his clenched hand, but she scarcely swayed to the blow. Hardly had his arm swung to his side when another blow fell, and with it, the proud son of a Tennessean—the first dropping in that house, of the fruit of Rebellion.

Aurora's face forgot its fire, and her first tears rained upon her father's bosom. Not a word was uttered, but a kiss answered her touch, and then father and son were alone. One silent and shamed, but there was no penitence, and the other, bearing an added score of years upon his bent figure, all crowded into five brief minutes, said: "My son, I chastised you because you forgot your manhood in your zeal to proselyte a woman to your political views. For shame! Your hand, and the words that fell from the lips of my son, my only boy," and he passed his palm so wearily over his pale brow; "my pride! has changed my life, and its purposes. Whatever you have planned to do that humanity does not dictate, you must relinquish, or do it alone. shall not take up the sword now. Your blow decided

me," and he laid his hand upon that of his offending son as if he would keep it from further shame, but Carryl cast it off with a fling of disdain, and in five minutes was in his saddle to join his fellows, and begin his chivalric life under the new confederacy.

How one victim slipped from Carryl Farnam's touch, led by the hand of his sister, and the other was translated from his grasp to the upper host, where there are no more strifes, but peace reigneth forever, has been recorded.

Aurora's heart glowed and lifted with a new element of warmth and hope, and sank fathoms deep in a sea of sorrow, alternately. It was safer than the leaden stupor of the months gone by. She saw a loving Hand leading her through a dreary way, where if there were relentless thorns, there were some velvety resting spots, and a sweep of untainted air, coming between the hot fetid currents of hate. And so she rested, with her poor mother's throbbing head, which had not lifted itself for years, lying upon her arm, soothing the sufferer with the sunniest side of the morning's happenings. Her caressing-white hand, and the lulling of her voice,—softer now for the tears that had fallen through it, coaxed a sweet slumber to the invalid, and a tenderer touch to the face of Aurora.

Joe came back with the sinking sun, and as the poor black lad abhorred a vacuum in his stomach, even beyond the detestation of Nature herself, if that were

possible, Aurora could get no information of Mr. St. Remy till his appetite was satisfied. Then between hostile attacks upon his great lips, with his elbows, first on one and then the other, in pursuit of stray bits of food, he managed to articulate :

“ Joe didn’t say nuffin hissef, and com’d back mighty starved, nigh pun a dead nigger, Missy. Met Masser Carryl, an he ax’d Joe whar’d been. Said e’d been to grave-yard to feed a dead man. Dat’s all I’s’e got to say, an he called me a sassy darkey, an said he’d git it out o’ me, an turned Yankee’s hoofs arter me, but Masser Ringold said, don’t, an he don’ted. Ky! Ef all de Yankees’ like dat are hoss, I don’t want to kiss dar shoes wid my blackin brush, more I does’nt. Masser Remy’s awful smart, but he couldn’t get dis child to talk out loud in dat are hole, not enny. Joe kept tellin, ‘Dat’s all I’s’e got to say—dat’s all I’s’e got to say,’ an com’d away, an here I be mos a corpus. I’s’e so empty. O, Lord!”

His mistress left him to happiness, with hoe-cake and molasses.

So far the day had been better than she feared, but by and by the darkness came, and with it the intelligence of the death across the door-way in the home of a lonely woman, and a whitehaired man. It was announced in the form of a polished tale of duty, fearlessly performed, and with it, congratulations to a father for having such a son! Such an heroic soldier!

How a groan would have lessened the tension of pain at Mr. Farnam's heart, but he dare not let the sound escape him, it was too late!

Tugging at his very life was the fearful torture of these two little words—too late!

Writhing in the agony of unavailing and unspeakable penitence, still the refrain beat out its syllables—too late!

Death and desolation lay in a recantation of political faith, yet had he been alone, or even with Aurora, the fearless! the self-reliant! the enduring! he would have found relief in a renunciation of the hated policy he had adopted, and accepted the consequences, with its risks of life and liberty. But there was a wasting woman, whose every breath hung upon tender care and a sheltering home, which only utter silence could give her. And then there was the Farnam stubborn adherence to a position. But that—oh, that—was destroyed by a blow upon his child, from the heavy hand of a man—his son!

Another stroke fell with the death of his father's friend, the saint and patriot, and so the Farnam blood forgot that it acknowledged no change,—that for generations it had been relentless!

But the silence! He *must* keep it. Carryl Farnam kept it to Hobart Ringold. He dare not tell him that he left his mother alone with her dead, nor whose hand was red with guilt! Distance would soon be between

the grave and the murderer. He had learned from Hobart's corrugated brows, and Aurora's flaming face, what the parting between them had been, and he knew too, that already Ringold was counting the price of his epauletts, balancing, and, perhaps, deciding that they were too costly.

Military glory may be very dazzling to the gazer, but cankered and rusted to the possessor!

But with him too, it was too late!

Mr. Farnam closed his eyes after this day, to anything unusual in his daughter's habits of absence. He quieted the half-speculative curiosity which found expression in the coarse enthusiasm of their lady visitors, and the cruel hints of secret disaffection to secession interests on the part of his child, but as no one knew of the disruption between herself and Hobart Ringold, there was no firm base upon which to rest their gossip. It gathered, however, and her haughty reticence angered her acquaintances, and Carryl had forgotten himself once over his wine, and uttered a word or two about a divided opinion at home, and it must mean Aurora.

The thunder of the coming storm reached them too late to be averted.

She must declare herself, and she did, but not her purposes. The plea of Portia before the Court of Venice was not more eloquent.

There were men who forgot their manhood, and women who did not remember their sex, and its kinder

characteristics. Fanatics, who would have proved their zeal in Salem, in the years we would be glad to have blotted from our history. But alas! the truth must be recorded.

Blithedale was in the court-room, white with years, and a judge, and he looked into Aurora's eyes as if he would crush her from the world with hate. His daughter, handsome and cruel, watched for a token of humiliation upon a face which had come between herself and her ambition.

Eliston, the reverend, the pale, thin, dyspeptic divine, who preached doctrines which are not found in the Gospel of Peace, and who waved a quenchless torch over his people, leaned near one of his communicants who was now a prisoner. His son, whose ambition, and not his love, for he never knew the meaning of the word, had once aspired to be the husband of Aurora, looked on with a pleasant sensation of triumph, forgetting how with pity, and tears even, she had put him from her, remembering in her kindness, that it is not a light thing to offer a life to a woman.

There stood, too, the sister of this rejected suitor, cold and passionless, but brimming with the venom of political hate, and disappointed plans.

There was Allan Ruyter, and many more, and among them a few frowning men whose garments covered the instruments of death, which would have let out the life of every man who dare reach forth his hand to touch

Aurora, or lisp a word that would cancel her right to liberty.

The preambles were prolix, but the ubiquitous sentences failed to raise a line of the faintest color to the young girl's face. She seemed weary and uninterested, and that was all.

The accusations were based upon a lack of expressed sympathy, the whisperings of servants, and a withdrawal from society when these new questions were discussed—and that was all.

Her time had come.

Slowly she rose and gazed upon the crowd. The dull look was burned out, which had strayed vaguely over the room. The composure of the past hour was avenged by fire. Wrath, scorn and pity mingled in her face, and flooded the house. It blazed out as if a volcano lay cryptic beneath her eyes, but she stifled it with her strong will, and the lulled flame retired. Her voice was low, clear and cold,—intensely cold.

She must make her own plea.

“I am a woman. I do not engender strife, nor stir men's hearts to strike down those whose feet are already in their graves. I do not preach a chivalry to my friends which expends itself in heroic trials of silent women, whose tongues cannot wag of war, or cry for blood. I am no ghoul, only a woman, who cares for an invalid mother. I am not proving my delicacy daily by unwomanly insults to a flag which has, *till now*, sheltered

me. I was not arraigned under its folds before a public court for a gaping crowd's amusement. I was not asked to express in public, my opinions on political subjects which a woman is not supposed to understand. I have given no aid to *my* country's enemies, and I never will. I am unshamed by any word of accusation you will be likely to apply to me. I only blush for my people, because they are content to war upon a woman whose crime is silence. An amazing phenomenon! This is a congregation of fearless men!"

Here her eyes blazed again, and slowly singled every man for a touch, and then cooled.

"You can imprison me if you choose. It may add to your happiness. Only one favor I crave. Don't expend all your christian manliness upon Aurora Farnam, for there may be some other helpless woman in this pitiful place demanding punishment. I am ready for sentence, but remember, *I am only a woman*, don't spare me."

There was a ruddier glow upon many a cheek, than had lit its southern brown for many and many a day. The speaker of this valiant committee, said there was no cause for arrest, and dismissed the glorious assembly. Aurora took her father's arm, so tenderly and so proudly offered for her support, and with as calm and expressionless a face, as perfect indifference always gave her, she entered her old home. How the blood of the arm upon which she leaned boiled through and through the

distended veins! How he hated himself because it could be said of him, "He is a secessionist," and in after years it would be recorded, "A Farnam was *once a rebel!*" If there was pride upon his face, there was none in his heart. The penalty of perjured citizenship was upon him.

"Aurora where is Mr. St Remy? I am not blind. You are sheltering some hunted patriot. I see it in many strange movements of your own, and when I asked Joe where he spent his days, he only whispered a reply, and that was, 'Dats all I'se got to say.' He is under some potent spell, and in strict discipline. You may tell me, child."

O how the burden was lifted! She laid its crushing weight upon the sympathy of her father, and she was rested, assured, and could see away ahead a glimmer of the end to deceptions, and the bondage of speech. Thank God!

"How long, oh how long," was all the cry she uttered now. She thought that time was the only enemy to endure, and he would be conquered at last.

The winter was coming. The ice might make the way to the hidden man impassible. It would not be strong enough for use, and besides, it would tell the tale of footprints. The water had been so friendly, and the night so sheltering! Joe had always gone before the dawn, and come back at all hours. He was too strange always, to make his motions a matter of thought,

or his actions noticeable, besides, he was a "useless nigger." He had ceased replying to the questions of any one except Aurora, for the last few months, and he was pronounced *failing*. The poor wretch was never growing before, and his queer thoughts were very amusing to the girl who seldom found a space to smile in, because of the dull blank in the years before her, and the isolation of her life, which did not find cause for laughter.

Hokey was installed ruler over the old "beauty spot" of the valley, called "Cairngorm." Vip labored for the Farnams, at a price that took some of the venom from his temper, but there were times when he seemed to have a supernatural comprehension of the truth. You could see it in a quick out-look into the distance, as if he would bring the mystery back in his eyes, and then it was gone. He could not catch the salient points of the position of affairs, and reason them into a connected thought. It would be a dreary day to his enemies when he knew all. He would enjoy the vengeance for which he had longed and waited. He would have compensation for the withholding of his freedom, by torturing his possessor. He had ceased to think him dead, and by the systematic way that Hokey administered to the needs of the half occupied people, and regulated the affairs of the estate, he became certain that there was a white brain commanding somewhere. Hokey came seldom to the Farnams, and though he was in his

position by order of Carryl, he asked no advice of the elder Farnam. Vip reasoned from wrong premises, but the truth lay very near his suspicions. He could not comprehend that the unfettered man's brain was growing strong, and its heavy machinery working steadily and evenly for use, to himself, his people, and his dear old master.

"The world grew slowly to the great round hard thing it is," so some one has written, and but few of the chained race will spring upward into the full orb'd spirit of human liberty as did this man, whose fetters were broken but a little time ago.

Night after night, when the autumn deepened into the chill of winter, Hokey shot his swift small boat under the cliff, and crept up into his master's presence with winter stores, gathered little by little, to escape observation. The black man's heart was so brimming with pity for the haggard restless white fugitive, that it would have been a positive happiness to have given his own poor life to set his old master free. A price, almost fabulous had been put upon his master's head, for supposed information carried to the Federal lines, but this faithful friend never thought of purchasing power at such a cost, but, Vip — Oh, the golden dreams born of his vague surmises !

Once only, had Mr. St. Remy heard from either of his children. A stranger had given Joe a slip of paper,

enclosed in a folded tulip leaf, to give to his mistress
It was Remy St. Remy's delicate tracery.

“DEAR FATHER: --- I am safe, well, and waiting.

“CAIRNGORM.”

It brought mid-day to the cavernous home of Remy St. Remy's father, but the mystery of its coming, who could unravel it? Afterward, when the winter was half wasted, he heard of his son, his “brave boy” as he proudly called him — to break the silence of his hiding-place — fighting at Milford, Missouri, and he only wished that he stood in the ranks, but waiting had only made the transit impossible. His great strong frame was bent and weakened by captivity and suffering, until he could not have marched a mile. His nights were sometimes shortened, and cheered by his old friend Farnam, who could never find words strong enough with which to confess his mistake — his great sin.

One month of this dreary winter went by and not one human voice broke the silence of this lonely hermitage, for no foot could climb the slippery way leading from the glittering bed of the waters of the Tennessee.

It was fortified with a plating of ice, welded with blows from the water, and hardened by the breath of the frost.

It was a weary, weary time to the imprisoned man, and almost as terrible to bear by those who loved and waited. Poor Joe felt as if his occupation was gone, and that nobody owned him any more.

Aurora visited Mrs. Ringold when she thought the bereaved woman could bear to look upon a Farnam, but this journey was made in the night time. It was a sweet mingling of sympathy, though a bitter reminder of griefs too deep for speech, and so they were untouched in their talk. Neither gave secrets to the other. They might be wrested away in some hour of physical weakness, and were safer in the silence. Mrs. Ringold had no fear of disturbance, because her servants loved and shielded her. Now that her father's voice was silent, there was little to call the wicked eye of secession to her quiet grief, and retired life. And so they waited and endured, believing that the day of deliverance was near. Alas!

CHAPTER VIII.

ASUNDER.

“Who,---
 Being a man and human, can stand calmly by,
 And view these things, and never tease his soul
 For some great cure?”

THERE were hordes of men before the Capital waiting for a shower of gold. Health and life, even, fled from a hundred thousand homes to bring it down. But no matter for that, it fell, and the miserable men and women with narrow foreheads, and beastly faces, caught the treasure, and then with plethoric purses, reviled the government for its lack of financial wisdom.

They were not wasted days, if the commanders were gathering experience, nor was it wasted treasure, if the government was learning wisdom.

O, there were and are uncounted wrongs, but the right has not been quite conquered.

It is terrible to watch the committal of wrongs one cannot right or hinder, and even the young heart of Ringold felt it when suffering and waiting made him too wise.

He had been in Norfolk disguised as a woman, and brought back intelligence which hastened the work upon our Naval defenses. With Captain Trissilian, he traveled Green Briar River—crossed Elk Mountain and learned where the enemy were in numbers, and where at this point their rich stores and provisions were hidden, and Major Webster was sent by General Milroy who wasted by fire the rebel accumulations which had left poverty and hunger in many a Virginia door-way. The same private reconnoissance led the way from Romney to Blue Gap, and the enemy was routed with artillery losses, droves of cattle and valuable stores, and to make their surprise and discomfiture more unendurable to remember, Colonel Deering brought every man of his command back to his encampment.

Ringold was scarcely known in camp by his name, "The Boy in Blue," and "Blue Bird" were his distinguishing titles. His face had grown to a deeper olive, and a ruddier glow gathered on his beardless lips, but the same deep sad eyes looked out upon the world and its bitter lessons. Only Captain Trissilian ever brought a smile. His genial jargon, and merry wit, his half-boyish, and wholly innocent love of frolic, lifted for a little the boy's heavy sorrow. Who ever listened to the Captain's contagious laugh, felt an answering curl about their mouth, and the sorrowful and suffering, felt the medicine of his presence.

"Blue Bird, I saw that animal of yours once before

it came to enlist. Its name was Dawn. Must say I didn't see the appropriateness of the title. Perhaps because it could strike daylight with its heels. I thought Satan, would have been as suitable. From the way it caricoled then, with a lady in the saddle, and such a splendid creature as she was too! I thought a spur would make him magnificent, and it has. That horse and that lady, are so associated in my memory that I did not recognize the beast without her, till I saw him lift his heels to that ugly *Cantiniere* this morning, and then it all came back to me. It was to a black bundle of calico and bandanna, that he threw out his heels at that time. O, Blue Bird, you should have seen the lady who rode Victory then! She looked one minute as if she was made of a mixture of rose leaves and electricity, and the next, of rock crystal and granite,—a brilliant conglomerate! Afterward, she would be wholly and truly a woman. You could see it in every change of her speaking eyes, and in the tenderness about her mouth. I don't know how it was, but I loved that woman, and yet I scarcely had a right to claim her acquaintance. You need not be so startled, it was not the love a man gives to the woman he asks to be his wife, but after the fashion the Romanists adore a saint. If she were my sister, I should build a shrine for her, and set it in a sunny spot, with the shelter of trees above her, so that the gleams of light might be chased by the shadows of the leaves over her face, to keep the

changes perpetual. She is southern born, but you should have seen her eyes dilate under their mysterious fringes, and the delicate pallor deepen to a flush through the pure olive of her face, when she saw the Union soldiers out! Colonel Berry foundered his happiness at sea, while on his way home from France with that girl. I saw it, when he brought her home. The case was hopeless. She's promised, and he'll die a bachelor. Such men don't have two attacks of the tender passion. It settles into a chronic form and worries them till they drop. I wonder if her lover is a rebel. If he is, then he is against one union, and she against another, that's sure. Don't you know I am waiting for you to laugh? It don't pay to build jokes, and have them tumble without a noise. Where have your thoughts gone wool-gathering?"

"With the darkies. Now you may laugh at my wit and set me an example of demonstrative appreciation. You were talking about Victory. The subject is more interesting than worn-out nonsense about swains and sweethearts. You understand my preference for the Beast. I despise Beauty. It is so useless in these practical days. My æsthetics were left over the ocean. If this turmoil ends in peace, and I don't find a bullet in some inconvenient spot about me, sometime I'll go back after them, and we will take up the story of to-day. It is a tiresome subject now. Forgive me for quarreling with your themes. I don't often."

“Themes! havn’t had but one. Beg your pardon, but there were two, Beauty and the Beast, and you gave your vote to Beast. Where did you find the Beauty? There! I’ve made a combination. They are both in one. I’ve secured your gratitude, lift your hat.”

No smile followed the inimitable attitude and tone of Captain Trissilian. He felt guilty of heedlessness, and could think of nothing with which to lead Ringold’s thoughts out into a clearer field for conversation. Ringold broke the silence that was gaping at them.

“Miss St. Remy gave me this animal when she left Mrs. Berry, to join her father. I knew her when a child, and have known her since, but her name does not sound well here, even between us two, who would utter it with respect. She has suffered, and is entitled to silence.”

Trissilian’s face was turned to the canvas door of his tent, but his hand swung back, and caught the palm of his friend.

“All right, boy. I’ve had little education in the delicate ways of refinement, but I know how to learn, and you are sure, I wouldn’t ruffle the wing of a robin, much less bring an unhappy thought to you. I fancied you were a Frenchman when we first met, because I could find no other solution to the strong attraction you possessed for me, and now that you claim to be an American, I can’t quite understand it. I said to myself

that morning when we met on our first march, 'I'll be a friend to that lad, and stand between him and every harm that a brother soldier can avert. If I ever wound you again, or you feel the hurt coming, please lay your hand over my wicked mouth, or send that quick eye of yours after me, which threw Jetty into liquidation this morning. O, but didn't that "Peculiar" take on sorrow, easy? How he does love to adopt neglected articles about the camp, and take charge of occasional luxuries left from extra dinners! Don't talk about society's contaminations. I believe in innate depravity. I got so much of my creed in New England, but its proofs are positive, in the colored people. Don't you believe it?" He waited a moment and then continued. "I am boring you, when I meant to talk the black off your brows, but I can't do it, Ringold."

"Forgive me. I did not hear your last remarks. You said you would be my friend. I need one, and was wondering if there were any spared to me in my home. Certainly there are none, even if all are brought to me again, whose hearts are truer than yours, and none I would grieve more to lose. I am not strong enough to do duty on the field with you, and I could not if I wished. If I may render service that will *save* life, and with life, honor; secure success to the Federal arms with a lesser flow of blood, by learning the plans of the enemy, then will the ignoble name of spy, have a better meaning in history, and you will love and respect

me. Our General possesses humanity, and for this, the curses of the blood-thirsty, roll from the North like streams of lava, but they part into channels before they reach him, and he stands firmer upon his heroic height. O, if the years would hurry by, and vindicate a man who is too godlike in his ways to rouse the all-hails of this fiendish generation! Thank heaven, there are some patient souls, who see the grandeur of their leader and are satisfied. No, I could not strike a blow or risk a random shot among our Southern foes, unless—unless——. I will not utter it. Some thoughts like some resolutions, should be religiously kept in silence, but you will sometime know how true I am to my flag, and how tender to my fellows whose arms were thrust upon them, as manacles are put upon murderers. Not always has captivity been symbolized by iron upon the arms, or chains upon the feet, though sometimes even this will be recorded of this unnatural rebellion. It is a captivity of the judgment, and a taint in the imagination, like the poison of hasheesh. When the fever of the soul is gone, it is too late to go backward. Some are driven to strange extremities, not so much from outer circumstances as inner forces, which the soul must obey or be disloyal to itself. I speak this last for myself, an exile from my home, a soldier in part, because I must do, or die. I see no alternative. We wont talk any more now of this, if you please. The subject is haunted with desolation, and infested with evil spirits.

I'll go mad if you conjure them often. Pardon my impetuosity. I did not mean to pain you. Victory wants me, and I must have a dash into the distance. Jetty has been an hour trying to groom the beast, but it is so perverse, and the lad has no comprehension of the way the thing is to be done."

Captain Trissilian looked after the strange boy with a feeling of awe, and astonishment.

"So unlike any lad ever I met. Deep as the sea, and quite as mysterious. Suffering has given him a man's soul, poor fellow! and a woman's voice under that boyish face."

Ringold approached his horse. "Vic!—beauty!—hillo!" The sharp ears were darted forward, and the smooth head turned, like a naughty child whose manner is changed by the call of the mother. So subdued and caressing he became under Ringold's touch, that you would have thought there was magnetism in his slight hand, or a strong will in his light coaxing tones.

"Dis is a mighty pooty cretur, but awful skittish to niggers. Pears like he's a bobolishionist. He wants me to feed him, but he doesn't like my sciety overly much. When I fatches my hand for a slap, he puts his eye inter mine an I doesn't strike,—I doesn't. Guess I'll have to study strategy wid dis ere anamile. Wish you'd come close up, masser Ringold, I wants to whisper to ye. Bet yer life I see'd a Chattanooga man in

dat are woman's fixins, what's gone ober de Heights. Ole woman like dat are doesn't come to camp an trapse an trapse from mornin till night. Hain't nobody but a gal to look arter her. She's awful lumpy, an bolstery, when she gits in an out, but, bress me, when she spoets nobody's lookin, she's as frisky as—as a gal in her fist back comb. Then she cuddled down mighty quick an drapped her wail when she seed dat are Colonel Berry comin. Ky! Pears like it was masser Allan Ruyter, only a sight bigger. I was jes keepin my eyes ou him when Captain Keene gin me a lick, an told me to shet my big white peepers. You knows I isn't used to lick-ins, an I'll tumble him de nex time I see's him feeble ober dat are jug in der tall basket, I will. Ky!"

Ringold's eyes glared with anger a moment, and then a tender look at Jetty quite cured him; even before he said :

"Never mind. Captain Keene is a beast. Is that the suspicious party coming over the brow of the hill? Thank you, Jetty. Your peepers needn't be shut. I am glad you keep them open."

The carriage took a circuitous route, and before it came down to the bridge, Colonel Berry stood mounted by the crossing, prepared to accompany the *ladies* over the Potomac.

That night the two rebels slept in Capitol Hill Prison, and their plans of our fortifications roughly sketched,

but perfect in detail, were ashes in the grate of the Secretary of War. Allan Ruyter spent the following year at the North.

But for Ringold's pleading, he would have gone to his grave. Tender souls are not always just. The rebel's daring plan was thwarted, and there was no vengeance. The thirst for life was slaked by the appealing of a boy, and not by justice. The loneliness of a prison may have brought penitence for there were no burning words from other lips here to keep the fever of rebellion raging. The combat within the soul, none may witness, but the dead sins, and the wrongs secretly fostered, but here stricken powerless and left by the way, are strewn and forgotten, but the consequence, is acknowledged and remembered.

General McClellan was ill. A fever kept him in his room, but he attended to his duties, even upon his bed. The first year of war had gone out. There was hope for the future, but, oh, so distant! Sickness prevailed generally. There were inadequate men in charge of the sanitary arrangements for the soldiers. The doctors were busy, and for the most part skilful. Of the clergy a few glorious men there were, but many preferred anything, rather than Heavenly ministrations.

The winter was sullen. The rains made transit almost impossible. Fears, vague and horrible, crept into Ringold's heart. The conversation with Captain Trissilian about Remy St. Remy, troubled him. It

was conjuring a ghost. It forced him to think of things he would gladly have dropped out of his recollection. Fancies reared by terrible pictures of southern cruelty, made his pulse run wild. He was sometimes almost mad. The Future's impenetrable veil tortured him incessantly. The whence of all this sorrow, irritated and humiliated him. The whither of the Reapers of Death no one dare imagine, least of all this sad-eyed exile. He could achieve little, though he dare attempt anything. He felt the strong clasp of Colonel Berry's friendship and confidence, more than that, an unspeakable interest in his military career which longed to express itself in active personal sacrifice for him, but he could not find the way. He saw a grave between himself and the next spring time, if this quietude of the army was continued. He had heard that there were dear old friends, now deadly enemies, but a little way from the spot where his brain was burning into despair. His interview with Carryl Farnam, and an elaborate account of the wretched braggart's adventure found its way to him through Richmond prints. This crushed the very pride of his life out of him. If all had fallen so low who were reared in the valley of his old home, and gathered their love of truth and honor together with himself, why should he care to redeem them to a Republic of which they were unworthy? He was only saved from utter hopelessness, by a consciousness held in his heart by the merciful angels, that there were

some by the bluffs and reaches of the lovely Tennessee who were still true to their manhood, true to their country, and who would cling to the dear old flag, and fight for its folds, or die under its falling stars.

He asked to be transferred to the Western army. To be sure, there were no reasons why he should not go whenever he had honorably fulfilled his engagements with Colonel Berry. There was no time mentioned in his arrangement with him, but he did not know how he had entered this strong man's heart, from which, to wrench himself away now, would leave a gaping, aching spot, or he might have had no courage with which to utter his request. He had unconsciously made many an hour of sunshine in the colonel's canvas home, and yet it was seldom that either smiled. When only the silence was left the colonel, after the usual good-night, there was always an hour of mysterious loneliness, and an entire inability to withdraw his thoughts from the strange boy. He could not penetrate the life or purposes of the young man, nor did he really wish the veil lifted, but why did his spiritual presence seem so palpable, when he had gone.

There is a spiritual element surrounding some people, that lingers as if they had gone only in a physical sense, and left their souls with ours.

If to give our inner thoughts, the created or inspired fancies and ideas of our best selves, to another, is not sharing the immortal with them, and permitting them

to become a real portion of our existence—of our imperishable us, and indivisible with us, how is it?

The deepening shadows on Ringold's face, and the suffering which wrote itself with unmistakeable hieroglyphics about his mouth, appealed to the colonel's pity.

He wrung his aid's small hand with a grasp into which was compressed the great sorrow he endured to say yes, but he made no effort to detain him. The colonel would not permit Ringold to make this journey alone to a strange field with that delicate reticence of the lad's nature unguarded from the roughness of campaigning.

General McClellan furnished all needful recommendations, but to Colonel Berry was left the care of providing against loneliness.

A thought had flitted over the surface of Colonel Berry's mind many times, but now it sunk down into a serious consideration. Captain Trissilian was fitted for a higher rank. It would benefit the service. His own men were attached to him, and they would grieve at parting, but would love his memory too well ever to be anything less than they were.

He had resolved to make an effort to procure him a higher position with General Grant, and in a few days he succeeded. He had detained Ringold, under one pretence and another, until he was certain of success, or defeat to his plan. For a moment Captain Trissilian

thought an eagle upon his shoulder too dearly purchased by this parting from the soldiers who grew by his side among the New England hills, but it glittered and gleamed, and coaxed him with its pretty tinsel, and then the knowledge of Ringold's determination to be nearer his people in the fray, or may-be in their fall, almost reconciled him to the change. There was a promise of stir and strife on the Mississippi, and he was weary waiting.

Colonel Berry announced the change to Trissilian's company, and told them that a fitness for a higher place, and the need of good men in important positions, and not personal ambition, raised the rank of the beloved officer. He told them too, of the regret which this parting brought to the man who loved them all too well for the possible happenings of war.

There were no shouts of enthusiastic admiration, for tears choked their utterance. Each man parted with Captain Trissilian with a wring of his hand, and a "God bless you, Cap," which quite broke him down. There is an expression often used—but sadly out of place for the most part—which includes the word "unmanned." A soldier who weeps when the highest elements of his nature are stirred, proves his courage.

"The bravest are the tenderest."

The parting with his men over, the future brightened,

and he could catch gleams of military glory coming through this Western opening.

That night, the last one between Colonel Berry and his aid, was full of suppressed feeling, and a long look ahead. The dim light of the camp fell upon neither face, for each avoided revelations of expression which would leave pain in the memory.

The colonel thanked Ringold for the faithful aid he had rendered him, and the great secret service he had given his country. He told him that he was a reminder to him of a dear friend whose name must be unspoken in camp, but for whose sake, as well as for his love to the land he was proud to call that of his nativity, he should live or die in arms. This separation was hard to endure, but it was best so. He hoped their mutual friend would be satisfied with the change, if by any possibility the event should reach her. He did not doubt but she had found a passage to her home, or she would not have left her friends in such painful suspense in regard to her safety.

A shudder passed over Colonel Berry's strong frame, and shook the table upon which both leaned, with shaded faces. Ringold's quick nature overflowed. He laid his brow upon his arm where it rested, and sobbed in great strong vibrations of feeling. The colonel reached over his hand and laid it upon the thick black curls, but the Boy in Blue lifted it, and shrank away. Colonel Berry felt this withdrawal from human sympathy, and under

stood it, at least he measured it by his own soul's unwillingness to share its sorrows with another.

After a time the sobs died out into a dull heavy sigh, convulsive still, but a proof that the storm had passed, though the waves could not be lulled in a moment.

"Colonel Berry," he said, under the surf-beat of emotion, "you have been very kind to me, perhaps as much for the sake of our friend, or more, than for any service I have been able to render you. She will be grateful always. I know her, she does not forget a kindness. I have been able to glean something of her since we parted. She is safe," here the colonel rose suddenly, and faced Ringold, with an eagerness, the lad had never seen in his superior's eyes before, and his words failed to finish the sentence. The colonel's face asked for further information, but it did not come. A grey pallor fell down upon the lips of Ringold, and spread to his forehead slowly, like a film, and then was lifted, and a deep carnation took its place. This quick ebb of life had only come back when the colonel's strong arm lifted him from his camp stool, and pillowed his head for a moment upon a soldier's cot. The next instant Ringold was saying: "Good night," perhaps the good night of a lifetime. They might greet each other with a good morning that would have no ending, when they faced each other again. Who would dare think of it, if the truth did not usher itself uncalled into the presence of parting friends?

“Good night, Ringold. God keep you in His tenderest care. You are not strong enough for the life you are enduring, nor strong enough to stay. I understand you now, and I may speak it. It will be no wrong. You are older at heart than you are in your face. You love Remy St. Remy.” (How he mistook the emotion! Men in love are so blind, and yet believe they see so clearly.) “It is a useless affection. I pity you, and I may for I love her too, with the strength of manhood, and a hopelessness that makes existence almost empty. You are young. Forget her if you can. She is promised to another. She will not cancel her word unless he should prove a traitor, to his country and then——”

“He is. Good night and good bye, Colonel Berry,” Ringold’s voice was low, and sweet, and rich, cadenced to a sadness that held happiness in its melody, as he uttered these words. Fancy lifted a mirage before the stars that night, and colonel and aid looking up, each from his tented door, saw the future. Ringold kept his pictures in his heart, and we will not bring them to the light. Colonel Berry, pitied, and loved the lad, but he *was* a lad and he did not feel angered if Ringold had left his heart in the Tennessean’s eyes. “How could he help it,” he muttered, “poor child! how could any one help it, she was so lovely, so womanly, and so beautiful.” The barren winter night grew soft, and seemed through the dusk to be clothed with summer raiment, and the

seige-circled city to become a resting place for happy pilgrims.

Sorrow had its solace to-night, and faith and hope were an infinite balm. Reconciled to the present, and exalted for the future, by one sentence, "He is," Colonel Berry was satisfied.

Heaven stoops to good men's souls sometimes, to rest and soothe them with its tender caresses.

At dawn, Colonel Trissilian and his aid, Ringold of Tennessee, as his pass read, and Jetty, grinning and chattering with irrepressible excitement, flew over the distance which lay days and nights between Washington, and where the bomb-shells were to pelt the walls of Fort Henry, and force submission from Donnelson.

Thank Heaven their first view of Death's harvesting was not so terrible, and the patient willingness of our fallen men to let their lives ebb out for victory, made the conflict easier to think about when the groans had died away, and the sufferers were at rest. Action cured the steady dull pain of thinking, and waiting, which was taking drop by drop, the life of the Boy in Blue.

There came at times a dreamy expression, or rather an out-look, a present expectancy in his eyes, so his colonel thought, and he sought amid his own new sensations for the reason of the glow. He doubtless attributed it to their approach to a spot where they might meet a few of the loyal men who had escaped over the

mountains to fight under the Federal colors, and perhaps his kindred.

They arrived at Cairo on Sunday, the second day of February, and the colonel reported to General Grant, and was assigned to immediate duty.

At the hotel in Cairo there was a thrill of excitement.

Jetty had waded the sloughs and covered himself with layer after layer of the liquid clay and floating dinginess of this filthy city, which lightened, rather than deepened his color. He was, in fact, so black that Colonel Trissilian insisted that he could not see him at all unless his face was smeared. He came to his master's apartments, which he always shared with a cot or blanket, and dumped his individual bundle of dirt and invisibility plump on the floor.

“O Lor, de blessed day is comin, sartin. I see'd it a flyin down dem are stairs when I com'd inter de hall, an, sure as def, if I could a got my big mouf apart, I should have split mysef, mebby, 'cause I see'd Masser Berny St. Remy a goin out, an he jes flew'd onto his hoss an was off like s'cat, afore I could say 'how'do.' Den when dis chile was enamost dead, 'cause I'se so struck, dat are yaller gal of Missy Ringold's, what she sent off from Masser Hobart, cause he fool with her pooty curls too much, and she come'd right up to me, an she says, says she, 'What's de matter,' says she. 'Pears like you'd got a fit. You look,' says she, 'like a Chattanooga boy, you does,' says she. 'I knows I'se seen dat

are face afore. Dare ain't many got so good a color. What's yer name?" says she. 'No such ting,' says I. 'My name's Jetty—Jetty, dat's all, an I doesn't spect to have any more till—till my master gits to—to—to be married or killed, or sumfin,' and den I runned right in here, an I'se sittin here. Does yer see me?"

Ringold did see him, and a glow of hope lit the quivering heap with touches of grace that were certainly seen only in the fancy of the Boy in Blue.

All that day was spent in hurrying from superior to inferior officers' quarters for tidings of Abernethy St. Remy, but nothing could be gleaned of his whereabouts. He, too, was in secret service.

For once, too much faith had been placed in the discretion of Jetty. The busy swarm of people, and the merriment below won him from the quiet of the chamber, where he was bidden to keep himself, and Ringold entered under the bright gas-light of the hall chandelier, to get a glimpse of Jetty in a huge chair in a side apartment, serving the cause of science in a phrenological way.

Standing over him was a thin specimen of the long haired Apostle of Bumps and Organs, endeavoring to separate the woolly thatch of Jetty, and prove by the "corrugations of the negro's cranium," that this specimen of the pure African, was worthy to rank with the largest sized brain that ever wore a white cover.

The perceptive and reflective indications he compared

with his own. That was accepted by the audience with applause, and the man of science bowed his acknowledgments of the appreciation, but somehow Jetty demurred.

“Dis chile like you? Spect not. De Lor wouldn’t a done sich a ting to a poor black—what ye call em—like I is. Please, sah, I’d like to go to my missy, no, my massa.”

“Be quiet. Your race is too modest. You are in many particulars like myself, but you are unconsciously an undeveloped man—”

“O Lor! O Lor! Spect I’se nothin o’ the sort.”

“I repeat, an undeveloped man of great mental power. You are stronger because of your deeper color. You are remarkably moral. Truth and honesty are in your face.”

“Je-ru-sa-lum! What ud massa Ringold give to know dat ar? Spects he’d hire a boy to lug de stealin an lyin too, dat dis chile performs now and den. Don’t tell me any more, cause folks as is too good, dies, an de white folks puts em in books.”

“You are facetious, but manly.”

“O Lor! Please to don’t. I can’t stan any more. I shall bust, an den—”

“Jetty,” said a voice by his side, “you can go with me to our apartment.”

“Dare you take this man from the hands of science, whose sacred voice is revealing to him his heritage—

his brain treasures—in fact, unveiling the mysteries of his being to his wondering vision?"

This burst of indignant eloquence brought no reply only by a gesture of that little hand of Ringold's, and an imperious flash of the eyes that loosened the Phrenological fingers from Jetty's wool, as if they had been electrified.

The negro followed the motion of his master with a merry chuckle, that was so full of satisfaction with the apparent tyranny, that there ran a thrill of admiration through the group of witnesses at the power and beauty of the boy.

"How dare you control that man made in the image of God?" said the tragic man of science.

"Because he is mine, sir," Ringold replied in his deep impressive tones.

"There is no more bondage out of Rebeldom. You are a secessionist. Where is the Provost Marshal. Have him arrested."

"As you please. That negro is mine to do with him as I choose, because he adopts my will as his own. In Europe he was free, and gave himself to me with a devotion that you have neither heart or brain to comprehend. You have measured his mind by your own, and very likely you are correct, but his heart is as like yours as sunshine for a whole world, compared to a fire bug. My room is thirty-four. Send for the marshal,"

and bowing, the haughty boy left the room, with an uproarious cheer following him up stairs.

“O Jetty,” and the voice fell into a tearful tone when the door was once closed, “why will you subject me to such disagreeable people?”

“De Lor knows I didn’t go for to do it, but it was so lonesome like, an Sunday night allus makes me tink ob home an somebody, an how we was allus meanderin about dis time, wid somebody’s arm about somebody’s pusson, an singin meetin tunes, ’cept now and den, when somebody was sayin how dey was reflectin on his thought, an contemplatin de lilies ob de field, an meaned—don’t go for to laugh—some lilies isn’t white, dey’s yaller, an mebbly somebody looks yaller in de moonlight, least-wise, somebody lubed somebody, an dat made somebody hansum to somebody. I won’t go no more where I says I won’t an I don’t tell no lies, dat are man says I doesn’t. Let’s say our prayers an go to sleep, honey chile. De angels knows I didn’t go for to make you look sorry,” and so the good creature forgot all the grand things that the man of science said, and went to sleep like a bird. But Ringold’s pillow was untouched all that long night, and the morning witnessed a change in their hotel.

There was no lingering in this department. They were too far away from conflicting military opinions. They were as one head and one heart in the cause.

General Grant and Commodore Foote were sufficient for their positions.

On Monday afternoon six gun-boats and several steamers left Cairo, and puffed up the Ohio river, and entered the Tennessee after nightfall.

Colonel Trissilian was becoming speedily acquainted with the details of his position, and mastering the plan of attack.

General Grant, with that penetrative and almost supernatural look into a fellow-soul, measured and comprehended the strange young officer, and gave him his command with a hearty, soldierly welcome.

CHAPTER IX.

IN BATTLE.

“Mark yon ship far away
Asleep on the wave, in the last light of day,
With all its hushed thunder shut up.”

“And you
Whom this song cannot reach with its transient breath.
Deaf ears that are stopped with the brown dust of death,
Blind eyes that are dark to your own deathless glory;
Silent hearts that are heedless to praise murmured o'er ye,
Sleep deep! sleep in peace! sleep in memory ever!
Wrapped each soul in the deeds of its deathless endeavor.”

THURSDAY the contest began. Commodore Foote with his clad warriors lay in the river fishing for harmless torpedoes, while the swarming transports touched shore just below Panther Island, and sent the troops to their first warlike experience, in light fighting costume, but heavy with cartridges.

Nearly all the soldiery were fresh from the innocent employments of rural life and brimming with self immolation for the waiting altar.

Brief as the moments of swift planning are in the brain of General Grant, and speedy as are their execution, this time he was too late.

Knee deep in mud, the brave fellows hurry on. Speed is impossible. The will strains every muscle, and eager eyes of platoon after platoon are straight ahead reaching after victory, or death. It is a spectacle that neither pen or brush can perfectly portray. Slow, oh so slow! Not a step falters, every foot is lifted from its deep print in the watery soil with an effort like that of Marshal Ney's hastening from Moscow. Not a man of them would have flinched from the thinly frozen Dneiper in that magnificent retreat. It was written in their faces.

A roar—a swift rushing sound, and like the mysterious flight of a meteor, a projectile spans an arch, and crashes out of sight. They know the battle has begun and they are not in position to smite the enemy in the rear. The cannon upon the steamers could not restrain their impetuosity, nor hush their thundering reproaches till the hurrying army came up. Iron lips of Columbiads call to the rebels, and they send back deathly replies. Contending cannon claim of each other submission, but neither yields. Pivoted guns throw defiance to the screaming shells from brave fellows in the Fort. Every winged ball is a burden to the impatient infantry, but the earth resists them. On they spring

and boom after boom marks the terrible music of their march.

Colonel Trissilian's impatient nature rebels against the inevitable. O the weary distance!

Ringold's lips were close and colorless. Now and then a tear glistened upon his long dark lashes, but a quick flutter of the lids shook it off, and few suspected the eager spirit that was suppressed under that young mask. Victory struggled as if he partook of his master's checked will.

Here and there, Ringold reached down his strong pitiful hand to help a fellow soldier who sunk too deep in the mire, and then the sweet tender look that belonged to better days fell over his face, as if its right to stay should no longer be questioned, but the next roar of shell shook the light out of his eyes, and off his lips, and he was again transformed to steel.

The thunder peals are prolonged,—sound flows into sound, and the reverberations hold every second of an hour.

It tingles through their veins, and leaps into their muscles, but they cannot lift a hand to help the coming triumph.

Wait patiently, eager souls, a little time, and then greater conquest, and a richer harvest for the Pale Reaper of brothers by blood, but enemies in hate.

Like blows from a Titan, steel-sinewed, fall the shot

and shell, upon the few who would not desert their flag at Fort Henry. Smiting the gun-boats with their marvelous rebel aim, they plunged through and through their armored sides, but still the wheels came, nearer, closer, with the flame leaping incessantly from their open mouths as if to swallow the resisting enemy.

A deathly pall of white vapor wraps the gunners upon the Essex, but it does not burn away their patriotism. They are willing to die even thus, if victory follows. The rebels find courage in the wild cry of agony upon the water, and renew their fierce cannonading, but their aim is unsteady, and the three iron browed captors creep nearer and nearer yet.

Their commander has said he will conquer, or sleep with his men in the bed of the Tennessee, and he never swerved from a resolution.

The intervals of resistance are longer, but the shot and shell from the river take no heed of their warning, till the rebellious flag droops, and the pitiful, the humiliating white banner goes slowly up.

Fort Henry is conquered !

The earth is torn and furrowed across the embankment, but the proud bearer of our emblem leaps over the chasms as if he were winged, and waves the Red, White and Blue over a rebel parapet to the glad eyes and exultant voices of triumphant Federals.

But the lagging soldiery are not in time. More than

seven thousand secessionists have escaped at the pleading of cowardly hearts, and fled wildly across the country to Fort Donnelson.

The very earth resisted the approach of our brave fellows, and only a courageous few of the enemy, under General Lloyd Tighlman, stood by their guns to the last, and surrendered like men, before our army came up.

It was not very comforting after so desperate a struggle through the mud, to find only deserted baggage, uneaten dinners, unfinished letters, and next to nobody.

Ringold's nature was irrepressible. He forgot the disappointment of the moment, and himself, and offered sympathy and prayers to the dying, and assistance to the suffering, with a christian forgetfulness of every division of purpose and sentiment. Every face was searched for a familiar feature, and then covered away solemnly from the stare of noon-day, with a tenderness that remembered how darkness had fallen somewhere, and some soul would henceforth walk in perpetual loneliness to the door of the Hereafter. The beautiful softness of Ringold's expression pictured itself in many a heart, with one swift look that day, and it will come back in some twilight of memory to those who caught its transfiguration, and they will fancy it was like the angels who show us their faces in our tearful dreams.

Colonel Trissilian saw him in one of the brief pauses

of that busy afternoon, and with a reverence which he endeavored to cover with railery, said :

“ You will be translated soon, if that language in your eyes can be relied upon. You look like Leonardo de Vinci’s St. John. I don’t wish you to be detailed for upper service just yet, so take up earthiness if you respect military orders from your——inferiors.”

Not the faintest smile touched the lip which was quivering with pity and human sympathy, but he replied in a voice Trissilian had never heard before, so like a woman’s !

“ These are fallen men, and no more enemies. I wish my worthless life could bring them back to—to loyalty. Of what use am I? I will not take the life of a man, that is—I hope I will not. I could not go home, even if I knew I had a home. My death is desired by those who loved me once, and I am almost hated by myself to-day. If you have any duties for me, let me have them now. Idleness will murder me after so horrible a sight.”

“ Poor lad! It is my own first glimpse, and we’ll try and bear it together. We will follow the cowards to Donnelson, and retrieve ourselves for to-day’s tardiness. We are in light marching order, and sleep with only cloud-covers to-night. The poor fellows lying here wont feel it. I almost wish we were Romanists, to pray for their souls. Our regiment leads off in this division.

Don't look at them again. I wish I had left you at Cairo, my boy, but selfish friendship guided me."

"Only friendship, Colonel?"

"Only that."

"I am glad you said it. The words will drive some of to-day's sorrows from my aching ears. I would not have staid at Cairo. I could not remain away from you, now that you are all I've got to say friend to me," and the pitiful look waned, as if this was all of life in those desolate days.

Fifteen thousand men were ordered to march,—it was a weary way, but not with distance so much, as by the hard paths over rocky ledges, and deep ravines, where beds of last year's leaves, dead, wet and slippery, or frozen and rough, alternated with the days' and nights' resting spots under the stars, in that first brief march which was to end in triumph to thousands, but to some, graves on the slopes of these same brown hills. There was a fierce will in the patience and endurance of these men, who for the first time slept upon the icy ground, uncovered. Their duties had always ended in sheltered nights and warm coffee, but they only laughed over their fate, because fifteen thousand soldiers slept in one bed, and under one blue cover. Jetty gathered leaves, and made a nest by the warmest side of a fallen tree, for his master, though it was with a face in which one could find little christian submission, or heroic fortitude. A thousand fires sent up their

ruddy tints into the trees, and threw out long tongues of warmth, and lapped at the cold tired fellows, whose weariness vanished with its caressing.

The winter seemed to have spared its bitterness till now. The cold wind found every crevice in the blue cloth armor, and entered in. The blankets were too heavy by day, and too light by night. Colonel Trissilian began to feel the same old pity for his men, which he hoped was killed by a change of command. The uncomplaining fellows whose shivering bodies would not admit the plea of suffering in words, sent a perpetual pain to the officer's heart. The eagle upon his shoulder did not soothe him. He cheered his men with merry counsel and glowing smiles, but they only came from his lips, so sorry was he down in his heart.

Six days of patient endurance were passed in these forests, and deep valleys, which intervened between themselves and their next battle-field.

Colonel Birges, with his regiment, belonged to this division. They were western hunters, whose rifle-point meant death, and proved its meaning. They had seen little of the luxury of modern households, and slept wherever night found them, unless they laid awake to pick off enemies by moonlight. This hunting men for game, just suited their taste, provided the men were enemies.

They were steady nerved, quick on foot, reliable, and worshipped their leader.

They belonged to General Lauman's brigade, but went wherever they were needed. They wore a close grey uniform of felt, and cap of the same color, fitting a closely cropped skull. Their commands were received from a whistle, and each man carried one with which to reply, or signal his fellows.

Colonel Birges looked into the face of the Boy in Blue, and marked him for a recruit. There was a steady expression to the young man's eye, that fascinated him. He desired to win him to the ranks of the sharp-shooting regiment. He endeavored to charm him with the wild ways of their warfare. He could not be content with a refusal, and speculated many an hour in the silence of his blanket under the stars, upon the marvelous power of Ringold's manner, and his strange aversion to participation in the contest. He knew it was not cowardice, and so the mystery bewildered him. He determined to captivate him, and enjoy the delight of seeing a rebel brought down by the young Tennessean's aim.

When they rested, or before the march in the morning, Colonel Birges coaxed Ringold to practice with a rifle, and the lad consented, because he understood that his secluded habits and silent ways, were not as pleasing to Western tastes, as to the less demonstrative, and less communicative New Englanders.

Colonel Birges was a sympathetic man, though he would have resented such an imputation. He was tender under the coating of his profession, and when his

friendship grew, it went downward to permanent root first, and then rose into acts which were always noble, and if the opportunity came, they were god-like. His discipline was perfect, but it needed no severity. The graceful manners and elegant expressions of Ringold, appealed to the latent refinement of his own soul.

Before the coming battle broke forth, he watched Ringold with as much solicitude as if he had been his own brother, and too tender for the field, but the march ended, and they were in safety.

Fort Donnelson, which is surrounded by hills, has earth-works skirting the inner borders. Trees had been felled to form *abatis*, and the lithe limbs interwoven thickly together.

There was a long line of field works, protected on the outer line by rifle-pits, lying upon the crests of the hills. It is very steep on the exposed side, and beyond this from the fort, there is another crest not so high as the former.

There are trenches protected by heaped logs banked with earth, and impenetrable to bullets. This slope is almost impassible.

The ground rolls, as if it had been curved into this succession of knolls by the slow upheaval of an earthquake. There is no place for a battalion drill for many miles.

It was just afternoon of the twelfth of February, that our cavalry came in sight of the rebel fortifications.

Not an enemy was found outside, but swarms of them made the interior of the intrenchments look like masses of dark swaying earth. They were on the watch for a surprise. Fort Henry delegates warned them. They carried force in their numbers, if not in their capabilities of defence.

Many of our men left their bivouac on the next sunny morning with the soft warmth of the sky promising future comfort, who were to sleep under a gathering shroud of ice at night, and waken at the *reveille* never anymore. The soft dawn deluded the poor fellows, and they cast aside their outer garments for the fray, and too many did not need them again. Many more, nearly perished before the dawn of the second day's fighting.

Before the purple of the morning had changed to the golden glory of the sun's coming, the Fort sent out jets of blaze, then a tower of smoke rose up into the sky, and through it a horrible whirr and hissing, and a bombshell plumps itself into the camp fire of Colonel Oglesby's brigade. This was the gauntlet of the enemy, and every man sprang to the challenge. This division held the leading position, and nearest the crest of the enemy's surroundings.

From a hill a half a mile away, we answered them with our heavy-voiced guns. Furiously the argument was carried on, and both artillery men pointed their batteries with marvelous skill. While Major Cavender

was sighting his gun, a shell fell by his side, but he did not lift his eye, and his own messenger touched the spot whence his iron visitor came. Four shells burst above and beside him, before he would move his piece. Then, as if angered at being disturbed, his enthusiasm was redoubled.

The rebels fire at random into the thickets, but our men pick them off like birds upon leafless trees, under a sharp hunter's fire.

Now and then a man falls within our lines. Poor fellows! they have not known the meaning of war before, but they do not stop to comprehend all that it is. That will come to them sometime on guard, when by a lonely fire during a dreary night. They do not stop to think "good-bye" to the children waiting in quiet homes, and wives praying by secret altars. Their flag means everything now. God, country, friends, and hearthstones.

Closer and closer! Commanders did not then know their men, nor how like the veterans at Quatre Bras they could face without flinching, the fire of the foe. The old guard of Waterloo could have been no steadier than the Federals who fought and fell at Donnelson.

Colonel Birges' men crept up in front of the rebel lines. Nearer and nearer to the trenches they crawl, and every whirring pellet of lead is a doom to some one behind the breastworks.

The rebels are soon silent. It is sure death to lift a musket over their crest.

A fearful night came down upon them. Ringold, who had been all day at General Grant's headquarters writing dispatches under dictation, went out into the storm, against the General's wishes, to share the fate of the soldiers. No food but hard bread and water to-night, but he did not mind it, for himself.

Jetty was coaxed to sleep between two fallen oaks, while the Aid went off through the trees, looking into the faces of the dead, and finding some to whom life might be brought back with warmth and care.

Moanings here and there between the swaying of the leafless boughs and the howling of the fierce storm, rose up to greet his approach.

He could give little assistance alone.

Jetty was roused from his early slumbers, and his warm sympathy fully awakened him after the first shake. Colonel Trissilian and these two, traversed the wooded fields all the night through, carrying some to the improvised hospitals, laying some in an easy posture to die, and staunching the blood, and staying the life of others. It was when the dark was deepest, and the storm wailed wildest, that Ringold's foot touched a fallen man, lying upon the slippery leaves, with his blood coloring the snow as it fell.

Ringold stooped to touch his heart, and the flutter was perceptible, but so faint!

"Can you speak, my poor fellow?"

"Ay, a little."

"Can you hold on to life till I bring a stretcher to carry you to shelter?"

"No, my friend, I do not wish to be stirred now that the bitterness has passed, and the pain gone. I would have chosen to live till we conquered, but it is no matter."

"Have you any wish that a friend could see granted? If you have, you may trust me. I will do anything that a poor exile of this wretched state can, for you."

"Of this state? so am I," here he brightened a little, and his words were not so far apart. "I came from among the hills. I have a mother there, and she loved me till this hateful Rebellion parted us. She'll love me when I am dead. My father never cared for me, because I loved pictures too well. There is one in my bosom. Don't let any one take it from me. It will make my soldier's grave holy. My mother's name is Mrs. Allan Ruyter of Chattanooga, can—you—remember? I—am—going. God—bless—her?"

Ringold placed his handkerchief tenderly over the dead soldier's face, and sat beside him and wept the bitterest tears of his life. This was once his friend. One of the sweetest souls had gone back to heaven, that had ever been shut in a house of clay.

More like an exalted woman he seemed to Ringold's memory, than a man of a score and a half of years.

Loving the beautiful with the fervor of a Claude Lorraine, young Ruyter could not be a coarse strong man to dabble in the filth of political ambition. So his father hated him.

After an hour's deep sobbing had wearied, and then rested the burdened heart of the watcher, he rose and parted the soldierly vestments of the dead, and reverently lifted the picture from the still heart, hoping that the tidings of so much devotion would soften the grief of some one heart-broken. He opened the guarded case with its golden clasps, and it was a painted miniature of Remy St. Remy?

* * * * * *

A half hour afterward Ringold raised the handkerchief, and kissed the smooth beautiful forehead, and folded the raiment close over the still bosom.

It was morning.

Before mid-day this tired body, wrapt in a blanket, was laid in a grave alone, away from his fallen comrades because he had been alone in life, and—because—because the exile of East Tennessee and Jetty dug the grave in the frosty air of that unfriendly time, and strewed leaves over the dead, before they cast in the earth which was to enfold him always.

Sometime when Peace shall sit upon those green hills, and happiness comes back to Tennessee, the children will wonder why the verdure is greener, and the grass longer and silkier about that little spot, than upon other

sunny places on those fair slopes, but there will be no sculptured sentence to tell them, nor any voice to repeat the story of a man who lived, and was misunderstood, loved and was unhappy, fought for his country's liberty and was glorified by the upper watchers, but unrecorded and uncrowned among the heroes of the grand to-day.

Mrs. Ruyter is childless now, heaven having exhaled the spirits of her children, and her husband lies in a Northern Prison, a traitor to his country.

She is not crushed. Not a tear touched her cheek when the message of Ringold reached her long afterward. She is as cruel as a woman's heart can be, when turned to gall, a fanatic in the cause of Southern Rights, as she misnames her creed. She reviles all good things that do not conspire to add glory to rebellious arms, and hails as a God-send, every momentary success of their wicked plans.

This day each army buried its dead, and except that now and then there was heard the whizz of an unerring ball sent from Birges' men, silence reigned. Half frozen, hungry men, jaded by superhuman exertion, and wearied with sleeplessness as well, maintain their position, but look anxiously down the Cumberland. Food for the fighting men, and comforts for the mangled, had not yet come.

Only one gun-boat rocked in the stream. The Carondelet was waiting for her companions.

By and by a flash, a white column of smoke went up into the sky, and a shell lay in the bosom of Fort Donelson.

There were thousands of bosoms that glowed with gladness, and answered with shout after shout of joy, at this signal of coming help and coming food to the famished. A renewed life to them was this tossing of a shell—but to the enemy—ah, who can understand all that it dealt to them?

In mid-afternoon the iron-bound gun-boats, four in number, with their three attendants, approached the fort. A curve in the Cumberland brought them under a raking fire from the famous gunners in the fort.

The river was too far below the ramparts for us to throw shell within, and only the batteries close upon shore felt the steady fire from our guns. They were soon silenced.

Havoc, the bloodiest that these combatants had ever witnessed, followed the pathway of the shot and shell. Closer, closer came the iron faces of the steamers, but above them, pointing like the finger of Fate, from the hill, were the waiting Columbiads, with their mouths filled with peremptory messages.

The brave commander, forgetting his wound, seized the helm of his broken flag-ship, held the steamer with Roman heroism, and tried to keep her to the stream, but a ball wrenched this last hope away. Just five minutes more, and the eight gun battery would have been

stilled, and the trenches held not an enemy. But these few minutes! The signal for retreat was raised by the flag-ship, because only the Louisville would answer the pilot's will.

One hour's contest, and so much lost! These disabled gun-boats, and fifty-four men, either dead or wounded of our brave follows!

How their christian commander sorrowed for the dead, and comforted the living, can never be written. He has found them now, and we grieve because he went so soon.

General Grant must entrench himself, and wait for other water-help to come. He could starve the enemy, if he could not shell them out of their position. It would be a bloodless victory.

The leaders in the fort understood this plan of subjugation, and a combination of attacks to drive them back, and obtain a victory, or escape with whatever they could of their army, was decided upon.

General Johnson led the column, and a terrible day began. The snow was ground under the heels of frantic men, maddened by the flood that its white gleams showed them, and which the frozen earth would not drink.

Officers fell like lopped limbs from before pruning knives, but the unharmed are cool and dauntless. The slaughter is sickening, but they do not fear or faint.

Retreating and advancing alternately, the Federals

fighting for their flag, and the Rebel soldiery for pillage, stopping now and then to empty the pockets of the wounded, or bear off the garments of the dead, the day wanes.

General Pillow writes a dispatch for Nashville :

“ On the honor of a soldier, the day is ours.”

On the honor of a *rebel* soldier ! They should have known by the name, that it was untrue.

Flushed with a promise of victory they cease to be cautious.

Shell and *scharpenelle*, grape and cannister mow down the enemy. They are disheartened—they cannot be rallied.

General Wallace tells his men they may, *if they choose*, storm the breast-works, and they do choose. Firing and falling, firing and falling, they approach the enclosure. Cheering and fighting, they drive the enemy back, and stand in their morning tracks.

Colonel Birges and his men are distributed where they can deal death at their will. The lowering sun throws his beams into the enemies' faces, blinding them, but giving out-look to our advancing columns.

Ringold has grown feverish with the night's remembrance, and wearied with the day's toil, among the crushed and writhing victims in the hospitals, and now with a rebel cloak and cap left in an abandoned trunk at Fort Henry, and worn at Colonel Birges' request, he stands beside this renowned rifleman. The foe, if they

saw him at all, think him a confederate prisoner of rank, and turn their aim away.

Shot after shot sped from the slim steel instrument, and Ringold panted at every whir of a bullet as if it had been aimed at himself.

Once when a gallant confederate officer was cheering his men, in front of our field muskets, Colonel Birges sighted him, and his finger rested a moment for a surer aim, when the quick hand of Ringold turned the rifle, and the bullet whizzed into space. Colonel Birges was not a man to accept such an interference with patience. Had it been one of his own men, the next ball would have let his life out, but his sharp questioning eyes met such a look in the young face, such an appeal, not for mercy to himself, but to the rebel, that the anger died out of the hard man's eyes, and he said with a softer tone than one often hears on the battle field:—

“What was it, my boy?”

“That man was once—my—my—pardon me, Colonel, I cannot speak it,—his name is Carryl Farnam.”

“Never mind. If he was your friend once, he isn't now, but I'll spare him though my men will take him off that horse if they can. I respect your remembrance of friendship. Thank God I have nobody among the horde, or it would go hard to aim at a man I had liked once. You look too white to stay here any longer. Go to headquarters, and I'll see you by and bye, if I don't

get my orders to go up yonder with any of the other poor fellows."

Ringold was not superstitious, at least not more so than all imaginative people are, but he remembered in this brief moment, Apel's *Gespenssturbuch*, and fancied Colonel Birges' a *Freischutz*. Of the seventh ball in the rifle, he might have spared himself anxiety. The Evil Spirit would not have taken this arch rebel, Carryl Farnam, because his stay upon the earth prospered the plans of the wicked.

Lauman's brigade approaches the enemy's works. Stern was every face, and steady every hand. Their fierce energy is suppressed, but their tread is onward. Shot nor shell disturbs a man that is untouched. Not a look goes back to the fallen then. General Smith with his head bared to the sunset, and his cap on the point of his sword, cheers the soldiery, and their hearts throb a reply to every sound of his voice.

Like an avalanche they move onward, then melt into a leaping torrent and surge over the field, fighting with bayonets fixed, and the memory of fallen brothers in that day's fray, maddening them to deeds of horror. They leap upon the crested hill and wave their triumphant banner in defiance over their retreating enemies.

They laugh, cry, shout and sing. They know nothing but victory, victory!

That night, sleep was a blessed angel. Many a heart would have wailed over earthly losses, but for this balm

to the bereaved. It held their eyes from seeming to see the morrow. The snow was their bed, and the trenches of the enemy their shelter, but they were rested with success, and the morning found them hungry, but ready and eager to complete the capture. The roaring of the enemy's immense guns had not wakened them. Balls had sped through the darkness, and silence of the night, and many of our glorious fellows found themselves in another world when they opened their soul's eyes in the morning.

The bugle blast was the only sound that could penetrate the wearied enclosures of their sleeping selves.

Through the dimness of that early day, upon the foe's battlements there fluttered a white pennant of parley—that prophet of defeat. Over the embankment, and down the slope it quivered, flapping the frosty air with its pallid interpretations.

A messenger to General Grant was protected by its white wing.

An officer hastened with the letter to his commander. It asked for a suspension of hostilities till midday, and an appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation.

This was the moment of rechristening, to the intrepid Grant.

“No terms other than immediate, and unconditional surrender. I propose to move upon your works immediately.”

This was the chronicled reply of the man whose initials came to remind us of his heroism on that bitter cold morning.

General Buckner questioned Grant's chivalry, but yielded.

This rebel, was a man of contradictory characteristics. He would not desert his followers, when that dastardly thief Floyd, and Pillow, his petty companion in cowardice, sneaked off from his vanquished forces to the safety of a steamer, bearing away curses from thousands of terrified men behind them. No, General Buckner was not bad enough for that, but his history reveals something, that forces one to wonder why he should have accused his conqueror of a lack of generosity.

With the coming of the sun, the frost went away, and the warmth came back to the numb limbs of the soldiery, and to the throats of the wild birds. They chanted their Sabbath hymns in the tree tops, and our army syllabled a response, when they saw the white pennant had gone back and planted itself upon the breastworks of Donnelson. The music of all the instruments in that vast collection, played orchestral accompaniments to this Sabbath song of victory, this musical lyric of Liberty. Every banner fluttered in the breeze. Every bayonet glittered in the sunshine, every foot-fall was firm, and every motion was a manifestation of pride. From the Cumberland's silver current, and from the Tennessean hills, column after column of exultant sol-

diery poured into the Fort. Sailors, defeated two days ago, swept in from the battered boats, and infantry, driven back but yesterday, advanced, and mingled their voices in one vast swell of triumph. Columbiads without ball, and artillery without shot, swelled the chorus of success, and hailed the entry of the dear old Flag to its own home.

The wretched forgot their misery, the mangled forgot their pain, the hungry forgot their longing for food—nothing was remembered but success.

Deep and bitter were the rebel curses sent after their chieftain deserters. Threats of future vengeance was upon many a lip, and deeper yet in many a haggard face. Ringold had not left the side of the cot upon which Colonel Trissilian lay all that night with a shattered limb. The surgeon had arranged the splintered bones, and Ringold soothed the impatient sufferer during the long, long hours. Food touched by his deft hands seemed to possess a wonderful relish, and the stroke of the Exile's fingers over the rumpled curls of the colonel's aching head brought ease, and pleasant dreams of peace.

The Sabbath had come, and the white flag had fluttered, and the wild cheers had surged through the stillness of the beautiful dawn, but the invalid felt like a chained man. It is heroic to brave a battle, but it is God-like to wait in patience. Colonel Trissilian was not God-like. He would have swung his bandaged

limb over his saddle, and swelled the moving mass that pressed within that vast area of breastworks,—that two miles of wall, and mounted the embrasures through which death had been meted out to hundreds of Patriots, and worse than death, to many more.

How bravely that man had fought, how wordless was his suffering, but to lie quietly in the distance, while the men who he had led undaunted to the charge, were filing forth to meet their reward, was too much!

The day grew to high noon, and still the pale patient Boy in Blue, sat by his side, or brought messages of the march, as he could see it from the nearest look-out.

The sun began to descend toward the hills. The colonel caught a clear look into Ringold's eyes, and what he saw there, he did not shape in words, but his restless tongue was still, and his voice fell to a tone of submission.

“Wont you rest a little, Ringold, you look so worn? I've been a brute, of course I have. I know how to be one better than any one in this army. Please lie down and sleep, I don't need any care. That budget of black, hasn't stirred from his posture for twelve hours, poor negro! Rouse him if you can, and drop off, just to please me, and I'll be as docile as a poked pig when you come back.”

“I'd rather go over and see if there are any Tennessee boys who are penitent, or need any thing I can furnish them, if you wont miss me too much.”

So Jetty was punched, and screamed at, and rumped, till the white of his eyes dawned over his face, and he roused himself to breakfast and duty.

Ringold had been cook, and nurse, but was willing to alternate now.

Victory, with a beseeching whinny, called to his master, as if to be grateful that there was food for him, at last.

He seemed to feel the indignity of rough sides, and the want of personal cleanliness, but there was no time for the luxuries. A stroke of affection was given, and then a gallop over the furrowed *abatis*, into the very heart of the intrenchments of Fort Donnelson.

It was a pitiful sight.

Wearied, hungry men, disappointed, but stern, facing a fate from which they would not turn, disarmed, subjugated in spirit, more by the disgraceful conduct of their leaders, than by their own defeat, lay sullenly in the sun.

Few were the questions Ringold asked, and fewer were the answers. Not a face that he ever saw before looked into his. A dark glazed pair of eyes were turned to the sky from a trunkless head lying in a pool of blood. Across the cheek there was a broad line of purple—a birth-mark upon a Chickamauga lad. Ringold remembered it, and knew that it belonged to an officer of lower rank, but to a high family. What an end to treason!

He was in time to see the officers deliver their arms to the Federal authorities, a demand not often made, but assassination already perpetrated, made it a necessity. It was the first pleasurable sensation this conflict had produced in the heart of Ringold. He felt that he was getting hard. He was pleased at this evidence of his fitness for military life. To be glad at even the discomfiture of an enemy, was significant. It seemed a proof that he was not dulled to everything. Even these enemies had sometimes been guests at his old home, and broken bread under the pleasant roof-tree that had faded in cannon smoke, or drifted away in the distance of time and change. His thoughts were winged, and his native hills and valleys were before his gaze. He saw the old times, with its kindliness of speech, and felt the genial grasp of warm hands. These were hospitalities that meant to be expressions of human love, and promises of perpetual regard. Then his thoughts came back to the disarmed, humiliated men, whose faces wore the handwriting of base passions. May-be this terrible lettering will be worn away when better days have gone over them.

Pray God all ye christian women who wait, while manhood works, Pray!

Ringold bent his head, and his lips moved, but he spoke nothing. The spirit of Love and Peace heard him, and will answer in Heaven's good time.

He had seen enough. He turned down by the river

and followed the paths of the enfilading balls from the gun boats which had cut away the batteries, and the stones were red with blood. Pools of red had sunken in the indentations of fleeing feet, and purpled in that Sabbath's sun.

Victory within Fort Donnelson, thank God!

He rode back by the grave of Ruyter, and there was no foot-print on the fresh earth. Angels had turned the turmoil away from this sacred resting-place.

He was soothed with this belief, and when his blanket, wrapped closer by the loving but clumsy hands of Jetty, was about him, he dreamed of green hills where there were no crimson spots, and the New England lawn, and the surf, and the dear father, tender and manly as he remembered him in the long ago.

Then the day came with its wretched pictures to drown the fancies of the night. Bandages for the bruised slipped through the cunning fingers of Ringold, and the surgeons said he was made to be the wounded man's friend and helper.

Tender of touch, and light but firm of tread, he went from the man whose hands were hewn away and needed food, or a pen's service, to where feet were swept off by the rush of a ball, and required comfort that could not be reached.

Then a soft word was wanted when the pain was too hard to bear alone, and Ringold's sympathy soothed the men to endurance. Sometimes the nights were spent

without sleep, and sometimes the days too, without rest, but the boy never dropped a moan, or a sigh. Trissilian only lent him to other patients. He kept him closest to himself.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER THE STORM.

“It is not the wind
That is lifting it now; and it is not the wind
That moulded this vision.”

“While he thus spoke, a doubtful tumultuous joy
Chased its fleeting effects o'er the face of the boy,
As when some stormy moon, in a long cloud confined,
Struggles outward through shadows, the varying wind
Alternates, and bursts self-surprised from her prison,
So that slow joy grew clear in his face.”

THE days followed in their slow course, and they were back in Cairo. The colonel was impatient, as almost all thoroughly healthy men are, when accident lays them aside. Sometimes he was patient and tender, and sometimes he was imperious and unreasonable, but either mood was the same to his faithful friend.

Jetty was goodness itself, though he did sometimes feel insulted, and show indignation in the white corners of his eyes, when he was petulantly addressed as “you unmitigated nigger.”

To be sure, he didn't mind “nigger,” but “unmitigated,” was a big word, and he fancied it meant something very bad.

One evening, when the hot copper sun had gone from

the sky, and his saffron robe had trailed close to the edge of the horizon, and there was but the glimmer of a yellow twilight left about Colonel Trissilian and Ringold, a mood of rare confidence came upon the convalescent as it sometimes comes to us all, through the day's dying.

He showed Ringold the relics of his infancy, which had never been separated from him. A pretty shoe, once, but worn and old now with the touches of unanswered and mysterious affection, and one thing more, and only one, that was spared to him by the pitiless wreck upon the bleak New Jersey shore.

This was a pale golden-tinted translucent cross of Cairngorm.

The colonel told his pitiful story of orphanage and suffering, and when he waited for an expression of sympathy, there was only utter silence. He waited till surprise and disappointment changed to a feeling of anxiety. He used his crutch now, and he rose and approached his listener, and, with unusual familiarity, laid his hand upon Ringold's shoulder. It quivered with a strong muscular contraction a moment under his touch, and the next, the Boy in Blue lay upon the hospital floor. No surgeon was near, nor was any needed. Life came back speedily. A quick current of air, a glass of wine, and it was over.

The surgeon returning in time to hear the excited statement of Colonel Trissilian, only answered: "Too

little out-door life—too much anxiety about something, and a sudden relaxation of the mind, it may be. What were you saying, colonel?”

“O, nothing to him! Nothing to him, I assure you. You are mistaken in your theory.”

“Never mind,” said the centre of this small excitement. “I was only faint a little. It is over now, and I beg you will not give it another thought. The colonel was relating an exciting story, and the room was warm.”

Colonel Trissilian was never pained by Ringold’s want of sympathy again. Every word he uttered, every plan he meditated, brimmed the eyes of Ringold with a flood of interest. The lad assumed a sort of affectionate authority over his superior from that night, which was charming to Trissilian. It was unlike any petting he had ever had.

From being a haughty, fascinating boy, Ringold changed to a loving child.

This convalescence held the sweetest time of Trissilian’s life. There was an element in the nature of Ringold that just met the wants and tastes of his officer. His very soul responded to the voice of his new friend, as it changed and softened while they drifted through the first month of spring.

Day after day Ringold rode up and down the city, visited all the military posts, made inquiries in a cautious way for Abernethy St. Remy, but he could get no

tidings. Either he was in the service under an assumed name, or he had joined the commandant of some other post. This at times, with his anxiety about home, brought the cloud back, and it seemed almost impenetrable. So his life vibrated.

General Grant had been appointed commander of the new military division, known as West Tennessee. He was a major-general now. He had pushed up the Cumberland, and possessed the towns and store-houses on the coast. Fort Henry was his head-quarters, and from this shore he penetrated southward to the borders of the State of Mississippi.

Colonel Trissilian joined his regiment at Pittsburg Landing, though under protest from his surgeon. He could not linger when the bugle call sounded, and intimated another triumph. Had it been a summons to death, or defeat, he would have been just as eager. He wished to know what fate had for him, and for his country.

Before starting, the colonel tucked a pair of side-arms, small and beautiful, into Ringold's belt. In vain had the colonel urged their necessity before, and was surprised at the unexplained change in the boy's manner. He knew it was because Ringold was upon his own soil—almost at home that caused him to lay aside the loathed weapons which had served him so worthily farther away from the "Dearest spot."

Now the boy had some one to love and defend,

against even a Tennessean. Since that night when the little shoe was shown him—so like one he remembered—oh so like! he had no aversion to the means of self-preservation.

It had been after many a remonstrance from Ringold that the colonel assumed the fighting, and laid aside the invalid's role.

These last days were so pleasant to remember.

Trissilian did not, while Ringold did know, why.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH THE ENEMY.

“Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
The message of deliverance came,
But heralded by roll of drums
On waves of battle-troubled air.

“Not as we hoped ;---but what are we ?
Above our broken dreams and plans,
God lays, with wiser hands than man's,
The corner stones of Liberty.”

MAN has sometimes his bitterest foe in himself. Rebellion had more enemies in her heart after the last disaster to her arms, than she lost men by the Federal capture, but they dare not discover their hate.

Mercy, grace, and pardon were forgotten virtues. The tropical growth of wrong choked every struggling element of right. Bloodless martyrs fell every day into waiting graves because there was no hope. If justice was ever to reign again, and the peaceful days ever to come back, they were too far off, and the gulf of misery too deep between. Since the fall of Fort Donelson the line of defeat had not found a termination for the rebels.

An army of sixty thousand men, after being joined by General Crittenden's from Mumfreesboro, were six weary weeks in reaching Corinth, from Bowling Green and other places of confederate concentration. Week after week, through the mud, unsheltered at night, and half fed by day, lying down wherever the darkness found them, in plowed fields, in dripping rain, or under the pitiless stars, it is no wonder if they forgot everything but their pressing wants, and desolated their pathway like famished locusts. Two thousand wagons cut the earth into ridges, like the path of a ball, and the spring rains filled their tracks with mire.

For oh, so long! the incessant tramp kept on, and fever felled the men as a woodman fells a forest. Sick men filled the villages on the route. Some strayed out of the ranks in delirium, and lay down to die alone. Rest was all in all, to some, and they risked being captured as deserters, just for one long sleep in some sheltered spot.

They were mostly ignorant men who filled the ranks, and they reasoned that the planters made the war and they must suffer some of its penalties. So the fine blooded animals that were the pride of their possessors, and won stakes at the small races, served to bear away tired soldiers. Ladies' saddle ponies, farm drudges, carriage beauties, all went on in this three hundred miles of march.

Desperate men were among them. Duplicity, theft

and desertion, had been taught them by Floyd, and in a smaller way, by many others.

Every treasure was swept out of their path. Nothing but desolation was left. Military despotism ruled. Acts of private injustice were unheeded and unpunished, but an utterance of affection for the old ways of peace, was rewarded by death, and so the men were silent, taking vengeance and comfort whenever it came in their way.

At last they reached Corinth, but Grant was at Pittsburg Landing! How they dreaded his approach. Their officers cheered them, but they remembered their desertion in the last encounter.

Beauregard, however, was with them now, and he was their pet and idol, and Johnson was no coward. He would stand or fall by them, and they tried to take heart.

The flotilla of the federals was empty in the river while the soldiery was encamped, and preparing for battle only twenty miles away.

Their generals, after a midnight consultation, resolved this time to be the attacking party. Generals Price and Van Dorn were to join them with thirty thousand troops, and then they would swallow their enemies, and regain their lost *prestige*. All Friday night, with five days' rations, these mistaken men crept toward the federal lines, making only eight miles in the dark hours.

Within three miles of the unsuspecting army, all

Saturday, was spent arranging for a combined attack on the Sabbath.

The drums of the Unionists, reached the enemy's camp with their careless music. Double guards were stationed in front, whose zeal in the Southern cause was unmistakable, for fear some Union-loving conscript would escape to the shelter of the Stripes and Stars. Some had already gone with the fall of Fort Donnelson, and these voluntary losses to their numbers were so much harder to contemplate than a reduction of numbers by shot and shell.

Little rest did they get this last night before the butchery. On the cold wet ground, with nothing above them, and only the promise from Beauregard that they should sleep in the enemy's camp on Sunday night, comforted them.

This might have been interpreted to some of their sad fancies, as it really happened, and their last night's upward gaze at the stars, an appeal for mercy and acceptance.

Tender thoughts of the beloved, wherever they waited, were sent wandering home, and childhood memories softened the hearts of men who were hard from wrong received, and not from wickedness willingly committed. Many a good bye was silently sent where the next bulletin would carry heartbreak.

God pity the waiting !

Perhaps a little sleep, perhaps only a wretched aching

of the tired bones, and at three o'clock, without a bugle call, every man was under arms, and the unwarned Union soldiery were falling like dead leaves in an early autumn wind, before the Sabbath sun looked into their eyes.

It would be the old pitiful story to go over this battle. The surprise, and the rapidity with which the unprepared federals recovered their self-possession, are matters of history.

The early report of musketry did not startle the half-dreaming men in the morning. The drum-beat had not sent out its call, nor the bugle given its warning. Besides, this rattle and din was supposed to be the target practice of returning pickets, who emptied their rifles at some imaginary enemy, and then shouted their fancied triumph, and so the Unionists dreamed on.

But the wild cries of "The Rebels! The Rebels!" roused them to the speedy grasp of musket, and the hasty rushing to battle in the fixed ranks of their several commanders.

Colonel Trissilian forgot his recent suffering, and with that promptness which came as if by inheritance, was ready.

General Wallace named him "*Toujours prêt*," and this christening under the fleecy sky, amid the odors of early blossoms, and the matins of the birds, was a fitting one, and it lasted through his military career.

Ringold plead hard to ride by his side this day, and

Trissilian tried in vain to say a positive negative, but concluded his resistance by hastily girding a short sword which he had taken from a rebel at Fort Donnellson, about the slight waist of his aid, and giving him a short convulsive grip of the hand that quivered through the nerves of the young soldier, said :

“ You have changed your mind. You could not fire at a Tennessean two months ago. Will you to-day ? Beg pardon, you don't look as if you could. I wish you would not go. I know you do not lack heroism, but you havn't told me all you will, some time. I beseech you to stay in the rear.”

“ Perhaps I'll drop a Tennessean or two to-day. My practice with Birges has not made me less capable of service, and I certainly shall go with you, only I should like to know at whom I aim. There ! that buckle is right. Here's Victory. I'll defend him and you, against any one. We are in the advance.”

Both rode off to the gathering regiment.

A shout greeted their Colonel.

They had not seen him since his fall, and welcomed him enthusiastically. Ringold saw him draw the back of his hand across his eyes. No one else noticed the motion, or if they did, fancied it was caused by the strong light of that morning, touching his eyes.

Brigadier General W. H. L. Wallace's division, to which he was attached, did not get the message announcing an attack until several hours after the battle had commenced.

They were near Pittsburg landing, two miles from the point where General Hardee entered his column, and were in better shape to meet the unexpected order to march, than if it had come as it did to General Sherman or Prentiss.

Wallace's men were used to the shriek of shell, and the faces of mangled men, and they did not flinch, though it may be every man felt a quiver, as possibilities would find a second of attention, even in this hurry of forming, and the double quick, over the rough way.

Ravines, morasses, abrupt ascents, and as abrupt declivities, scarce hindered them. Hardly twenty rods detour was made in that march.

Ready and willing—the scream of shells, the whir of balls and the *fts ! fts !* of bullets, was music to them, in their increased excitement.

For five hours Colonel Trissilian's cool, clear head, and rapid action, with now and then a merry word, kept the position assigned him by the brave Wallace.

Twice, an almost superhuman strength was exhausted upon this division from the united forces of Hardee, Bragg, and Cheatham, but General Wallace held his ground, and repulsed the enemy. The thribble columns often parted with the fallen men, and then closed quick and firm.

Wallace kept them up to his own will and courage, by his superior personal influence. Twice, during the day he passed Trissilian, and his salutation of approval

added to his "*Toujours pret,*" fired the young officer's heart anew with enthusiasm. Once the General stopped to ask who the young lad was, who carried the last order, and bore no distinctive mark of rank.

"Only a volunteer for the day, and my friend," Trissilian replied, lifting his cap.

"He has the courage that would make one of the old 'Six Hundred.' Tell him to come to me, when the fight is over."

Valkyria called another hero to the brave man's feast in Valhalla, that day and when the fallen General was borne tenderly to the rear, his division followed him!

In vain Trissilian called, and cheered his regiment, and they halted, and filterd as if they would, but could not remain. Their courage, endurance and enthusiasm was gone with their leader, but Trissilian would not leave the face of the foe, and was near, when General Prentiss was surrounded.

He fought till there was not a ball left in his side-arms, and his sabre had been struck from his grasp five minutes before.

Ringold was by his side, and Victory was plunging his feet into the enemy's front.

The rebels curled around these two daring fellows, and were striking towards Trissilian's shoulder. A quick look backward, and a swift motion of the left spur, and then a sword thrust at the nearest arm of an attacking rebel, and he, too, was doomed. Another blow

cleft the cheek of an officer, and then the sword-blade was hurled high in air, but the hilt was left in the small firm hand of Ringold. A second, and the light silver mounted revolvers were flashing their winged messengers of death deliberately into the faces of the enemy.

Trissilian was fighting because they were rebels, and Ringold was protecting his friend. Neither thought of capture, but the crowd closed in. Their balls were spent, both blades were gone, and they were prisoners. Trissilian's horse, a noble creature captured at Fort Henry, had carried him grandly till now, but he shuddered, swayed, and only the rider's perfect consciousness of every surrounding motion, saved him from being rolled under the huge creature. He dismounted, and there was nothing left, arms useless, sword gone, horse dying, his division, cowards at the last, and the General dead!

Ringold leaped from his saddle, and offered the rein to his colonel, but he would not take it.

So fierce a contest, so heroic an officer, and so devoted a defender, won a cheer, from the appreciative rebels. Not a hand was lifted, but the crowd and their bayonets closed in, and that was all. Prentiss and his men, with a few hardy fellows of Wallace's command, were hurried off amid exultant shouts of triumph.

Trissilian was so changed! A positive sense of suppressed power made him walk like a captive king.

His eyes were flooded with a look that his guard did not willingly meet. Quick, scrutiuizing, and penetrative always, an inflexibility like welded iron seemed to have grown into his lips, brows and figure. There was but one symtom of fear, and that was to face Ringold. The Aid was his superior in patience, and submission, when resistance was useless.

“Don’t kick against the pricks, Colonel. I am glad we are here together. If I had missed you, I should have penetrated the lines, and surrendered myself.”

“Would you, Ringold? I cannot quite believe you. Say it again, so that I can pardon myself for letting you come to-day.”

Ringold repeated it.

“Ye’d a been a dead man three times over if the lad hadn’t a turned the blows betwixt ye’s and purgatory, shure. How the divil o’ fight leaped out’en his eyes, be gorry, when the blows fell, and the bum, bum, bum, o’ that bit uv a pistol fetched a man every time, by St. Michael. Some saint guarded ye, for sartain, and ye bees Yankees.”

This Irish corporal was enthusiastic. He had never seen any thing half so fine in fighting, before, and he had been in too many contests, for his soul’s peace. He vowed to himself that if the prisoners were under his care “a precious little watching would they get, sure.” The Virgin’s prayers spared them, he believed, and no

earthly interference with special spiritual protection was right.

The prisoners were dejected, after a while. They were almost certain our army was defeated. Willingly, aye, gladly would they give a score of lives if they possessed them, to secure victory.

Then they heard the wild cries of success, as they were hurried on toward Corinth. By and bye they heard a different crash through the air, and turning back there were white wreaths curling up to the sky from the river. The sound was music, and the smoke, incense. The gun-boats were pouring death up the ravine!

The prisoners comprehended. They shout and toss up their caps, in hope of ultimate success, but the prick of bayonets held their enthusiasm in check.

Till deep night they marched, and the rain came down cold and continuous, beating the drops into their faces. The prisoners had no joy of positive success throbbing through their veins, to keep their suffering at bay. They were getting farther from the music of the shells, but they uttered no complaint, nor faltered. The Colonel and Ringold were separated from the Prentiss prisoners, by special order. A communion of disaster, is not like a sympathy of success, and the separation brought no pain. Jetty had been left on one of the steamers, and this comforted Ringold. His services were needed there, and before the news of the attack reached over the ravine to General Wallace, the

negro had been sent off to remain till wanted. It would save the tender heart some agony—but the future!

The next day dawned at length, dreary, and filled with the wails of the wounded, and the moaning of the dying. Hospitals had been improvised on the road to Corinth, and by one of these, the two halted. No food was offered, nor did they desire it. They were permitted shelter, but no sleep came. The weak limb of Colonel Trissilian grew painful, but the surgeons were human. They bandaged it, and directed a delay.

All Monday they sat amid the dying, and listened to the curses of men maddened with agony, and eager to be avenged upon either their leaders, or the Federals. Ignorant wretches, dying when the world would be better without them, and life held no more happiness for their mangled bodies.

In the distance the trees seemed covered at times with a pall of flame, and between the moans and the shrieks,—brief pauses—the continuous thunder of artillery pealed on. Their wretched fancies saw streams of blood flowing down the gorges, and a procession of souls entering the Gate-ways of the mysterious Hereafter.

Waiting became more terrible than the fray.

Toward noon an officer was led into the hospital. Trissilian and Ringold both shuddered. His splendid figure was fixed in their memories forever.

Just missing his head while aiming at his temple, Rin-

gold's last ball was spent. A motion of the magnificent war-horse upon which the rebel sat, let the charge pass in front of his eyes. The revolver was within an inch's distance of his face. They thought him wounded at the time, for his hand went quickly to his brow, but they saw nothing more in the rush of contestants, and the blaze of incessant musketry.

Worn and sad, he looked, and such a world of suppressed agony was manifest in his expression. Ringold's head dropped upon his open palm and he reeled, but the quick strong arm of the colonel saved him.

They comprehended this fearful visitation to a traitor, but oh the hand that dealt the vengeance, would it ever be clean again?

Ringold lifted his head and gazed at his small taper fingers. They were browned by exposure, and slightly muscular with use. He turned them over; there was no stain upon them. He peered closer, with an anxious endeavor to be certain there was no blood.

"Nothing there. 'Tis as pure as your soul, Ringold. Let me touch it. It is a dear hand, and saved the life of one, who if he is poor in words, has no poverty of feeling. The deed made this little brave hand holy"—and the colonel bent over it, and left a kiss in the palm.

The hand closed, and the first tears gathered, big and clear, and lay like diamonds upon dusky velvet. Then a smile came. Just as you have seen the level evening

sun lay over the bronze-green of twilight woods, so this gleam lit the face of The Boy in Blue.

The wounded were oblivious of the scene, and the prisoners, and the surgeons, too busy with their moaning men, and with this one new blinded patient. Only a look with their skillful eyes revealed the terrible truth. No more light from heaven would fall upon this man's days.

May angels lead him into the better beams that fall upon pure spirits, waiting for perpetual day!

His name was Hobart Ringold. Was he anything to the boy who doomed him to perpetual darkness? They did not look as if the same blood leaped, or curdled in their veins, and yet!—Aurora Farnam prayed that this man might never look upon her face again! She did not pray for just this.

He remembered, but even the bitterness of his repentance had not turned away the curse.

Just outside the tent stood the horse that saved his master's life, neighing for the sound of his voice, or the touch of his hand. He would never be guided by that strong will again.

Another had led him from the front, when the hot breath of cannon still seethed the weary gunners, and swayed the fate of our Nation.

Hobart Ringold had longed to drown his thoughts of home in the din, but he could not now, because Fate bade him think—think—only think, forever.

The splendid animal he had so loved, because it belonged to the dear past, was led up and down where the sound of his hoofs could come in through the doorway. Nothing but this dumb creature of all that had filled his greedy soul so full of happiness, in the old times! He had christened the handsome beast, Glory, in that forsaken home, and sometimes he said to himself after calling the name:

“But I am only Ichabod now. It signifies all there is of Hobart Ringold!”

It was a touching sight to look at the two, man and horse, and tears rained from eyes that would scorn to weep for themselves.

Death might have been merciful, but it would not. Fate had no tenderness for him.

The day waned. Other prisoners came up. Rebel success flowed yesterday, but was ebbing to-day. After mid-day, tidings of losses came; then orders to move the wounded to Corinth.

The swollen limb of Trissilian was forced to further service, and the sinking sun left them far out from their destination.

Human agony rolled by in dashing ambulances, every motion of which was worse than death. The dead were thrown out as soon as their tortured bodies gave up their spirits.

It was a procession of unutterable distress. No words could picture it.

Hardened men sickened, and fainted at the sight, and ears were so maddened by the cries, that their souls never again asserted supremacy. Rain fell, and fevered lips thanked God for this refreshing. Then sleet, icy and driving, chilled them to their very marrow. Open wagons, with not a blanket even to shelter the suffering occupants, carried the bruised and broken men. Afterwards, as if the vengeance of the heavens was not fully wreaked upon these breakers of God's images, hail fell, big and pitiless. Two inches of these glistening bullets lay over the earth.

Trissilian and Ringold did not suffer. They could feel nothing but the glory of their flag, and the triumph of their arms.

The bandaged foot did uncomplaining service, and the daylight found them at Corinth.

Through the morning's confusion, and the waiting and watching of the guards for the strange sights, the quiet ways of the prisoners, were scarcely noticed. Hard bread and water for breakfast was very sweet. They could rejoice in their dripping garments as if they had but now been lifted up from a baptism of great joy.

Presently a sight thrilled Ringold. Beauregard dashed by them upon Victory. Superbly he carried the Bonaparte of the Confederacy. His lips foamed, and his ears and nostrils indicated a wicked spirit of vanity. Perhaps the evil was contagious. Not a word from the two, indicated special interest in the arrival. Beau-

regard was sufficiently marvelous to excuse all the eager looks of Colonel Trissilian and Ringold. Upon the floor of the room where they were standing lay men, heaped and ready for burial. Clothing was sometimes partially stripped from them, to cover the chilled bones of the fever wasted, who were waiting to go. Soldiers were fitting themselves to garments, and self was the absorbing thought. Everything was confusion. Chaos was reigning. The retreat was hardly begun, though it had been all night throbbing over the icy miles.

Amidst the din, a poor black fellow, attenuated by hunger, and tattered by time and poverty, crept cautiously up to Colonel Trissilian, and whispered a question, upon whose answer the negro seemed to be reposing his future expectations.

“If you please, sah, Mista Captain Yankee, will ye tell a cullud pusson when Mista Mont is to be lected? Mista Mont, de man who has promised to make us cullud people, into white Yankees, so dat we calls him *Freemont*, if you please, sah?”

“Mr. Lincoln will not wait, my poor fellow, for Mr. Mont’s election. You will be free very soon, and better, perhaps, for your color. Keep up your courage, and remember, Mr. Lincoln will give you liberty, and you may depend upon a change of color, when Fremont is President.”

How the white teeth glittered, and even Trissilian

found he had a voice with which he could still laugh.

Hobart Ringold had gone to a lodging house of comparative quiet, and his sergeant was now begging a waiter, for a surgeon to go to his officer. Glory was pawing the earth by the door, with the rein lying loosely over a post.

An inspiration seized the prisoners. They had looked strategy at each other in the silence during a trial of garments belonging to the fallen rebels. They had seemed to their guard, who was waiting orders, only pleasant "Yanks," and if it amused them to masquerade in rebel uniforms, why, said he :

"Split me, if I'll hinder a bit of fun. Its little they'll get anyhow. If I wasn't on duty, I'd shut my eyes till the pleasant spakein gintlemen were safe wid their own, so I wud, be gorry, or me christian name's not Michael."

Victory was held lightly by a servant, and the poor creature looked sadly dispirited, and drooping, when at rest.

Amid the troops outside, with their jaded beasts, and the hurried interchange of wonderful experiences, Colonel Trissilian and Ringold stood in dry grey coats, after carefully hanging their own, where the guard was to understand they were to dry, and then be assumed.

A low whistle was sent from Ringold. Nobody observed. Victory pricked up his ears, and turned his handsome head. Presently another low whistle. The

mounted attendant of Beauregard, used the rein carelessly. Another whistle, and the animal sprang away from the grasp that kept him so insecurely, and followed the sound. Not so hurriedly did he plunge as to disturb the worn and dispirited soldiery, and there was no haste to recover him. Leisurely, followed the rebel sergeant. Colonel Trissilian now parted the crowd like a wedge, mounted Glory as coolly as if he had been his master, all unnoticed by easy Michael, and a second more elapsed, and Ringold sat in Victory's saddle, and both were darting toward the coming enemy!

"Dispatches for Breckenridge," Trissilian called out whenever he passed an officer, who he saluted as gracefully, as if he was no refugee from rebel captivity.

When once out in the open country, they made a detour, that sent suspecting bullets after them, but it did not bring them back. They were safe.

These hours over a rough country, after their exhausting imprisonment, were difficult to endure, but brimmed with the fullness of gratitude, and flooded with the rose light of hope.

They took a circle outside the Federal lines, and approaching with a handkerchief waving a truce, the pickets permitted them to advance. Little explanation was needed. Many were escaping from the enemies' lines, and the pursuit of the fleeing foe was too recent, to make their appearance of much interest.

Joy was everywhere. The wounded lifted their hands of triumph, and the dying smiled in the face of Death. The sacrifice had not been too great.

The storm that had seemed so unmerciful to the retreating, during that terrible night, had been a special God-send to those who lay in the ravines under the trees, or in the old cotton field, gory and rough, with the footprints of war. The dead leaves had caught fire from the incessant blaze of artillery, and was creeping up to the helpless, and only the blessing of the storm quenched these red, lapping tongues of a new enemy.

Desolation reigned, but the passions of brutality and hatred were lulled—Thank God!

There were days after this fearful episode, before either the limb of Colonel Trissilian, or the nerves of Ringold could get surgical permission to do duty.

Good, faithful Jetty had worn his cheeks into black channels by a perpetual weeping of three days and nights, but fortunately they were washed away, after his master's hand had been kissed, and he was sure that it was no ghost come back from the fray. Indeed, that same dingy face, in one half hour, became two shiny ebony hemispheres, dimpled with a continuous grin of recovered happiness.

Only one distress lay between the present, and the past, whenever they could put away the memory of the moans, and the still faces, their fixed agony glaring into the sky, or with the old innocent look of boyhood, or

childhood, making them beautiful in death. This was the remembrance of Hobart Ringold's sightless eyes, and his love for Glory, the noble animal who had helped them to Liberty.

There was a private interview with Major General Grant, the evening of their escape, April 8th, and the next day Glory went back to Corinth with the flag of truce, that came begging permission to bury the rebel dead.

General Halleck was now coming to take command. Little enthusiasm followed this announcement. The soldiers were satisfied with their present leader, more than that, they loved him with a soldier's love, which is deep and abiding, always.

It mattered little. They were becoming so accustomed to success. They expected it in whatever engagement they should henceforth have. This faith made them powerful. Those who had once flinched in the face of the foe, were eager to retrieve themselves. They wore a dogged look of longing for an immediate battle, and this was their one wish during their days of re-organization.

How cheerfully would they purchase at any peril, their old position!

Colonel Trissilian found his men not demoralized as he feared, but better, for their experience. Their lost leader was embalmed in their memories, and for his sake

too, they would fight till they won, in the next engagement.

Nearly a month elapsed before a general movement of the Grand Army took place. Waiting gives time for old wounds of the heart to heal, and the soldiers grew more manly. The scenes of those terrible April days were fainter in memory.

The voices of the flying shell, and the fiendish songs they sang, were less vivid. The winging shriek and thud of *scharpenelle*, with its swift flame, seemed like a wretched dream.

One poor fellow, aching, but jolly, was christened, "Shattered," because of his misfortune, and the merry way he met his destiny.

"Shattered is my name. Had a bloody baptizing kind o' betwixt Baptist and Piscipal. Fact is, I was killed from one end to tother, but was so pesky spunky, I wouldn't drop for the blasted Rebs, no how, be spilt ef I would. The surgeons touched off a dozen balls out o' me now, but I'm loaded yet. When I git my new pegs, I'll have a crack at the Johnnies. I hain't been to purgatory without coming back with a brimstone invitation for the Butternuts, to spend some time in the same climate, smash em! and I'll be gunpowdered if they don't accept it.—I'm goin' to send a through ticket by my double-barreled executor. Ye see I hain't got any legs o' my own, yit—the cork ain't growed,—and Jeems Hogoboom he ain't got any fists. He'll du the

marchin', and lug me—in fact he'll be the limber to this machine, and I'll du the bullets. We're goin' to have a special war order for our case, and bet your life, somebody over the lines 'll pay high for my right ear, left eye, half my nose, under lip,—both legs, and all my handsome countenance. I don't mind my scalp so much, for I know'd a gal wot wouldn't have me, 'cause she didn't like the inflammation in my hair. She can't object to me on that account neau, nor any other, as I can see. Mighty likely she'd have me this time, gals is so queer. Shouldn't walk out much by moonlight at present, in fact, not enny. Won't '*Shattered*' look sublime on my monument in the buryin' ground? But the dandelions won't get a chance to posy out over my stomach for a spell, I ken tell ye for I wouldn't die no how till Colonel Grant was President. Jeems is to tote me to lection, and I is to drop in the tickets. Wouldn't I like to have my pegs long enough to dance a hornpipe at Jeff Davis' hanging bee? Jeems will do it yet, and I'll fiddle. We're a hull team, ain't we, Jeems?"

“Bet your money, we is. I'll do anything you say. You poke the hoe-cake and bacon into my hopper, and I'll kiss your Mary Ann for you, every time you say;” and so the poor fellows laughed over the portion of bone and sinew left to them, and if they felt a deeper wound than nature and the surgeon had cared for, they were brave, and kept it unspoken, because they were heroes unknowing their own grandeur, and asking no recognition.

CHAPTER XII.

AT CHATTANOOGA.

“ Hot burns the fire, where wrongs expire ;
Then let the selfish lips be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing ;
Before the joys of peace, must come
The pains of purifying.”

THERE were strong eddies setting against liberty—everywhere in the South, but by no means harder to be stemmed here, than within many other blackened boundaries, but the fierce will of mountaineers, always held opinions like bulwarks of bolted steel, and cultivated passionate resistance to any opposition.

The spring dawned dismally to every one. Success gratified the northern lovers of liberty, but the tidings were not permitted to penetrate the Confederacy.

There was more opposition to the independence of the South than was anticipated by the sanguine, and far less respect shown them from other nationalities, than they supposed. The pressure of a year's contest lessened the comforts of luxurious planters, and embittered them to every resistant of their new policy.

Poverty had become starvation, and moderate wealth, meant absolute want.

Mr. St. Remy was suffering intensely from inflammatory diseases, and left his bed but little.

His wants were more difficult to supply, both by reason of the scarcity of the food he craved, and the caution which the presence of nearly eight thousand cavalry, made necessary.

Mrs. Farnam was drifting out from the clinging love of her husband and child, and so they could absent themselves very seldom, to go to the lonely invalid, and could furnish no medicine, except such as their unskilled judgment might suggest. They were so distressed for their captive, that they looked for the approach of death to the wife and mother, as to a friend, who would lead the weary woman into green fields of perpetual peace, and Mr. St. Remy into liberty and health. They believed they would sometime join her in her rest, and when the last breath fluttered outward, they wept together, but not tears of sorrow.

Lonely, they would have been without the low patient voice of the invalid, but there was another call, more pitiful than hers had ever been, so soothed was she by perpetual affection, and so dreary and fettered, was their friend.

Strange as it may seem, suspicion had never fallen upon Mr. Farnam. They knew how zealous he had once been, and believed the sustaining presence of his

son had given him courage to speak. They believed him a weak man, whose will was subjective to an invalid wife, so far as her apprehension of his conduct went, and beyond her, the subtle influence of his unconquerable daughter, held him inactive. They did not doubt his position. His subsidy was always paid without a complaint, even when the fiercest secessionists sometimes groaned over the cost of a confederacy. They did not imagine he was purchasing peace for a dying wife, and safety for his daughter. Deception, seemed no longer base, to any one, and from this, Aurora measured their retrograde movement toward absolute dishonor. She hated herself for participating in subterfuge, but then, there was the unmade grave, beyond that, death or Liberty!

Across this one agony, and there should be no retrocession.

One after another of Mr. Farnam's colored people had fled. A feint at recapture never ended in success. They were always comfortably clad, even better than ever, just before they disappeared, and Mr. Farnam's friends added to their expressions of sympathy, the adjective, "ungrateful!"

Mr. Farnam said nothing. He bore his losses so serenely, that his acquaintance said affliction was making him indifferent, even stony. If they had seen the midnight partings between himself and servants, and the kind wishes, and earnest counsel for, and to them, his

neighbors would have been wiser and wickeder. Little groups left at intervals, all through the spring. There were not enough left to cultivate the ground. Vip suspected, but dare not utter the truth. His fortunes were growing too rapidly. Carryl Farnam did not come home, to look after Miss St. Remy's house, and notwithstanding Hokey's faithful administration of affairs, "Cairngorm" looked masterless. It wore a be-reaved appearance.

The funeral had been several days in the past, and the birds were singing their lyrics of love over the spring mosses, and promising buds, which lifted their green faces to the sunshine, as if they liked their home, that new grave, and the delicate hands of the sad-eyed girl who gave it to them.

These were busy days to Aurora, for she had determined to breathe a freer atmosphere, and lay her woman's hand upon the iron wheel which was crushing us all, and with her small might, add to the power of thousands who were tugging at the millstone of tyranny, that it might not grind us to powder. Her father was eager to accompany her, though he could not quite decide to enter the Federal ranks against an only son, to whose fate his own hand had led him.

One warm moonless night, Hokey's oar dip was muffled with care. He approached the Farnam's, and the house was utterly dark. He did not let the bow of his boat touch the grating sand. He swam, with the

rope in his hand, to the shore, and slowly drew the little shell to land. Middle deep in the water, he lifted his freight, in his great strong arms, and softly approached the entrance.

The door stood wide open, and across the hall he strode softly, and up into the chamber from whence the dead had so recently been borne. No light revealed the changes which death leaves, but a voice, so low that the blood trembled coldly through his heart, said :

“This way, my good boy! This is the bed. Lay Mr. St. Remy down carefully. Good night, Hokey—you see how we trust you. God bless your white soul.”

He was glad to escape. His long limbs were not laggards by the way to “Cairngorm.” He could not be certain that Mrs. Farnam’s voice had not directed him in that dark chamber. She used to whisper when he carried messages, from his dear old master, with flowers to her bedside, years ago. He could not remember when she spoke aloud.

There is a terror of the supernatural, and a profound faith in its existence, in every drop of African blood, and neither reason nor education can press it out.

Hokey could not sleep. A slow fever made him a prisoner in his room by morning.

Aurora’s intuitive soul feared something. She took the key of the locked room, which no servant dared enter, because of the pale-faced woman who lay so long within its walls, and went out. Curiosity might gather

courage for a swift look within the death-chamber in her absence, and then they were all lost.

She found Hokey in a raging delirium. The frightened domestics supposed he had gone mad, and were huddled into the extreme wing of "Cairngorm." This terror, saved the secret. Aurora comprehended her position fully. Her mental and physical forces were always marshaled for use, and to-day they served her nobly. Unaided, she mastered the muscular man, with that strange power in her eyes and voice. She led him as if he were a little child, while the fever raged like a conflagration about the citadels of life. She walked by the side of the maniac, talking in a low soothing tone, over the long distance to her home.

He followed her into Carryl's empty room, so long unused, and her father persuaded him to lie upon the cool soft bed, with the tenderness of a friend. To see this black appealing face upon the fine linen which had been one of the accessories to Carryl's happiness, was wonderful.

Whenever the surgeon visited the patient, Aurora was present, and her spell fell over the sick man. He was quiet, very quiet, and no good was augured from the stillness. If there was any remark upon the unusual attention paid to Hokey, it led to no endangering speculations, for he was free, and an acknowledged Secessionist.

Vip's eyes opened slowly. He saw something, but not clearly. He could not determine whether to ventil-

ate his suspicions, or let them sleep a little longer, and nurse them carefully. He wavered, and the days passed.

Mr. St. Remy grew better under the skillful care of Aurora, and they resolved upon an early attempt at escape. Aurora discovered one difficulty, greater than she knew how to meet. She dared not leave Joe, lest his wretchedness at desertion should crowd out the secret of his mistress' occupation, into dangerous channels. He might burden them if he went, and die if he remained. Her kindly nature decided.

Hokey recovered rapidly after his fever passed its crisis. Vip was sent home to enjoy the mastery, during Hokey's illness. He liked the power of place, but not the loss of opportunities to watch the Farnams. Joe was a wanderer up and down the terrace.

There were no new patches of spring flowers this May. Here and there the neglected earth was dimpled with daisies, the children of last year's loveliness.

Poor Joe gazed down into their pretty eyes with a forlorn expectance of sympathy. Aurora watched his look, and her heart ached for him.

It was now the high festival of spring. There was no limit to the luxuriance of the last day at Chattanooga. The morning air was shaken with song, and the river laughed in the sun, unmindful of the grief it bordered. Lookout Mountain was grand in green and bronze. Orchard Knob looked regal in emerald velvet and feathery bloom.

Missionary Ridge held the glory of a rainbow upon its brow with all but the deeper colors introverted. The Tennessee was never a-tremble with silver sparkles, nor were its margins clothed and decked with a richer garniture.

Aurora swept it with her quick eyes, and turned away. Turmoil mocked the quiet, and the future sneered at beauty. This night Home and they, were to drift apart upon the tide of Destiny, and would the sky smile just the same, and the Earth wear its olden glory?

Nature is not sympathetic. Lay your cheek as close as you will to its bosom, it does not throb a response to your caress. When you are weary and useless—when you have no longer a pulse with which to ask its sympathy, it lets you lie in its embrace, but another must wrap the enfolding arms.

If you love it, and need nothing, it pets you. If you claim its affection when your heart is affluent in glad resources, it responds generously. If you implore its love when you are beggared in your own heart, it is deaf to your pleadings. It mocks you,—it is relentless!

Aurora said this in its beautiful face, when she turned from it at twilight, that last night.

St. Remy was wonderfully improved, and very strong in the excitement of coming freedom. Hokey was not fully himself, but they dared not wait for another old moon. The solace of profound darkness blessed them,

and the glittering chains of stars seemed to have been hung higher upon the forehead of that night. They looked so indifferent, and far away! Scarce the smallest beam touched the water when the five fugitives pushed into the tide.

Hokey held the oars, and Mr. Farnam sat by the rudder. St. Remy was near the bow, and Joe, bewildered, but happy, with his face to the stern, sat in the extreme front. Aurora faced her father, just before him,—and felt happy that the blessed hour had come. They pointed their boat toward the south very nearly, intending to go in that direction so long as the current set that way.

Scarcely had they drifted a hundred rods from the shore, when they heard other oars, dipping deep and strong, and with no effort to be silent. Hokey pulled stronger. Mr. Farnam laid his hand for a moment upon his daughter's, to see if it trembled. It was as quiet as his own,—quieter.

At his feet lay a short rifle, and two revolvers with seven lives in each. At the bow were the arms of Mr. St. Remy. Hokey was not strong, nor did he quite believe the boat that followed, was, in any way interested in their movements. Mr. St. Remy took no note of the regular dip, now but a length or two away. Presently a strong pull, and they were but an oar's length off, and just in the wake of the fugitives' little skiff.

“Hold on dar, tousand dollar traitor. I'se smelled

ye dis six months. Reckon I'll take de chink dis time. Black or white man gets de pay dis Yankee fatches. Masser Carryl said so. Hold on!"

Hokey forgot his weakness when that relentless voice of Vip's broke the silence of that midnight. Long and deep were his oar strokes, but longer and deeper were those that followed, because three strong pairs of arms pulled with a wicked will.

Aurora faced them and was the only one in a position of defence. As coolly as she always acted in an hour of danger, she lifted the rifle, and a moment's steady leveling at the dim outline close to their stern—then a flash—a sharp ring over the ripples, and her enfilading aim had sent one or more of their pursuers into the Hereafter, where it is hoped they will be judged with mercy.

A cry of agony—a plash and that was all, till a guttural curse, and a return flash, explained that their bitterest enemy was still alive.

Joe fell forward, and was still. He had not spoken since he left the shore, because Aurora had told him he must be silent, and he had learned the lesson of obedience perfectly. He sat in the high seat in the bow, and his head had been the target of Vip's elevated aim.

Aurora heard and felt the fall, but she did not know who had gone out from their little world of heroic endeavors, but her hand was steady yet, and another report,

and another,—then a dropping of the last oar, and a moan from the pursuing skiff, with the continuous dip, deep and steady, of Hokey, and they were half way over to the other shore, and beginning to double Moccasin Point. The sentinels on duty about the town, scarce noticed the sound of arms, so frequent were they in this lawless spot. St. Remy had been motionless, because he could not turn without endangering the directness of the fire. He was neither disturbed, nor fearful. He had learned to prefer death to captivity. To be sure, he had anticipated no harm this night, but was looking into the mountains before them, for the danger. He lifted poor Joe carefully, and laid his head into his own blanket. He felt the warm slippery trickle, and knew there was no hope. Reverently he thanked God for this death; which was far better than life, to the poor lad,—better for them all.

The first word that broke the stillness in their boat save the voices of the bullets, was Mr. St. Remy's.

“Dead! Poor Joe is gone! Thank Heaven for lifting his poor bewildered soul where it can see clearly!”

There was another long silence, disturbed only by Aurora's sobs. Not that she grieved for Joe,—she was glad for his sake, because it was better so, and he had gone by so painless a path—but she felt the loss of his unquestioning affection, and so few of the props of life were left to her. Death, snatching even the lowliest,

leaves a loss somewhere. True, she had more courage to meet the future without him, and yet—and yet, even the want of any love, however small, makes life poorer. The passing of this night took but one drop from the goblet, but oh it was so nearly drained!

Hours afterward, when they had doubled the point, and reached, just at dawn, the curve in the river farthest north, they approached the shore, and not daring to make a grave, St. Remy cast off his bloody wrappings, upon which Joe's poor bleeding head had lain, and tying it full of stones they fastened it about the body, and gently dropped him into the stream.

It covered him softly, and sung a requiem!

“Another sacrifice, oh God! and another innocent life upon thy list of murders, oh Rebellion! Spirit of Justice, Remember!”

The grey light lay upon St. Remy's face, pale and saintly, as he uttered these solemn sentences, and there was an echoed answer from the shore, deep, but positive. They looked into each other's faces, through the fading dimness, and believed they were heard.

The calm solemn River flowed on, and hid the track of the fugitives. Hokey did not suffer the loss of Joe as one would have supposed. He was beginning to lose faith in his people. He thought them unworthy of liberty. He did not know who were Vip's companions in the hunt for Mr. St. Remy, but certainly they were black. Their voices proclaimed their blood. Had

Vip dared anything for freedom, he would have for given him all the old wrongs, but the venture for money—it was contemptible even in a slave! He almost hoped that last ball ended Vip's life, then there would be no one to carry back the tidings of the contest, and the escape.

They drew their graceful skiff, so laden with the memories of better days, into the woods, and buried it in a hollow with last year's leaves, and left it with last year's hopes.

They breakfasted upon the still shore, and started north-westerly. Slowly, for the miles were long because of the beautiful Cumberland hills that were between them, and the Federal lines; and so high, and the days so warm, and the nights so dangerous in the pathless country. Not that either looked backward. It was a better life than they had lived for many months. Mr. St. Remy was jubilant. His genial self came back in the sunshine, and he threw it over the group. Hokey was weary but hopeful, when he could put aside the consciousness of his color,—the degradation it signified, to him this day.

He need not have felt that wickedness belonged to his race, if he had deployed his reflections over the southern slopes, and tropical hillsides. There were men with white faces even at the North—that spot where he supposed virtue lived, who bore blacker hearts than he had ever seen look out of African eyes. He

did not know this yet, or he would have had less courage to drag his weak and weary limbs up the mountains.

They dared not take the highways yet, they were so near home—Home! This was a word too full of tears to be spoken, and so they only called it Chattanooga.

There were shady resting places, and they were peaceful because even their small outfit was burdensome. Hokey and Mr. Farnam each carried a rifle. Aurora wore her reloaded revolvers in her girdle under her repellant mantle, and each carried a small package.

Before midday they were all asleep in the shadow and shelter of the mountains—under the great uplifted heads which looked into their Promised Land. The trees swayed over them, and reached out welcoming arms to them, but they heard nothing for the deep rest that was breathed into their hunted lives. Not a fear crept after them. They felt the Invisible leading them, and believed the cloud by day, and pillar by night would guide them. Food they could bring down with their rifles from the air, if they dared risk the answering echoes. Replies might come from unwelcome sources. They had thought of all these things, and prepared supplies of condensed food, small, but capable of keeping life a long time. Hope and excitement held the thought of future requirements in subjection. They traversed but a short distance by every day's hot sun,

and there was no moon to help them by night. The earlier and latter portion of the hours were spent in pushing on, but they became wearisome after the first strangeness wore away.

The first three nights were as comfortable as sleep could be in an unsheltered bed, with no pillow, and but scanty covering. The warmth of the season favored present comfort, but added to the danger of future fevers. They had not yet encountered a human face, though dwellings here and there dotted the distance. The noon halts grew longer, and the Sequatchie curling its length between them and Murfreesboro made the distance and weariness seem greater. They would have glowed with pleasure at a sight of its silver beauty, if their hearts had not grown so heavy.

Pneumonia gave sharp hints of an intended attack, but they resisted it by fierce willfulness. With such an enemy hunting them, it was hardly safe to attempt fording the stream, even if a sufficiently shallow spot could be found. Miles lay between them, and a bridged crossing, but there were ferries all along the margin. These were only scows, or punts, and were always kept locked to their moorings at night, and whoever roused Charon at this hour must quadruple the fee, before the key would set the ugly craft afloat. They resolved upon a forcible possession, and then voluntary compensation to quiet their scruples. Scruples are very

inconvenient under such circumstances. In fact, conscience seemed to have become a luxury they could not afford.

This night they ate their small portion of supper and curled down upon the brow of a hill overlooking a ferryman's boat and waited. There was no other habitation within sight, and they resolved to procure the boat, without stir if possible, but felt safe, if compulsion became necessary.

Weakness and weariness produced sleep, even before all the stars had broken into the coming darkness.

Night is the African's necromancer. Hokey the good, and true, was a coward when the day was over. He always crept as close as he dare to his white friends in their lonely bivouacs, and sometimes he found his eyes very obstinate, when he wished them closed to the funereal moss that swung its long censers into the dark, and made him remember one of his own color who was once a refugee, and captured. He was a noble fellow, and very valuable. His master would not punish him too much, because it would lessen his worth. The planters in the vicinity contributed to purchase him, and then suspended him by the neck until he was dead. They brought out their gangs of slaves to witness the display. Mr. St. Remy did not send his servants, nor was he invited to the spectacle. It was understood that his tastes did not incline him to cruelty, or severity, even before the strong line of distinction was drawn between

himself and his old friends. Hokey was free, and a morbid curiosity had led him to the execution. The sight left ten years on his brain, and heart. These great trees had always seemed full of the swinging ghosts of his murdered people, as they looked down through the night, but this evening by the ferry, he drowsed early. After a few hours, Aurora awoke with the dull weary pain which always opened her eyes in the woods, and saw but a step away a group of people about a low fire. Women are said to scream upon all remarkable occasions. That is the way the books record their conduct, but Aurora was silent. She did not stir. She scarcely breathed with the intensity of curiosity and admiration. The picture was so weird, and the faces so earnest, as the blaze lit their bronze cheeks and glittering eyes. They looked out into the darkness toward the river, as if they were about to smother the blaze that warmed their evening meal, and attempt the crossing. Their conversation was low, as if from custom and not from present fear. The Magnolia leaves and the festoons of grey moss, and the scream of the night birds roused into terror by the smoke, and glare of embers, combined to fascinate the gaze of the girl. She saw the whole, but singled no one of them there for special scrutiny, until by an intensity of will, she seemed to stretch her power of comprehension beyond the usual laws of hearing.

“I do not believe they have crossed this river. The

young lady has too much wisdom to risk the effect of wet clothing on such a march. Her father would not permit it. Besides, the colored boy was fearfully sick the last any one knew of him, and fevers are not blotted out of anybody in a fortnight. I tell you, they are somewhere this side the Sequatchie to-night. To-morrow my furlough is up, and then! O, I can't relinquish the hope quite yet. It would be too terrible to bear."

The horror of Aurora, when she felt almost sure they were pursued, the quick change to a certainty that friends followed them, when even the word friend, associated with earthly assistance, had almost faded from her thoughts, was too much for her poor worn heart, and with a little stir of grateful sound, she lay back again upon her bed of damp leaves.

The bronzed men started, and the rubber coats that withstood the heavy mountain dews, fell back, and three Union soldier's stood up, and grasped their arms.

Presently one lifted a lighted brand, and with his fellows, followed the rustle. A little apart, lay the dark outline of a woman's dress, and figure. Between this, and themselves lay three men, and as the torch approached their faces,—not too near, there was no recognition, because sleep so changes the expression.

Then the blaze was held close to the face of the woman. Slowly so as not to startle her by the sudden light, the torch approached. Life, which had for one

startled moment left the worn, but still strong heart, came back, and she held her eyelids down till she had given hurried earnest thanks to Heaven for help, then she slowly opened them to meet her friends.

“Berny St. Remy, God sent you, when our need was sorest,” and she reached up her thin cold hand, and he lifted her from her uncomfortable bed. Neither of the brawny sleepers stirred. The dew was venomous, and the miasma from the old slimy leaves in their hiding places sent up stupifying odors. Berny St. Remy let them sleep on while Aurora sat by the fire, with the stars smiling through the deep green openings above, telling him something of the year’s happenings,—all could not be told,—and then begged to know how they could be in the Confederacy with Union uniforms.

“We are here to get tidings of our friends. I have learned nothing of my sister,” and his voice quivered as he said the sweet name of the relationship. “She tried to enter the Confederacy a year ago nearly, so I learned by accident, and nothing has since been heard of her. I will not believe she is an angel—up there—though she was one here. Not a word have I heard of my father these many, many months, and though country is dear to a man, blood will be heard when it throbs to such a love as my father’s and mine. I only learned from the most careful gleaning where we personated deserters, in farm houses a few miles out from Chatta-

nooga, that my father left there last autumn. The town was wild with your exodus, and that of your father and Hokey. Who is the other white man?"

Aurora had been looking among her womanly resources for a gentle way of relieving the tension of sorrow that was breaking Berny's heart, but had not yet found just the one.

"He is a Union man, who has been living in a hole in Lookout Bluff for some time past, and we brought him here. Who did they tell you escaped?"

"Only yourself, Father, Hokey, and the foolish boy, Joe, were mentioned as missing. Other colored boys are gone, and two of them were free. There is a horrible suspicion associated with your escape. My own old boat floated on shore at Moccasin Point with poor Vip lying in the bottom, with a minnie rifle shot through his jaw, and though he may recover, he cannot speak, and report said he would probably never tell the tale fully, unless he was taught to write. I fancy the secret is safe if curiosity or justice waits for that," and a grim smile drifted over the speaker's face.

The eagle gleam was fierce in Berny's eyes during this moment's pause, and Aurora knew his mind wandered to some far off spot, where he imagined his lost family were waiting, and longing for him. Then his softer look came back.

"We supposed you would take this route to reach the Federal camp, and I believe the angels guided us.

Had you been awake you would have hidden from our approach."

"Poor, lost Remy!" said Aurora, endeavoring to bring his thoughts back to himself and family.

"The thought of her drives all the human out of my heart. That she has been forced from Northern homes, by secret incendiaries, is all that Mrs Berry, her friend, and protector, can tell me. She is a refugee, and a wanderer,—the sweet child, and I—My God! I cannot help her—I cannot find her in this whirl of demons. Hell has no fires sufficient for the punishment of my country's enemies!"

He buried his face in his hands, and sobbed like a heart-broken woman.

Aurora let him weep awhile, for it was easing his poor strained heart.

At length she said :

"Did you observe no look your memory has kept, in that face nearest us, with the iron grey hair?"

He looked again after stirring the fire to a blaze, and shook his head.

"Do you believe in the instinct of blood; or natural affection?"

He seized a brand, and looked eagerly into the pale, sharp face, tossed the torch back into the heap of coals, and buried his own again in his hands.

For a few moments, he swayed backward and forward in his kneeling posture, and big sobs pulsed up

from his deep well of grateful joy, and then slowly died into a profound calm. His comrades lifted their glazed caps, and held them before their eyes, as a man does in a holy spot, with involuntary reverence.

The son did not trouble that deep sleeper then, but came back to Aurora for explanation. She only told him that his father's life was unsafe, and turned her face into the darkness when she uttered the shameful truths, and added that Hokey had taken him to the Bluff, and with her family's assistance had furnished food.

Nothing more could she say. She did not feel that she had been a spirit of mercy, and the saviour of this precious life. The thought had never shaped itself in this fashion, and yet she blushed for the first time when the truth was to be put in words, and so left the reality unsaid.

It was past midnight, and they were to cross the Sequatchie Ferry before light.

Aurora roused her party, and broke the pleasant tidings—which seemed like romance—that friends were at the crossing—three Union soldiers, who would see them over the river.

They were hardly able to rise, till this electrical news startled their blood, and then with eager questions which she could not answer, they followed her down the steep pathway.

The ferry man was half dressed, and with a lantern by his side, unmooring the scow. By the tiny gleam,

Aurora saw a revolver in the hand of Berny St. Remy, following every motion of the boatman. The same ray from the lamp darted under his own clearly cut brows, and she beheld something beneath their beetling cliffs of thought, that was strangely at variance with the gentle eyes she remembered in the summer houses at "Cairngorm." It startled her, but it was a pleasant sensation. That look told her that he was unconquerable. He would live a victor, or die as did Arnold De Winkelried at Sempach.

Sullenly, and silently, the Ferryman pulled them over. When his boat was no longer of use to the fugitives, Berny said to the secessionist: "Your service deserves no compensation, but here is payment. Not for bringing myself over, do I owe you anything, except what you would have given me,—a rifle ball." His voice was so round and full, and so stern too, that neither his father or Hokey heard Berny in its tones.

They walked on through the darkness together, southern courtesy forbidding too close questioning. Berny was by his father's side, and observing his weary motion, he offered his arm, and it was accepted. After a little time the hand was withdrawn because Mr. St. Remy felt a tremulous motion to the young soldier's arm that he supposed meant weariness.

"I am strong. Oblige me by leaning upon my arm," the young man said, but the intonations of his voice contradicted the assertion, and did not accord with the

full strong tones at the ferry. The arm was, however, taken again, but the trembling increased.

“Have you a son, sir?”

“God knows, but I don’t. He was fighting for his country, when I heard of him last. He is a noble lad, and your voice and manner are so like his, just now! I wonder if you look like him, also. I have observed that voices of similar tone, were almost always shaped to similar expressions of face, if not similar features. I wish it was daylight, I would love to look at a Union soldier.”

“When the sun comes up, I will show you a young man from Chattanooga, in a Federal suit of glorious true blue. Speak his name—my—father!”

Two of the group loitered, and longed for the morning in the east. It had already a dawning in their souls.

Mr. St. Remy did not again withdraw his arm. He comprehended the quiver now, and it was gladness which he had mistaken for weakness.

The two advanced soldiers understood foraging. Neither attempted to justify to their own consciences the forcible possession of breakfast. It was taken from the white linen cloth of a small planter, and borne into the mountain in convenient vessels, all of which were paid for, at the just estimate of the procurers. From the quantity captured, the original possessor must have

imagined half a regiment lay under the jutting point in the mountain.

Hokey seemed cheered in his expression, but fearfully exhausted in every motion of his brawny limbs. His huge chest lifted and fell painfully, but he uttered no complaint. When the forward group halted, and the St. Remy party came up, Hokey was roused. He sprang to his feet, and with the old merry African laugh, which rang round the rocks, pulled off his slouch of a hat, to his young master. He always would use the term of possession when speaking of him, and now he had rather be owned than not.

Berny took his hand, and said with an earnest grip, and tone :

“Hokey you are a man, and my friend now, and as such, I thank you for my father’s sake. Hereafter, whatever there is, that brother can do for brother, I will gladly do for you.”

“Please to don’t, oh please to don’t. I feels like I would love to die now afore the dream goes. I knows I isn’t awake, or the fever has come back, or sumfin.”

“No, it is only me, Abernethy St. Remy come back, and no fever at all, only ‘sumfin!’”

“Ise awake now, sure. You’s e allus a talkin’ like dat are. De kingdom’s comin’, and bringin’ you from de mountain top, or de stars, dat skeered me like mad, when I went to sleep up dar. I seed all de sperrits in

dem hangin' mosses, last night, but I didn't seed you, so I guess yer's live as anybody, cept Joe, and he's shot, and dead, and killed, and den wounded, arter dat. O my! O my!" Here Hokey's nervous excitement, which caused him to forget his usual respectful address to his superiors, ebbed, and the tears flowed in their stead.

A little brandy from his old master's canteen, and by-and-by nourishing food, made him almost himself again.

"Ky! Masser Berny, dis is mighty like Lijah's brokfust, dat de birds brought him. Nebber hear'm tell, if dey bring de gridiron, or fotch em all briled. De ravens be black birds, and I spect dat are's de reason we darkies knows how to fix de dinners, but de white birds 'brings it dis time, sure."

On the whole it was a cheerful breakfast party. Because the other soldiers were Unionists, was reason sufficient for a deep interest in them to grow up in the hearts of all.

Briscoe was a widow's son, and on his brief visit home at night, he learned that she was asleep upon the side of a green hill, just away from the tramp of the secession soldiery. He knew sorrow had worn away her frail hold upon life, and he was glad her pain was ended, but there was no one to love him any more, and he could not put by the loneliness that was following him back to the Federal field.

Fernando Otto, the comrade, visited Chattanooga, because his family had been driven away, and he had a longing to go back, and look at the old spot, and see if some one, sweet-eyed, and pretty, that he knew, and dreamed about, cared for him still. He risked much to learn how her heart throbbed, and he had come back with a softer look in his eye, and a happiness in his face which he tried to keep back in the presence of Briscoe's grief, and Berny's wretchedness. He knew that while he had been listening to the softest voice he ever heard, Briscoe leaned over a grave on the damp hill side, leaving tears such as fall, thank God! but once in a life time.

There was a long, long tramp for the day after the reunion. The distance, and the heat, to hinder their nearing Murfreesboro in time to be within the limit of their furloughs, and their unwillingness to part on the way, began to occupy their thoughts and give them anxiety. Another night alone, was not much with a certainty of safety at last, but there were Guerrillas flocking along the route. They had seen them skirting the mountain many times. About noon, when they could travel no longer, they seated themselves upon the brow of a small hill, shaded by magnolias, and barricaded by laurel, through which they could view the road, just a few feet below.

There was not a plantation within range of their perch, but twice, groups of Jayhawkers passed.

Berny went higher up for a lookout. He could follow the valley with his glass for miles, and nothing alive met his eye, except a small party of plunderers on horse.

His determination was quickly formed. There were not more than ten of them on their way. Going below, he laid open his scheme hurriedly, and begged Miss Farnam to retire farther within the dusky shadows of the trees.

“Not if I can do service. Is a Guerrilla a man?”

“No, Aurora, but you might be harmed.”

“Give me the revolver you took from me at daylight, and I will not use it, unless I must.”

She went to a curve over a turn in the road just beyond, and waited.

Each soldier was to take the man who corresponded to the position, in which the six men formed, and aim steadily. A sharp ring and flash, and four men fell. The horses leaped forward, and stopped. One fell, and the others, great muscular creatures, halted. The unharmed riders spurred their animals on, for a quarter of a mile or so, then halted and turned back, coming cautiously near the curve in the bridle path, with an apparent determination of dashing into the ambushade, to have revenge.

Aurora parted the laurel as she saw the advancing peril, and fired. Another fell, and just behind, stood her father, with his rifle reloaded, and the bewildered

Rebels were in range. They could not turn, for the way was too narrow. They threw down their useless rifles in token of submission, and surrendered to a company of six men and a woman!

O their sullen anger, when they counted their captors, and one a negro!

It was too late. They were captives. The disarmed prisoners were marched before their captors to Murfreesboro, which they reached next day, at nightfall. Berny St. Remy knew that his capture would palliate the offence of remaining beyond his furlough, and it was made a matter of thankfulness, because he had lessened the number of lawless men. Two of them were crippled for life, and five were led to the martial prison. Aurora ministered to the wants of the wounded rebels, and was grateful because she was spared the memory of having taken life, even from so wicked a service. Every kindness that a military post could bestow was given to the escaped Unionists. Aurora and her father performed hospital duty, and Mr. St. Remy entered the army by the side of his son.

True chivalry were they—soldiers—gentlemen and Christians.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHY REMY ST. REMY DISAPPEARED.

“ We have a true and tender clasp,
For Freedom’s friends where’er their home ;
And for her foes as grim a grasp,
No matter when, or whence they come.”

WHILE the summer grew glorious with her own beauty, and draped her fields with flowers, deeper hued, because of the purple drops which the lips of mother earth drank out of rich hearts to nourish their growth of loveliness, the red rain continued to fall.

Colonel Berry had won laurels and worn them under our own flag at New Orleans. There had been a fierce contest between inclination and duty when he took his regiment to this southern post. He desired a southwestern position, but not this. His patriotism was stronger than ever, but he was human enough to be unhappy because he was not in Tennessee. He fancied Remy St. Remy hovered about the border, only just beyond the Rebel lines, and there was a chance of meeting, but then he had promised too many in New England to watch over son, husband, and brother, who went out into the wild warfare under his command.

He must stay with his own, unless the fate of the field separated them. He was one of those men who hear but one adviser,—his own soul—and he never disobeyed.

Strange stories reached him in the winter, just before embarking for the mouth of the Mississippi. A man had died at the village near his home, after a prolonged illness, and left singular confessions in the ears of the gossip loving people. He said he was there at first under heavy pay. He was to drive a southern girl out of the protection of any northern family who might befriend her. Her name was Remy St. Remy, and his employer was a rebel officer. He was to burn every house that sheltered her, and force her to join her own people. He said he met her once, and she wore the face of his mother's patron saint, the very same that was pictured over the altar, in the little church where he prayed, before he knew what a prison meant. He was fixed with a motionless awe as she approached him in one of those beautiful solitary paths by the sea, because he thought her a spirit come to rebuke him. His face must have told his terror, for she spoke gently to him, and offered aid in her own angelic way, supposing him ill. When his words came, he only thanked her, but that night he vowed, as he hoped for Heaven, to spare the poor girl who had brought the old thoughts back, and spoken so like a forgiving saint to him. The next morning he found her again in the park, and baring his

head in her sweet presence, told her the truth. He said she turned white as the lilies she held in her hand, and thanked him. Then she besought him to promise her to follow a better life, and he gave his oath by the blessed virgin to be an honest Christian man, always,—and he had kept his word.

She offered him money, but he could not take it. He gave his unearned gold to the poor box of the church.

A few days after he learned that his angel had gone, and he knew it was because she feared some other messenger might make Mrs. Berry homeless.

The Colonel writhed under the fancies which haunted him after this time. He feared everything. He knew the villain who persecuted this child-Unionist, and had seen his name in southern prints, coupled with deeds which Rebels called heroic.

If she reached Chattanooga what was her fate? He dared not think of it. If she was within our lines, would her enemy find her, and follow her with villainy? Sometimes his sleep was haunted by her pale suffering face, and sometimes he saw her an angel, safe and within the peaceful Fields of Eden. He was willing she should be in some sheltered grave, but not a wanderer. He knew her great soul too well to believe she would peril any one by her hunted presence. Her income was easily convertible to any form, and he could not trace her by this, even if he had freedom to follow. He was maddened, tortured almost to frenzy, and yet wore the

calm of a sleeping volcano in the still twilight. The fear that stirred and tortured him, gave as yet, no outward sign, but time seemed remorseless, yet it was not. It brought him stern duties in wretched, sinning New Orleans, and he was glad to drown every one of the hydra fancies out of his brain.

Among the many crowding changes in that city, some strange things crept into his vocations. He felt the delirium of success—just a whirl or so, and entered determinately upon the innovations which Federal rule brought to the people. His labors were neither few nor easy, and he was grateful for this. Sometimes his tenderness stood between guilt and justice, but he always tried to crush it down. Sometimes he wore a touch of mercy in the awarding of punishments. He stood firmly against depredations upon the sanctity of personal possessions. He was not zealous enough to procure preferment, where riot was mistaken for patriotism, and so here upon the harvest ground of pillage, he was simply himself, a Christian soldier, with not a trophy to prove that he was one of the captors of this rich city.

His surgeon still spoke of him among his brother officers—as, “Old Abe’s one proof of Christianity,” and not a lip smiled at the quaint expression, because it was so true.

“He did not stoop till blind, for place and pelf;
His whole life burned a sacrifice of self.”

One such soldier leads the hearts and lives of many of his fellows, thank Heaven!

There is a wake of light following Colonel Berry's career, which shall drag itself through the better leaves of our country's history, to touch with fairer tints the blacker truths of to-day.

He believed in conquering our enemies, but supposed men were above the habits of locusts, and not made to desolate, after a triumph.

"Ah, let the Peacemen preach, but let our Peace
Be Right victorious, not triumphant Wrong."

Among the Freedmen whose wants he was relieving, one fine fellow mentioned his master in Chattanooga who had sent him south for safety, and the Colonel eagerly asked for the St. Remys, and learned that all the household had fled from the town. This meagre bit of information was to last him for a year! If the St. Remys were North, his mother would know, and she did not. They were wanderers, he thought, in the wretched confederacy, and if he could only fight his way to them, when New Orleans was crushed in its heart, as it was subjugated externally!

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE'S MUSKETRY.

"We have dashed together like waves, and rocks!
We have fought till our steels grew red!
We have met in the shuddering battle shocks,
Where none but the freed soul fled!
Now side by side in the fields of fate
And shoulder to shoulder are we;
And we know by the grip of our hands in hate,
What the strength of our love might be."

THE days, and weeks, and months, went by, and the Grand Army of West Tennessee had surged its way through evacuated Corinth, and with loyal blood sprinkling its pathway here and there, it reached and occupied deserted Memphis above, and the roar of the Gibraltar of the Mississippi, below. Vicksburg held months of resistance in its rocky strength. The rain of shot and shell which fell in torrents, and flooded the city with fire, and blood, poured at intervals for months, but the heart of stone would not yield. There was gallant resistance within, and persistent fighting without.

It was hard for Ringold to turn his back to Chattanooga when so near it, and only his growing love for Trissilian, gave him courage to meet the order to face the west with obedience. They heard of the dear old

Regiment with Colonel Berry, and of its successes, and its sorrows, as parted families do, with sympathy for losses, and rejoicing for their gains.

Colonel Berry wrote one letter, brimful of warm friendship to Ringold, and after the boy had read it through, he smiled softly to himself, forgetting that the incisive black eyes of his Colonel were cleaving through his silence. Then he began to shred it into the tiniest bits, and blow the waifs of affection into the soft evening air from his finger tips, all the time with a halo about his face, as if something had come to him which he had lovingly absorbed, and he was sending messages back upon the air.

“Ringold.”

The finger fell, and the paper moats drifted out in a white flood upon the long green grass. There was a sally of every-day expressions, and the voice took on the new changes which it sometimes rung since that twilight story at Cairo.

“Your Honor’s servant.”

“No matter. You are not the same person I addressed a second ago. I have nothing particular to say to this one. That other was charming. I’ve seen the face before. Perhaps it was in dream-land, but certainly somewhere. I’m in no mood to be respectful tonight, and you are to have a season of catechism. I will begin at the rudiments. What is your name?”

The blood swung its reddest pennant out over the boy's cheeks, but Trissilian's mood was not to be resented, or resisted. A battle of wits was to be fought, and the Boy in Blue was unarmed to-night. Colonel Berry's letter had taken away his armor, as well as his parrying blade of dignity.

"I was christened in Rebeldom, but joined the enemies of that lovely christian people, and my baptismal title has been sequestered, if you please."

"But I don't please. At least let me be umpire."

"You are not indifferent, therefore unfitted for the position. If you claim that you are indifferent, then I shall enlist, and get detailed to other service. I am fearing an order of this sort every day, and then,—oh dear! It will be promulgated soon, you may be sure."

"Would you like to be ordered away?" This question was put with an eagerness that would have seemed absurd to an observer, the eyes of the speaker were so impatient for a reply.

"No—that—is—I would like to stay if I didn't have to say the—catechism."

Trissilian laughed heartily at the drollery in Ringold's eyes, and voice, and yet he knew that every word was meant for earnest. The mystery of this boy had grown until the colonel's affection was wounded because he had given confidence and received nothing. He was not whimsical, but he fancied so much mystery hung

about the haughty child's life, which he would have shared with him because of his love and faith, if their positions were only reversed.

Trissilian began to believe he detested reservation in friendship, as much as he would in love, if he should ever find the one infatuating woman. He had dreamed of her, and thought he knew just what she was like. He sometimes fancied that Ringold, with feminine surroundings, dress and accomplishments, was beautiful, affectionate and piquant enough to suit him, but the reticence—bah!

Gentlemen say that women keep no secrets, and so they avoid depositing important mysteries in their custody, but the moment she proves her trustworthy capacities, they insist that she is not frank—too much lacking in womanly reliance upon man's truth. Ringold tortured the colonel. Jealousy in friendship is as frequent as in love, and almost as painful, and unreasonable—but who or what mythical personage should receive his ill will?

He was cross after he had failed in his attempt to unearth the buried past of his young friend. He thought of some of these things in the silence that followed Ringold's reply, and came to the conclusion that he was not properly paid for all the affection which he gave to the proud boy.

“You can choose some one to serve, whom you can

trust. I am ready to sacrifice to your happiness. Let me know when you choose to want a passport."

Ringold laughed.

"Wont you order a squad to remove me! Really I don't feel like going without compulsion. I'll give you my poor services if you will let me stay"—here his voice changed to a minor key, and the tears trickled through the tones, but did not come to his solemn eyes—"but I can't tell you all that has made my poor life a wreck. It foundered where too many a young heart did, a year and a half ago, and all went down that made its possession valuable.

"Recently, hope brightened, but it is dulling to-night. I shall henceforth be an unbeliever in happiness. I did not enter the service for self-preservation, neither to partake in carnage. It was safest for my friends that I should be where I am, but I would gladly have left my life where so many have scattered theirs. I stay with you if you desire my service, more than my confidence, otherwise, good night and good bye."

The pathos of these few sentences was keyed from the uncomplaining suffering of more than a year's endurance, and touched the best heart in the world.

"Not good bye! I'm a beast. I don't know what sorrow means and so let my selfish ill nature out upon you like a bull dog upon a bruised bird. Forgive me, Ringold. You saved my life, and tended me through

days and nights of temper, like a young saint, and I am quarreling with you, because you don't give me every thing you can remember. Bundle all my indebtedness into a mouthful of invective, and throw it in my face, the next time I hurt you with a word. That will serve me right, only forgive me this time."

Ringold gave his hand, but turned away his head, and said nothing.

A little while after, Colonel Trissilian heard him singing in his own tent, one of Shubert's softest airs in a rich deep contralto, intoning the sentiment with a strange eloquence.

"If that young man, was only a woman, I'd be in love with him. He is just fascinating enough to make a man frantic, if it were not for the seraphic in his nature. Too much angel, and too little woman is not the thing. I wonder who, and what the boy is! He is a young god, I suppose who has lost his throne. I am ashamed of my manner to him, but it grew out of my fondness, though he isn't old enough to understand the thing. I hope wisdom will linger, for his sake, poor boy!"

Colonel Trissilian need not have uttered such a hope. Wisdom had not lingered, and it had brought sorrow to keep it company, as it always does.

The colonel felt wise, but he was not. He felt older by several years than Ringold, but he was younger at heart by a century.

When the tent fly was tied down for the night, and Jetty's sleep had passed into inharmonious snores, Ringold knelt by his cot, and the prayer was longer, and the tears bigger than usual. They were great tropical drops of heated feeling, and then slower, and softer they fell, like a summer rain at twilight, leaving the sunset tints pure, and the air sweet. So Ringold's face was calm, and the future welcome after the prayer.

Slumber came soothingly, and in dreams Ringold forgot that it was almost a year since he separated from Colonel Berry, and this was the first letter. This silence had sometimes given him pain and, sometimes, the remembrance that the Colonel fancied him a lover of Remy St. Remy made the silence perfectly natural, though not quite as magnanimous as his ideal man would have been. He was learning that mankind do not quite reach perfection. Colonel Trissilian taught him this, and surely there was great love between them, quite enough for future separations if they should ever come.

The year had waned almost, and not a word of Chattanooga, nor had a face crossed his path that had ever looked in his own before. His eyes, and heart ached with the strain after the familiar smiles of dear old friends, but none answered. Except the few new acquaintance which he could not wholly put aside, his life was barren of sociality. Colonel Trissilian had scores of friendship, but Ringold would not share them.

There was a group of union people at Memphis, who drew the Colonel away from his quarters almost every evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Allaire, and three lovely daughters charmed him; but Ringold would neither go with Trissilian to their house nor be presented to them at any place. Trissilian called him a lady hater, and added that he was made to be captivating, and ought to fulfill his mission. He told him he was wasting first class talents, and many other merry things, all of which held a sting in their jollity for the poor fellow who was left alone.

Trissilian was captured in this evacuated city, upon his own ground and by an enemy to his peace. Kitty Allaire had the honor of accepting his surrender one winter evening, and the prisoner appeared far from wretched. The girl was as unlike Ringold as any man's wife, or woman's husband always is to his, or her ideal. She was short, plump, rosy, and blue eyed. Her hair was a shower of amber when the gold comb rolled away from its pretty perching place, and let the heavy threads fall. She was neither capricious, nor piquant, but always so good, and tender, and loving, that Trissilian invariably found her lips ready for a kiss.

She was made of rose leaves and snow,—a happy contrast to his description of Remy St. Remy—who was rose leaves and electricity. His views of womanhood changed with his growing affection. In the storm of his

soldier life, it was sweet to find a place of calm. When the clouds threatened, and were very dark, Kitty Allaire was most radiant. He missed nothing from her face, nothing from her voice, nothing from the music of her prattle. Emotion had always been lulled for her, by sweet sounds, and she had ripened under tropical suns, and never been swayed to a whirlwind of grief. She was created to be a bird, blossom, beauty, everything, that made Heaven attractive, and a home, paradise,—so he thought. If he wanted a deeper draught of intellectual pleasure, there were books, and men enough to answer his craving. His life had been, and must be full of labor, and this young velvet-eyed, satin-cheeked girl, was to be henceforth his rest.

Glowing, and glorious as his pictures of this beauty were, Ringold neither tired of the descriptions, nor consented to look in upon the charming home where Kitty Allaire held court with all earthly loveliness.

Yes, Colonel Trissilian fancied he had found human perfection in his crusade against the Rebels. He did not imagine that at heart, this Union family were confederates of variable color, nor how Kitty did truly love and defend him against her family in his absences, provided they were not too long. And then, too, this was the first division of household sentiment, and it swerved farther and farther toward Kitty's wishes, as the Federal successes penetrated farther into the core of the Rebellion. They were one of those varieties of

people whose daughters are angels, and whose sons are nobodies. All heart, and no brain was their apparent compound. Energetic when the wind was fair, and despondent and idly acquiescent when the sails wanted close reefing, and to be kept under a firm management. Trissilian thought little of this. "Original Unionists" were not common in Memphis, but he suspected nothing and was perfectly happy.

Ringold did sometimes feel a trifle human, when the rose tints were intense in Trissilian's poetic delineations of his future with Kitty Allaire. He could not help feeling crowded out, or at least jostled aside by the new friend.

What sister, or brother ever felt the one next them in the household, drifting into another haven without pain, even if their own hand, and prayers sent the loved one forth! It is not easy to become less in the thought even, and certainly not in the affection of a friend.

Ringold longed sometimes to go to the young girl who had thrown such a treasure into his friend's life, and say "God bless you," but there were reasons which prevented, that he dare not put aside. The ache of loneliness was sometimes forgotten, when Jetty sat in the closed tent, and sang the old plantation songs, and they talked over the dear old times, and Ringold pic-

tered a future to the big believing black eyes, looking up at him till he almost believed it himself.

Days full of busy hours, and nights slept away, sped till near Christmas, and then!

CHAPTER XV.

NOT WHAT HE INTENDED.

“And I,---I had come back to an empty nest,
Which every bird's too wise for.”

“O PLEASE to dont leave me. 'Pears like I'll up and die if you go for to say I must stay in dis ere ugly place, where cullud people's no count, no more'n rats. Nobody dont care if we is or isn't spectable; wese niggers, aw goin to eat sumfin, or need a box to wear to the grave yard when wese starved. Mebby like, you won't git back at all. I seed a yaller cat in my sleep, an yaller cats allus means sumfin awful, course they dus. Black folks was made for nuffin only plagues, an torments. Wish I was skinned an bleached. Glad dere aint any black angels. Fire and brimstone aint nuffin to bein a nigger, an starvin in Memphis without nobody to own ye. Please to don't go, I'll die sure's guns, an den you wont have nobody to cry at your funeral, honey. Please to don't, oh Lor'—oh Lor'!”

The bewailing was terrific. Jetty rolled like a ship in a storm but Ringold knew there would be a calm by-

and bye, and so waited, though with a troubled pitying face, that was eloquent with unexpressed sympathy. The lull came.

“Jetty, you are brave to bear, and don’t complain when I should think you would. You have been kind to me, and served me when you were free to do as you chose.”

“Didn’t be kind—I made many a big lip at you, when you wasn’t lookin. I’se an awful sinner, so don’t go fur to say I isn’t, but I lub you like all possessed, an allus did, if I dus tell a whopper sometimes.”

“Hush, Jetty. I don’t wish to remember anything unpleasant of you, where there is so much that is good to be grateful for. I *must* go to Chattanooga, or at least far enough to learn something of my family. General Sherman’s order that no citizen shall go with his expedition against Vicksburg has driven me to this. As long as I could be with the colonel, I was comparatively happy, but now I must find some means of hearing from our friends, for whom I fear so much. Sometime I’ll tell you something of Colonel Trissilian, and then you’ll know why I was so content, and happy with him, but not now. I love him with all my heart, Jetty, and if you hear that he is wounded or ill, take this note to the Provost Marshal, and he will give you a pass to reach him. Don’t show it to any one unless necessary, but if anything happens that I don’t return, here is another parcel for the colonel with Ringold’s last and best love. Don’t forget my message, Jetty. I shall leave

Victory at the last Federal garrison before Chattanooga. You will be cared for here. I have secured you a place at this house, and if you are discreet, no trouble will come to you. Your weeping will make me unhappy, and I cannot wait with you, or I shall go mad, and to take you, would be sure loss to you. You would never see,—you know who, in this miserable world. I'll come back. You know there is no hardship too great for me now, after Donnelson, and the march to Corinth. If you go from this place, leave this glove at the Allaire's for Colonel Trissilian, and a message for me, then he'll find you, if you are in the world, Jetty, you know he will. Don't cry anymore. The good God feeds the birds and clothes the lillies of the field—Good-bye."

"Good bye, honey. De Lor' scare de Rebels away from you, and let de light of his face shine on you all de way. I hope I shan't dream of yaller cats while yer gone."

Ringold's lip quivered as he left Jetty, but it was not the terrible agony with which he turned from Trissilian. This parting was the last straw, so the poor Boy in Blue thought, but there were other things to endure—but they came like the rain, only a drop at a time.

Accidentally nearing the door where he had left Jetty, he had heard that "irrepressible" talking to himself.

"Feeds the birds does he. Well, dis chile don't like bugs, and worms, no more it don't, and I won't take

any of that pesky kind o' feedin. 'Pears like de God my mammer Cleopatra telled of, don't live bout in dese parts. I'd like to see him clothe dis ere lily—Isn't it a lubly flower, this ere delicate chile? I'd like to see de Lor' take charge ob dis nigger's Sunday fixins, guess He'd hab trouble nuff widout looking arter de ebery day toggery. Ky! Neber mind, my blessed Ringold 'll come back bineby, an it'll be as good as camp meetin and Christmas. De Lor'll bless dat chile, if dere is any Lor' bout here. O dis nigger smell dinner, an I is awful empty!"

The Allaire's seemed to regret Leon Trissilian's going, but Kitty kept her sunshine for him till the very last, and saved her regret, if she had any, till he was gone.

Ringold anticipated little regret, from his friend, compared with that which belonged to the parting with the *fiancée*, but he was touched to tears by the tender ways the colonel had all that busy day before separation.

"Ringold, I believe there is some mysterious tie between us. If I believed in transmigration, I should be sure you and I had been something to each other before we came to this military review, which was different from officer and aid. I dreaded leaving Kitty, the sweet child, but she was so summery, and sunny, I didn't feel the sting of parting very much, but to separate from you, is like leaving a portion of myself. Promise me not to be careless of life or limb, for my sake——"

“I promise.”

“To be here upon my return——”

“I promise.”

“To let no one come between your friendship, and mine, to rank higher than I?”

“I promise.”

“When you come back, to tell me everything?”

“All I may, that will not make you less happy for the knowledge. Good bye, my more than friend. May you rest in the palm of the Good Father of us all, colonel, while your friend is away from you. I would have enlisted if I could, and gone with you. Sometime I will tell you why I seem strange, and you will be glad I did not yield to your curiosity.”

Hands were rung, and the parting past, but the ache was beyond words. Trissilian almost doubted if he loved Kitty Allaire, when a boy could leave such a sore need.

Loves are so different! The depth of Ringold's heart, he had never fathomed, and it seemed immeasurable. It was like an artesian well. Kitty Allaire's affection was like a river that spreads its silver ripples over white pebbles, and laughs and gurgles, and you can measure its depths with your eyes.

Trissilian thought over these things, and was not quite satisfied. He feared that there would sometime be a thirst in his life, that Kitty Allaire would fail to slake, with her shallow currents of emotion.

The New Year had fully come when the Boy in Blue left Memphis. It was like turning from home, to leave the only two friends he was sure of possessing. There was little hope in the expedition, but he longed for a certainty. He had been too many months subject to a torturing imagination and any reality could be scarce worse. The peril of his purpose had not entered into a fixed place in his thoughts. He had forgotten fear, and life held so little!

He took the river, up as far as Osceola, and then crossed to the opposite shore with a Rebel uniform upon his graceful figure, and a form of parole from an unmentionable Union officer in the breast of his coat. The night covered his retreat from Federal appearances, but his true heart throbbed out perpetually its great love for the dear old Union, and its quiet happiness.

Opposite Osceola there was a family of Loyalists, and with them Ringold left his "true blue," and the entire personal proof of his participation in the struggle for freedom, and the winter dawn saw him crossing the country toward the village of Lexington.

Sometimes the highway, and sometimes the wilds of this half populated country was the chosen solitary route.

The huge Mississippi dragged its cold muddy tide toward Vicksburg in the twilight of that morning, and Ringold looked wistfully at its flow in the deep hush of coming day, but the eager gaze died out in the big hot

tears that were tossed with the boy's petulant brown hand, to make pearls for Victory's glossy neck, and then fade into the mist that lay over the dull broken slope. Then the sun laid its yellow level beams over the bridle path, and Ringold grasped at the omen with his quick reactive heart, and chirruped to Victory, and looked no more after the tide.

"What a courageous person you are, to be sure, gazing drearily backward! Everything seems worse than the last. Courage must have evacuated your heart, Ringold, and now for a recapture," and so over the brown rough earth, Victory's hoofs made the music of the return to Chattanooga.

Only a forest trail, and the needle of his compass guided the child all that day, for the sunbeams withdrew after the first morning hour had gone by, until the night drowned the path in its blackness, and only silence, and loneliness was left. Victory browsed upon the twigs, and Ringold slept upon the moss. The openings had been waded, with their groups of wretched kennels surrounded by cotton brush, which only made the proof of past thrift the sadder to think about, and strange as it would seem to a civilian, Ringold's rest was sweet, and deep, and refreshing. One who has faced a foe at sabre distance with unnumbered odds, would think little of the possibilities of danger during a night's lonely encampment.

The morning only broke the slumberer's quiet, and

the slight cold breakfast from his delicate stock, was soon over. He avoided the small village of Lexington which he neared toward nightfall of the second day.

Only twice had he been interrogated during his ride, and his parole had served him each time. In the long silence after these interviews, the old hatred of subterfuge would make him very miserable, but there were worse sins in the world just then than his pure heart could imagine. He need not have so sorrowed for this, but the dear old times and thoughts and their sweet ways were wrapping his soul in memory's enfolding.

He endeavored to keep south of Murfreesboro lest he should be captured by Union soldiers, and be obliged to pass a hindering scrutiny, and perhaps be suspected of being a spy, and yet there were families not far below this post, who would be likely to know something of the people of Chattanooga, and perhaps save him a longer journey. He was not quite certain of the Federal position, nor just where our outposts were, as changes were so constantly made.

The third night he passed under the shelter of a hospitable home whose inmates were too human to ask questions. "Only a lad, and alone," was the thought of these people.

Ringold approached it because there was a delicacy in its appearance, and a sweetness in its surroundings that drew him up its shaded avenue, with that myste-

rious charm of beauty, and a belief in its inseparableness from courtesy.

Ringold could not tell if it were intuition, or the avoidance of Confederate interests, that led him to the conclusion that they were secretly attached to the Northern policy.

Certainly, they were tender, and true to the higher laws of Christianity, as he saw and felt through all his perceptions of the beautiful ways of a family narrowed in its resources, but too grandly good, to forget the old laws of hospitality.

Mr. Stuart was a fine specimen of manhood, but the Confederacy had spared him, because he had lost a limb in the breakers after a wreck, years and years ago, and a slight hesitancy in the fall of his right limb, indicated the helps of art, but was not painfully suggestive of perpetual lameness. The lady, who looked the impersonation of Christian calm, and loving kindness, seemed a fitting mate for the head of the house.

Only two beautiful grandchildren were with them, because the remainder of the household had not returned from abroad, and was in Egypt or Holy Land at the last date of letters, almost two years ago. The girl was about eighteen, and a rare face, and figure, she possessed. It was not like any of the beauties we see in pictures, only the form of the features, and the low growth of a wealth of hair reminded you of Clytie. She looked sad and anxious, except when she knew she was

to meet the scrutiny of her grandfather, or grandmother, and then she brought a light, and a smile from some place where her hidden sunshine lay, and became a summer to the winter of their waning lives.

Ringold saw this, before the first evening went by, and the strongest sympathy sprang up for this charming girl, but he could not express it, except by the involuntary outlook of his earnest eyes. Belle Stuart felt the subtle influence of the young soldier's soul, even through the contradictory appearance of his uniform. Guy Stuart had turned from the fire where the Confederate emblems annoyed his sight, after a few words of courtesy, and his spirited young face did not dawn upon them again that night. The old people comprehended why.

But a few months more, and the minimum age of the conscript would be upon him, and oh the heartbreak there was in this too terrible fact!

His sister's eyes followed him with a filmy look, as if her tears had been all spent, and the heavy lids had become too weary for weeping. Then her gaze came back and fell questioningly upon their guest, who had not missed a single change that had flitted over the brow, and lips of this young girl.

"Are you a volunteer, or a conscript?" she ventured to ask, as their gaze met, and would not separate.

It was a question Ringold had not anticipated, and he could not look into those eager eyes, and tell a false-

hood, and so he dropped his young head, and was silent for a moment, and then without calculating the possible danger of his reply, said :

“Neither, young lady. I am as I am, because fate and not conscription willed it. I should never be a soldier from choice. Only because of duty, parental duty, and affection, am I here to-night.” The voice was low, and quivering with emotion. Its minor tones were always marvelous but now they were pitiful.

Mrs. Stuart caught the tone, and her womanly perception understood the boy's untold story. No matter what it was, there were distress under the beautiful brown cheeks, and sad handsome brow, and she turned to him with a motherly touch upon his black curls, and his swift hand covered, and pressed the thin white palm close to his head.

He had been orphaned of a mother's memory even, but he knew, and felt to-night what it all might mean, and the big tears rolled unheeded over the velvety olive of his cheeks, during this wordless blessing.

A struggle for self-supremacy, and the old voice asked if he might retire, because the ride had made him weak and weary.

Not the room which was kept for travelers who depend upon the kindness of those big hearted people among a scattered population, was given him, but a guest's chamber with its dainty appliances of luxury, and comfort. It quite weakened the lad's heroic pur-

poses for a moment, to be so vividly reminded of refined life, but the spirit of self-renunciation, and endurance, had not quite gone beyond call.

The night and its vivid fancies, and recollections, were passed at length but they were so painfully slow in their waning that nearly all the accumulated strength of two years active duty slid away from Ringold's lithe figure, and he could scarcely arrange his garments, and force his feet across his chamber, and down the staircase, to the breakfast room.

Mrs. Stuart's sweet womanly eyes saw the change, and forgetting the age that made her feeble, stepped quickly forward, and clasping his arm, forced him gently into an easy chair, and with one sentence asked a question that included in her paternal soul every ail of a young body.

"Where is your mother, child?"

"I have none," and the incisive voice entered her heart like a moan of pain.

"Poor Boy! She's better off though, sleeping under the pansies, than lying awake for her children in these terrible days. Try to be glad she does not suffer, my child."

"She isn't under the green grass and purple violets, my dear Madam, for her bones are under the surf of a Northern shore, if the years have not worn them away. I sometimes wish I were with her, but then——"

"No, no, child. The world wants you, or you would

not stay. You are worn out now, and need rest, and there is fever,—just a throb or two in your hand. You shall remain with us to-day, and to-morrow you can go, if you must. A drop of wine, and a bit of breakfast will bring the brightness back into your dull eyes.”

Miss Belle, and the grandfather joined them, but Guy Stuart did not come in. He had been sleepless too, the past night, and his room was next Ringold's, and so he had heard low half smothered sobs, and the restless turning of the guest through the long hours, and he dared not face him at table, lest he should betray a sympathy which would lead the young soldier to suspect his night's restlessness was known. But there was an intense interest awakened in Guy's mind, and he felt sure Ringold wore a false exterior. Simple hearted and generous as were these southern people, the Stuart blood had never flowed along nobler veins, or through more kingly hearts. Guy hated the Confederacy, and almost despised himself, because he dare not proclaim his detestation. His intuitions were always wonderful—and positive. He knew that Ringold was not a lover of the new *regime*, but was held somehow in the servitude of the south. While he was thinking of all these mysterious wrongs, Belle's voice reached him, speaking low, and with agitation.

“Come in, brother. The soldier is ill, very ill. You must help him to his room. Grandmother fears fever. He was speaking of his mother's loss by wreck, and

it happens that grandfather was in the same unfortunate ship, and the poor fellow was quite overcome, as the old gentleman was telling it all over. I wish he did not so love to relate that terrible story."

By the time the breakfast room was reached, Ringold sat up, rigid and resolute, insisting there was nothing required, and begging pardon for the trouble he had given them, when the ashy white flood swept over him again, and Guy, and a servant carried him back to his room. When the tide of life returned, Ringold begged to see Mrs. Stuart alone, just one moment.

An hour they were together, and when the dear old lady came forth from her interview, her soft eyes were red with weeping, but she only said in explanation :

"Ringold has no mother, and is seeking his home, which he fears has been swept away with all our prosperity. We will be very kind to him, but I think no physician is required. He does not desire it. He has fallen asleep. Human sympathy is all he requires at present, and we have an abundance for him, through the same suffering. That child possesses a shy beautiful spirit and a fierce destiny has driven him out like a bird in a storm. We will shelter it—him—her,—Ringold for a few days, until he is able to proceed upon his journey."

Mrs. Stuart looked embarrassed, and there were three questioning faces turned toward her, but high breeding kept silence, while reticence was evidently desired.

Guy Stuart offered his services, as nurse, attendant or companion, and to his amazement his kindness was declined. He desired an interview with Ringold, now that his convictions were confirmed and thought his grandmother very peculiar to deny him what a similarity of age, seemed to permit.

A low remittent fever followed the restless night, and for months—till the summer was close upon them, it held Ringold a prisoner. Mrs. Stuart watched him with the tenderness of a mother, and alternated with an old, and devoted black auntie, in attending upon him. It was a fearful bondage to the poor child, but no words of complaint were syllabled in that chamber of suffering, and waiting.

Then the better days of health come back, and Ringold felt that he was bound to this household, in perpetual bonds of gratitude and affection.

One quiet spring day, he said to Mrs. Stewart, as he lay trifling with the sunbeams through his thin fingers.

“My dear friend, and mother, I have told you all, but there is an affliction hidden away in the heart of this family, that I do not fully understand, and perhaps if you choose to lay it open to me, I can allay its keenness. Do you desire escape from the Confederacy for your grand-son that will prevent suspicion from falling upon the house?”

“How could you guess it, child?”

“By a communion of souls that suffer, I suppose. If he will go with me, with the ostensible purpose of enlisting at Chattanooga, I will see him safe within the Union lines, and he may be called captured, or any story you prefer, may be promulgated. These are days of expedients. I do not say it is right, but life is sometimes very sweet. He is too young to serve in the Federal Army, but there are honorable ways of procuring support. Will you trust me? You know I am only —” the brown hands covered the face of Ringold, and the pantomime completed the sentence.

A mingling of pain, and hope, lay in the soft eyes of Mrs. Stuart, as she answered, after a pause.

“I believe God sent you, as he sent the angel to Lot’s house, in Sodom, and whatever you suggest, we will gladly permit.”

That night there was a long consultation below, and above, a tugging at the fibres of Ringold’s heart which stretched away southward, and clung with a loving tension to the old fastenings.

Duty, and generosity triumphed, and the unselfish boy was not only willing, but glad at being able to bear away one more victim from the terror of Secession, by the aid of his Rebel Grey, and the copy of a fictitious parole.

A few more days of convalescence gave an opportunity for the intention of the family to be understood by

the surrounding planters, and parting words to be said, and then the best animal in the Stuart stables stood waiting for the tenderest parting, to be past.

It is an old story now, because these almost hopeless separations, are so common! However, this was what they had hoped, and prayed for. The Stuarts knew that they were considered lukewarm if not actually suspected in the vicinity, and dare not add to the smothered flame that might burst forth, and destroy them. This patriotic step quite won back the old feeling of kindness, and the wave of reaction poured gifts and kind wishes upon the departing hero.

Ringold was understood to have been captured while bearing dispatches, and released directly upon a promise to return to his old home till exchanged. Yes, the parting hour was with them and the sacredness even of this holy time was profaned by expedients, and falsehood, for keen eyes were watching, and quick ears listening, but love made the ruse perfect, and the actors separated unsuspected. Old eyes were dimmer, and young hearts sadder and harder after the drama of that winter morning.

The early day lost only a brief space, while their faces were toward the southwest, and afterward skirting inhabited spots at a safe distance, they approached Murfreesboro.

The day had wrought an inseparable bond between these two. Guy Stuart, all frankness, and brimming

with home-sickness, poured his grief into a sympathetic bosom, but in the freshness and absorption of his sorrow, he never thought that he received nothing in return, except counsel, hope, and courage, such as elder and stronger souls possess, and impart. He forgot that Ringold was slighter in figure, and younger at times in expression than himself, and for aught he knew, with less years upon his young brave head. But he had seen service, and that made him seem so old! Then he was a leader in this escape from secession, and that elevated him to a real hero's position. Guy Stuart stood a half head above Ringold, and yet was a child—a beautiful boy. Ringold's face was lettered over with a mysterious hieroglyph of experience, that looked out of every clearly cut feature, and gleamed and gloomed in every expression of his face, when there was a danger to meet with a beloved sharer in the danger. Then there were hours of tenderest, and softest shadows, alternately, with such a light as Raphael encircled about the head of the Madonna d' San Sisto, or Leonardo de Vinci gave the beloved St. John. Ringold had some misgivings in regard to the termination of their adventure, but he did not share them with the companion of his peril. Their plan was to approach the Union lines, unnoticed by the Rebels if possible, and permit themselves to be captured by our pickets, but the Rebel out-posts were closely guarded, and the lines watched with careful scrutiny.

The night came down upon them, and they rested until it deepened into profounder stillness, and then crept cautiously toward the town. Not a quiver of fear shook the hand of Guy, or touched the key of his tones all that day of danger and night of suspense,—only his face told the story. About midnight they were to cross an open space of a mile, or more, and the white light of a rounded moon upon the smooth meadow defined the black outlines of their horses, and persons, and lent targets for their enemies' fire, but they gave no words to their thoughts, and the slow moments were braved in silence, with the matched speed of their spirited animals—and they reached the shadow in safety, but the ring of rifles, and the following of hoofs told the tale of discovery and pursuit.

Neither were armed, as this defenseless condition was a portion of their deception. For the first time, terror crept into the heart of Ringold. Not for himself, but for Guy Stuart. His quick brain served him again, and saved him from utter despair. He determined if the worst should come to them, to assume to have misled his companion, if he could procure silence from the boy. To escape with their worn animals was scarcely possible, but hope dies hard, even if it has grown faint.

The spirit of the riders seemed to have possessed the beasts, and they sped through the narrow paths, and

over the deep wild growth of shrubs, oh so long, and so far it seemed! until the cry of "Halt!" before, and not from their pursuers' brought the animals upon their haunches, with the reply:

"Surrendered!" from the leader in this almost neck to neck, race for life.

The prisoners were led to the captain of the picket, and delivered up. They confessed to being escaped Unionists, and as this was no unusual thing, it scarce created interest sufficient in the weary officers, to give them the shelter of a tent for the night, or care to prevent a change of purpose, had such a thought come to them.

By morning the weakness and fever of Ringold came back, and he was raving in a delirium, and was carried to a Hospital in Murfreesboro.

Guy was stupified with terror. Not a thought of his own position troubled him, but the dread of his only friend's death, was unendurable, and he, too, lay under physical prostration in the next cot, with his blue eyes strained into an eager asking for hope.

The material in both their lives seemed to have exhausted itself in that ride for liberty, and only their bewildered souls were visible at the first glance into their wonderful faces.

Medical attention was given them at dawn, and the close scrutiny which Ringold's face, pulse, and peculiar

expressions received, ended in his removal to a private room in an old mansion occupied by our sick and wounded.

There was a tenderness, and delicacy in the surgeon's manner, that aroused curiosity, for he was one of those brusque, decided men who smother all appearance of softness with external indifference.

When this patient was cared for, he came back to Guy, and questioned him of his companion, but learned little. There was nothing of mystery to explain. He suspected something strange in his new friend's history, from Mrs. Stuart's manner, but the intense excitement of his escape, had driven it from his thoughts, and so the surgeon walked away, humming an old childish tune, that his patients had never heard from him before.

Backward, and forward the poor man strode, tumbling his great shock of hair upon one side, and then upon the other of his huge head with his bony fingers, then he shook his brain as if rejecting an idea, or reproving it for not suggesting a route out of his perplexity. On he waded for a while, and then suddenly stopping his restless fingers with an, Eureka! sound in their tips, hurried from the room, saying:

"That's it, Johnny Rutger, that's it. She'll do the thing perfectly, and save somebody for somebody—I don't know who, nor care. The face is very like one up in a Michigan farm-house, and it *must* be saved, and

Johnny Rutger, it shall be, or you may resign your surgeon's commission, and take to cobbling soldiers shoes, instead of mending their limbs."

CHAPTER XVI.

GATHERING TOGETHER.

“But I am tired of storms, and pain,
Sweet angel let me in!
And send some strong heart back again,
To suffer and to sin.”

The angel answered stern, and slow---
“How darest thou be dead,
While God seeks dust to make the street,
Where happier men may tread?”

AURORA FARNAM received an early call from Doctor Rutger, and after a brief, but evidently interesting interview, she assumed the charge of the fever patient in the little south chamber. An assistant accompanied her, who alternated in the long anxious watches that intervened between the occupation of that little south room, and the day when health conquered disease, though the poor body was wasted to but a shadowy outline of a skeleton when that event happened. Aurora had heard her own name called during the delirium, and the names of many who were once her friends. Carryl Farnam's better days and worthier

deeds, were passing through this child's bewildered memory, and then his name was hissed with a detestation that made Aurora's blood creep coldly back to her heart, and she thanked God he was to her, no more a brother. Who lay so helpless and restless upon the white pillow, was a mystery, but she knew that whatever of tenderness, and care could be bestowed upon a human sufferer ought to be given by herself, and yet she could not tell you why.

Fathom the past as deeply and carefully as she would, she could not find the face, nor the voice of her patient.

The disconnected utterances of her delirious patient, led her to one and then another of her childhood and girlhood friends, and then turned her fancies adrift again.

But the fever ebbed at last, and the long quiet sleep that is the promise of life, passed, and Aurora waited for the unveiling of the mystery.

The great dark eyes opened and looked at the strange ones of Doctor Rutger, and then the eyelids fell heavily and sadly. Large tears rounded under the black lashes, and lay in the deep purple hollows beneath. The Doctor passed his own hand across his cheek, and there was a crystal drop left upon the large blue veins. He was an intuitive man. He understood that the want of a familiar face, brought the drops to his patient's eyes and he no longer waved Aurora from the invalid's sight. When the lids once more unclosed,

this glorious girl's palm clasped the cool thin hand of the child, and sent a subtle something of her own vigorous life trembling through the delicate fibres of the smitten refugee, and in those dark eyes grew a wondering, incredulous, asking gaze.

Then the beautiful thin lips moved, and said :

“Aurora—are you my earthly friend, or am I in the spirit land?”

Then the lids fell again.

“I am your friend, and we are with the living, thank Heaven. We have been very eager for this hour, but we must not spend it in talking.”

“Tell me of my father, and if I am in Chattanooga again.”

“I do not know your father nor remember you, or I would be glad to answer you, poor child!”

“Then you are not Aurora Farnam, and I am dreaming. This is too sad an awakening. I thought I was at ‘Cairngorm.’”

The fancy that had sometimes flitted over Aurora's thoughts, and then escaped—that had come within the distant range of her acute senses, and then sank away, was vivid and real now, by a conjuring trick of sweetness in the voice and lip of the speaker, when she gave the Scotch accent to “Cairngorm.”

“Remy St. Remy!”

“I am in Heaven. No one knows my name upon

earth. Life is over now and perhaps I can find my father, my poor, poor father !”

The soldier girl, the “Boy in Blue” sank again into a deep refreshing sleep, believing she was in Heaven, and all the terrible life passed. To be herself—a woman again, with no clinging curse clutching at the friends she loved, and who brooded her in their homes like a shelterless bird, was happiness enough for her weakened brain, and so she rested in the first peace of two dreary years, believing she had drifted away from earth and its battle-fields—from life and its partings.

The morning had not yet deepened into a summer noon, when two soldiers sat by her bed side, impatiently waiting for those beautiful eyes to open—and sending up silent thanksgivings that through all the sorrow and doubt, the suffering and waiting, these three beloved, had met at last even though upon the very verge of the hither shore of the Dark River.

Eager but tender were the two faces browned by exposure, and furrowed with anxiety, which bent over that little cot and its slumbering treasure.

“Where has my poor bird been, these long, long months? Once, almost a year since, a message of safety came and nothing since. Two years she must have been a wanderer, Berny, but the angels have guarded her, and brought her to us,” and so the glad father cooed, and purred over his darling, not daring to

kiss even the poor pale hands, lest life should flutter away at his earthly touch.

At mid-day the dark dreamy eyes opened again.

“Father, brother, we are all here except Leon. I thought you would leave your brown faces and those garments—oh I cannot be glad when you wear those emblems of blood”—and her eyes closed again heavily, shutting out these reminders of her soldier life.

Then when the big tears fell upon her cheeks, and a kiss touched her lips, she seemed to be fully awake, and perfectly conscious.

“My father and my brother, thank God!” and the glowing look in her eyes, and over her face, told of her intense ecstasy, and the kneeling figures and bowed heads, each touching softly a little white palm, which held all the world’s happiness just then, made the place holy with human love.

The long stories, and the tears and smiles, they brought, were told, little by little, in the cool dimness of the twilights of those summer days, while that post was garrisoned with Remy’s Regiment. The womanly apparel that had been a wonder because of its graceful appropriateness, was brought from its store house in Philadelphia, and the Boy in Blue became again the loveliest girl in Tennessee, but even now, not the happiest.

She did not relate the story of the lost son, and brother, and how a Tender Hand had brought them

together. She feared the conflict at Vicksburg might separate them forever, and her father's heart be torn by a second sorrow. She was so thoroughly womanly and tender in her love!

Not once was Carryl Farnam's name mentioned between Remy and Aurora, nor did Remy dare to say that her own hand had placed perpetual darkness between Hobart Ringold and Aurora. Fate had not yet wrought out all she willed for these two, and with the sacredness of silence which belongs to great and delicate souled women, neither spoke of the ruin which had wasted the hearts upon which they once leaned with perfect trust.

Both spent their days in soothing pain, and giving sisterly counsel and saintly prayers for those whose hope in this life was gone, and, who only waited for perpetual rest.

Hokey was not forgotten in these grateful days, and he wept delicious tears of joy at the restoration of his pretty "missy," though perhaps a bright drop or two fell at the memory of Dot, who was down in Memphis, "skeered to death," because Ringold did not return. Plans were being perfected to restore the colored girl from disguise, and heartache, to her womanly appearance, and the constant affection of her childhood's sweetheart.

It had seemed a whole winter, and spring too, to the lonely creature before even January had gone by, but

Dot's patience and prudence were kept alive till another yellow cat invaded the mysterious realm of negro dreamland, and then the whole of her virtues of silence and discretion oozed away in just one minute.

She resolved upon some desperate expedient, though what shape the effort was to take, she did not determine. When Colonel Trissilian returned with General Sherman from his unsuccessful attack upon Vicksburg, Dot felt the "Providence of his 'pearing just after the cat," and consequently gave the package into his possession directly, with the last messages of his lost friend.

Colonel Trissilian forgot the glitter of golden hair and the twitter of a sweet coaxing voice in his eagerness to see Jetty, and learn something of his companion. Kitty Allaire was second in his affection now.

"I know there ain't any more Ringold in this world, Masser Trissilian, 'course they isn't, cause I had sich a dream, and then its eenamost four weeks, and he said he'd be back if he was alive in two months, but he ain't alive; they've deaded him sure nuff, cause I feel it in my poor black bones. But then here's his will, I 'spect, an his best love to you. He said I mus' give it to you if he didn't come back, an not to give it to you if he did, an he didn't, and so I did, &c. &c."

"Never mind, Jetty, I'll take the parcel, but I wont open it yet, because the time is not here for his return, and it would not be as he wished, to unseal it now. I'll take care of you, if he never comes back, so wipe your

eyes, and hope on. That yellow cat must not disturb you so frequently."

Though he spoke lightly to this colored friend, there was a heavy foreboding at his heart, and he wished he could purchase, at any price, security for his mysterious Boy in Blue. It took so much of the sunshine out of life to miss him, that he could not find his way to the Allaires' until the days had worn themselves into a week. He was worn in body, disappointed in his military ambition, and aching from the loss he felt in his heart.

He faced the perpetual smile at last, as it gleamed through the cloud of golden ringlets it always lived amidst, and for a moment a throb of regret, and self-reproach at his want of affection swept over him, and then died into positive anger as Kitty chirruped :

"Ah, you hero! Thirty-four stars couldn't find room to glow and sparkle over Vicksburg, could they, colonel?"

He heard the undertone of her heart in this bantering salutation. It was a sentence to himself. He knew then, that the glamour of beauty, and the popularity of Federal arms had deceived him, and there was no truth in the glowing smile, and tropical overflow of sweet words that had rippled over the lips, and through his soul, from the breath of Kitty Allaire.

He dropped the velvety hand, and touching his sword, replied :

“I only called to say adieu again, until after I shall stand with this little blade glittering over the walls of that obdurate and wicked city. I have little time for society, and less for those who pray secretly for the success of rebellion—and openly claim sympathy with Liberty because it happens to be strongest. Make my adieus to your family, and friends.—Good morning, Miss Allaire.”

What incisive power possessed him at that instant, who shall ever know?

It comes to us sometimes in our peril, as if there was a rift in the veil that covers our dull perceptions, and for a moment nothing is hidden from us, or else the chrysalis is severed, and we penetrate beyond the range of captive mortality, to that sphere of perfect vision.

Whatever it may be, Colonel Trissilian saw deception, through the lovely mystery, and turned away loathing.

The lettering of the years had fallen so lightly upon his heart before, but began their indentations upon his life from this morning's separation. He was not surprised when a few days afterwards he was sitting in court martial, examining Reginald Allaire, charged with being a spy, and listening to proofs which sent the entire family beyond the lines.

It is said we can never love another, and then cease, without a lingering pain, like the severing of a portion of ourselves, but there was no suffering in Colonel

Trissilian's heart that was not smothered by the deep yearning he felt for Ringold.

Perhaps he never loved at all, but was only charmed and bewildered. *Certainly, a fair face under a shadow of golden hair, and a low monotonous laugh always makes him wonder if the heart be full of womanly truth, or if such beauty be inseparable from the witchery, and falsehood of Kitty Allaire.

It was a weary winter, for the toil of his life had nothing in it, to touch it to brightness, or tone it with tenderness.

The Yazoo expedition and its strategetic results, with other previous military labors, brief but positive in their consequences, occupied the latter half of the winter, and a portion of the spring, and by mid May he occupied the centre of the Mississippi army, and entered Jackson again with our victorious army, but with a spent ball in his side.

Weary marches, and constant anxiety, with that other leaden burden which falls and remains upon a young heart when the first doubt of human truth comes—crushed out the wonderful vitality that had made him remarkable, and he was no longer able to perform field, or any other duty.

O, the long, long days that fell upon the poor colonel, then! He had made arrangements to receive the earliest intelligence that Jetty got from Ringold, but

the weeks crept slowly away, and had nothing in them but impatient waiting.

One twilight when endurance seemed to have been all spent, and hope had almost ebbed away, he took from his bosom the sealed package—the last token of friendship, and confidence from the dearest companion his almost barren life had known.

Slowly he broke the seals upon the knots of ribbon, and then carefully untied them, thinking all the while of the little brown hand which had wrapped them so securely, and he longed to touch it with his own thin palm.

In the heart of the packet lay a Cairngorm cross, the counterpart of his own!

He lifted it, turned it to the light, and then smiled, and said to himself, "what a strange dream, and to be semi-conscious all the time too! I'll fall away again into sleepy land, and perhaps see the boy," and so he turned his head upon his pillow, and fell asleep.

The day hurried into the dark, and when he awoke, the dim invalid's lamp was lit, and he smiled again, and thought to himself, "I reproved Jetty for his notice of dreams, and yet I received this fancy of a Cairngorm cross that flitted through my sick head, for a happy omen. How weak I am!"

Then lifting his hand he found the cross still clasped tightly in his wasted fingers, and the closely written

letter which had enclosed it—but the lamps were so far away!

He begged his attendant to bring one to his side, but was refused. His medical watcher would permit no reading in the night. It would be dangerous to nerves that had been for months growing more and more sensitive. He must sleep.

He felt the form of a jewel-circled picture case, and whose?

All night he toyed with the mysterious package, and thought the morning was never so long in coming. His fancies conjured strange hieroglyphs upon the satiny pages, and wove wonderful romances uniting these crystal crosses which clung to one through the storm upon the sea, and to the other in a more fearful rain of blood. He remembered the twilight at Cairo a year ago, and the wonderful change that followed his confidential hour with Ringold. All the little events of that time were vividly retouched in memory, and the fainting boy whose head lay heavy and helpless upon the table, after a look at the Cairngorm cross, and the little faded, and rumpled shoe, were somehow tangled together. How welcome the grey in the East! How beautiful the rosy glow that bloomed through the sober outer curtain of the morning! How magnificent the birth of Day! He lifted his face to the light, but over, and through the pages there was a lovelier gleam

which died almost out into the sorrowful mystery and doubt hanging over the life whose strange value was now comprehended.

The whole morning waned before he folded the manuscript, and lay quietly upon his pillow thinking—thinking—thinking, till his soul throbbed, and raved in his attenuated body, because it could not reach out into the dreary world, and gather into its eager depths, his lovely friend, his beloved sister!

A sick soul makes a sick body—and those attenuated limbs and hollow cheeks were eloquent with the story of a long mental agony. He was too human to leave the lost girl in the tender arms of the same Providence that had so strangely brought them together, and held them by the mysterious ties of Nature, which the unselfish heart of woman did not explain when the twilight at Cairo revealed their close relationship. She knew that the beautiful manhood that made her brother noble and loveable, would doom her to an inactive waiting, and give him immeasurable anxiety for her safety, and happiness.

Waiting! She could not rest till the doom of her country was fixed, if it must come, and she was in that endless sleep after the fluttering sound of death's wings could no more enter her listening soul, and the awakening to the new life had shut out the pictures in memory that were dabbled with the purple of lost lives.

This revelation of God's omnipotence in bringing Leon and herself together had lifted her soul into perfect faith in His loving kindness, and tender watchfulness of them.

To drift side by side, these two waifs from all the restless, loveless, homeless children of the world, and reveal the beautiful tie that connected them, proved all that her pious imagination, and revelation too, had suggested of Divinity.

It is not wonderful that she bore hopefully, and calmly the suffering, and sorrows of Corinth, and the dreary days that followed. She knew, now, that she lay in the Everlasting Arms, and would be sheltered and spared for the Father's uses, and at last be enfolded—carefully in the life just beyond.

When they separated at Memphis, she believed it was only just, to leave the proofs of their relationship, both for his own sake, and the father's, if he should survive the storm, and for the longing, too, that her sisterly heart felt to be remembered with an affection beyond that which friend gives to friend.

All this was understood now, by the invalid, and while it made him close his eyes sometimes, shuddering at the possible in Remy's lonely hunt for home, it thrilled a quicker beat into his pulse, and sent a healthier throb through his veins to think of the living unknown that his sister had portrayed—and the pitiful past that made the strange portrait he gazed upon,

so dear. He saw something of himself in the features. Here and there a curve, or color was like his own before exposure had bronzed, and hardened the outlines. A strange emotion swayed him while looking at the face of his mother. Often, and often his childish fancy had peered beyond the Beautiful gate, and dreamed of the manner he should be made known to his lost friends. Was it memory, or the talismanic power of human love that had left this very face in his soul? He had met it in sleep, and see it in his imaginings of the Heaven, he was sometime to find. He had dreamed of his mother so often, and a face very like this, only sadder and paler, had made the shadow in his fancy, and the lower and tenderer tones to the scenes which his imagination showed him of his infancy.

Since reading his sister's narration of the mystery of his life, his mother passed from his vivid fancies to the cloudy outlines of an indefinite distance, and his father, grand and self-sustained in the night of a great sorrow, filled the picture.

His medical attendant saw, and felt the change which a few hours had wrought, and suggested the propriety of a furlough, as soon as Colonel Trissilian could be removed.

A balm was required, that could not be found in Hospital atmosphere, nor in the Hygiene of any author within the range of his medical experience, or reading.

To detain the patient, while every fibre of his being was stretching itself to the distance, was inhuman, because there was no hope in waiting.

To release him from the Grand Army if there was a possibility of recovery, was to take away one of its strongest arms.

This was the surgeon's thought, as he concluded his formula of furlough, to be sent to the commander, and he said aloud :

“To stay would be death to Colonel Trissilian. To go where his eyes range in their strange far away look, may save him.”

CHAPTER XVII.

REMY ST. REMY'S STORY.

“Too pitiful to be fiction, and too true for a moral.”

“I CANNOT tell you, my brother, how it all happened that we two should have drifted apart in infancy, and then floated together upon the wreck of our country's peace. The separation was wrought by wrong, but the meeting was arranged in the heart of the All-Loving.

“You are my brother. There can be no doubt of this. Our own intuitions almost articulated the truth, before the proof you gave me at Cairo.

“O the desolate, desolate hours that dragged themselves through the year, till that day! The balm that followed that twilight!

“It would only make your heart hard, if I told you why I was driven to assume the costume of a man. It was a duty I owed to my friends, and though the sorest trial once, to my woman nature, the horrors of to-day, and the degradations to which my sex are forced to sub

mit, by the chivalrous secessionists, make it nothing to endure, absolutely nothing. How I might have borne a suspecting look, I cannot say. I suppose I should have hidden myself in some other position, or under some other disguise. When I knew you were my brother, much of the distress of my indelicate position vanished, and though it would have doubled my joy to have imparted my knowledge of our relationship, I knew you would send me to some place of fancied security, and been wretched in my absence.

“There is no safety for me as Remy St. Remy, so long as my enemy lives, and the patriotic North is swarming with secret traitors.

“I should not have written this, except that you might know that you had a sister whose love was stronger than woman’s fear, and a father somewhere in the wide world who is worthy of your affection, and who would be proud of his brave boy—his soldier son. Perhaps you are impatient to know the history of our family, but I approach it with a shrinking, which you will comprehend as you read, and a burning in my brown cheeks that neither time, nor suffering will wholly quench.

“I have thought sometimes, that you would be happier to live in doubt of the years which have passed us since we were infants, but I know too well your penetrative nature, and that nothing except full explanation will satisfy you.

“Our father is of French and Scotch parentage, and our mother’s face,—you can see how beautiful it is, in the miniature enclosed,—must be Saxon. Her golden curls, and heavenly eyes would have gathered depth, and fire under any other than an English sky. My father only told me that she was dead, and when I asked for more, his heavy eyelids fell, and an ashen film came down over his dark face, and he was silent. I knew that there was a hallowed spot in his heart, where something sadder than a grave was hidden, but I dared not desire him to roll away the stone when I saw how the very name deepened the lines about his expressive lips. My father left me in school in Paris when the alarm of war pealed forth, but I followed him with Colonel, and Mrs. Berry, and you saw your sister as Remy St. Remy, and afterward as the Boy in Blue, and your devoted friend. You know how I left them. When I reached Philadelphia, I met by accident, an old playmate and companion, just arrived from Europe to take arms against his people, for the sake of right. His name was Ringold. We consulted together, and exchanged names, when our plans were fixed. He gave me a copy of a confession which he said was his, and my own sad inheritance, but he exacted a promise that I would not open the sealed parcel within a year, and not until I had read its contents, did I understand the reason of the postponement. Had I been as unhap-

pily wise then, as now, you would not have known me by the name of Ringold.

“He fell months ago, facing the foes of freedom. His mother’s safety in the Confederacy suggested this precaution of enlistment, and you can understand my reason for a change of name. I will not pain you with the entire detail of the story in the sealed envelope he gave me. It is an old, old, sad one, and we who know not our own hearts, and have been shielded even from ourselves, tremble, but pass no sentence of condemnation. Whatever the world may have said before the erring woman passed from its fickle memory, will not reach us now, and here, and we can only cover our faces, and with humiliated heads, say, ‘She was our mother, God pity and forgive her!’ I must preface this relation. There were three of us, Abernethy, Leon Trissilian, and Margueritte. The last was my mother’s name, and when she was my mother no longer, the name seemed to have passed away too, and when I did not hear it, I refused to acknowledge any, and called myself by my last appellation, and it was taken up by the servants and household, without any remark that I can recall. When we were children, before this sad epoch in our family, and I was only a babe in my mother’s bosom, we went abroad.

There was little culture in the new home of East Tennessee, and my father desired better educational

advantages for us all. The Ringolds' lived upon their plantation a few miles from us—and our households had been inseparable. They went with us over the ocean. There were two sons, and their ages were about the same as Berny's and your own. I suppose no happier party ever spanned the Atlantic, than ours. We went to Scotland where our father took possession of an inheritance, from his grandfather and but that he loved America so well, would have led the life that glides on so smoothly to the rich, in the Old World. The name of this ancestral spot was, "Cairngorm," from which our Tennessee home received its title. Our mother had seen little of the world in its gayest moods, and forms, and it bewildered her. She could not resist its allurements, or she thought she could not, and while our father was gathering the riches of art and science into his life, and thoughts, she was pining for the fictions of society and the flattering attentions which Paris knows so well how to bestow. Few women were so beautiful, and wherever she went, eager admiring eyes followed. Sometimes she uttered her discontent at our quiet life, and this and this only is the palliative portion of the confession which young Ringold placed in my hands. Our father did not comprehend her longing for that which was simply foolish and repelling to him. Mrs. Ringold who was an eager gatherer of knowledge, and a worshipper of the beautiful, found all the food she required for her brain and soul hunger, in this wealth of literary,

and artistic successes of generations, and asked nothing more of charming Paris. Mr. Ringold possessed his share of vanity, so his confession declares, and one can easily believe it. He, too, found Paris gaiety delightful, and to be the handsomest man, and the escort of the most beautiful American woman, was his ambition at the beginning, and nothing more, as his dying testimony avers.

“From the almost primitive habits of domestic life in the New World, to the free one of the French capital, seemed to be a natural transition to Mrs. St. Remy and Mr. Ringold, and they slid rapidly from the quiet uniformity of one, to the extravagant revelry of the other. Mr. St. Remy loved his wife, and to love, with him, was to trust wholly. He loved his friend, too, and the same confidence lay between them. If he regretted that his wife did not enjoy the same pleasure as himself, he did not reproach her. He thought satiety would come presently, and cure her of her attachment to the frivolous new life.

“Mrs. Ringold wandered with her eldest boy wherever she could gather a thought of beauty fitted for his young mind, or could lay away something for his coming manhood. She loved her husband but not with that confiding lifting love that one feels for their ideal, but with a tenderness that years of pleasant association brings. She neither expected nor scarcely desired his society in these daily excursions. Their eyes would

have gathered such different meanings from the visions of grandeur, or loveliness that seemed to her, almost endless. When life had almost drifted away Mr. Ringold saw this, and understood it as he looked back, and added it to other tributes which he paid to the character of the woman who had borne for him the holiest of relations. Now and then Mr. St. Remy entered a club-room where the literary and political stars illuminated each other, and where they let themselves down to Paris littleness, when the great occasion for mental brilliancy had gone by, and here he received the blow which laid his happiness in a grave, deeper than the sea.

“They who have heard a group of thoughtless men sneer away a woman’s reputation, will understand how this deed, which is blacker than the Recording Angel can make it with his stylet of darkness, was done.

“That the mood of discontent, and perhaps, the fancy of neglect, was upon the poor weak woman, when the story was told, and she admitted a regard for her friend which was born of Mr. Ringold’s delicate flattery and nothing more, may be imagined.

“Our father’s blood boiling with Scotch indignation, and French fire, may have seethed too hotly over her weak heart and quiet conscience, and the reproaches been too bitter!

“The blow fell with as much weight upon the pride of Mrs. Ringold, as it did upon the affection of her com-

panion in sorrow. She sailed that night for America with her two children, and left to his fate, a man who had wrecked two households. She had learned too surely how much pleasure her husband had felt in being the lion of a gossip, in the most fashionable club-house in Paris.

“Not that she believed his regard for Mrs. St. Remy was either deep or criminal, but his detestable vanity which had grown in the favourable atmosphere of fashionable life, had wrought all this, and she despised him to the core of her deep woman’s nature.

“Mr. St. Remy’s interview with him, only ended in an offer from his enemy to make amends with short swords, or pistols, neither of which was accepted.

“The memory of the little helpless children, saved him from falling into this temptation, for it was an allure-ment greater than could be written in words, and his antagonist felt, and recorded the struggle in that last act of confession; but for the time the fiend in Ringold’s nature triumphed.

“Mr. St. Remy turned away from the man who had taken away his happiness, and in a miserable hopeless way offered the woman who had been the white dove in their western nest, the choice of seclusion with her children, and the outward position of wife—or to be left in the charmed city—and she accepted the latter. Perhaps he knew she would. Perhaps he had no courage to meet the future with a wasted soul fettered to

his own, and yet in his abject sorrow he was pitiful. He gave her the second child, partly because his sunny face would forever remind him of his exorcised gladness, and partly that he thought her safer with the little arms about her in that strange land. His daughter must grow away from the mother heart because it was too stained to nurture her into a rich, ripe womanhood, and so with a profuse settlement upon Mrs. St. Remy he faced the west with a breaking heart, and entered his own door with a deeper grief than he could have brought from a rounded grave.

“The current of scandal that rippled through the drawing rooms and *coteries* of Paris, was so much delicious adulation to the author of this great sorrow, and he was at once adopted into the selectest sets, and the woman was left out.

“Neither you nor I, Leon, will believe that it was this, that wrought out her resolution to seek her husband, and plead his forgiveness for frivolity, and tell him that her heart had never swerved from its allegiance, only that a glamour was over her, and she saw through other eyes in that first hour. She never met Mr. Ringold after his interview with Mr. St. Remy, and she wrote to our father in a pitiful way explaining the potent influences that swayed her, and yet in the vibrations of her life she had always come back to rest her woman’s heart in her husband’s love. The next packet took herself, thus heralded, back to the land of her innocence

and happiness, only to be dashed upon its merciless shores with her little Leon and perish in penitence, before she could receive the kiss of absolution from waiting lips.

“ Her grief and purpose were explained in a parting note to Mr. Ringold, begging him to assure her husband by letter, that she was not the guilty thing, that busy, and wicked tongues had named her in the free *conversations* of Paris.

“ Where his vicious spirit had been lulled all his life, we cannot understand, but his refusal to give this attestation, was the bitterest remembrance of his last hours.

“ Heaven spared her this knowledge, and was perhaps most merciful when the waves were fiercest, and the hungry waters swallowed her away from the uncharitable world, where her silky tresses of fibrous gold were the envy of less beautiful womanhood, never any more.

“ What dizzy heights of noble resolve her poor soul climbed in those desolate days upon the ocean, and to what deathly depths of regret she sank, none but the angels know, but we, her children, judge from our own hearts and believe, and afterward forgive by our own love for the unremembered.

“ I will not pain you, my brother, with more of the contents of this remorseful letter to Mr. Ringold's household, and our own, and if I have lightened the coloring of the story, it is because the veil of charity should be stretched for us all. I will re-write the clos

ing portion of the last words of a wretched, inactive life, which spent itself in luxurious sin, and in an insatiate pursuit of the vanities of France. Then the recoil came. Self-torture took the place of pleasure, and he was scourged, and not comforted by the presence of his son, so like his mother! Every beautiful characteristic of her's manifested itself through the tenderness and thoughtfulness of his every act and word.

“This is his testimony, and because of his penitence, we will forgive him :

“ ‘ My life is nothing but background now, and its sky impenetrable clouds, and very black. I can see it all from my last pillow, as I lie here with only suffering in this world, and no hope beyond. I have been granite to others, and now the Heavens are granite to me.

“ ‘ I was unmerciful to my wife, and she was an angel, and as pure as if she had always walked the golden streets in the white of everlasting purity. I was unmerciful to my boyhood's friend, and kept silence when a word would have spared him a lifetime of pain. The poor bird that fluttered under my touch, has flown to the upper world, through the breakers of a relentless sea, and I sent her to her doom, but she entered Heaven unsullied, except by the breath of a bad world, whose pestilent airs were fanned by one whose torture is immeasurable, and whose remorse cannot be articulated.

I cannot ask Christ to pity me, because I have shown no pity to others.

“O the wretched, wretched now! O the terrible, terrible, Hereafter! I have blasted hopes, and broken hearts!

“I have made my own children fatherless, and my wife a widow, but I ask no pardon, because I expect no forgiveness. The plenitude of pity is not for me, and the prayers of the sainted would be wasted upon so black a soul. I do not ask you to think kindly of me for you cannot, but if your thoughts do sometimes wander to my life, think of what it might have been, and blot the real picture forever from your memories. Farewell!

“That he suffered and died without hope is enough. We will accord him the forgiveness he would not ask. Though the very agony that withheld the petition, proves how his soul longed for the peace of pardon.

“You may show this to our father, if you should ever meet him in this life, but if your heart should prompt you to withhold it, there is no charge laid upon you. The miniature of our mother will be safe in your bosom. The Cairngorm cross is a family emblem, and I leave this one to prove our fraternity. I have another, which I always wear. Should the old home in Chattanooga be safe from harm, you will find

a mate to the little shoe among our father's treasures. He found it upon the shore where he wandered after the storm, supposing the surf had beat out two darling lives, whose loveliness only, was now remembered.

"I must find my father, and my other brother, or die. Suspense is killing me, now that I cannot stand by your side in the battle, or watch by your bed in the fate that I am certain will fall upon you, whose self-forgetfulness covers every act, in the field.

"You will care for Jetty, if you survive, for she has been faithful under her disguise, and acted the role of valet, with a marvelous dexterity. Let her assume her proper costume, and if possible restore her to our family. If they are——I cannot write the sickening word,—send her to Mrs. Berry, who for my sake, will teach her in better ways than I could have done.

"And now I come to a duty, from which my woman's heart recoils. It is not an easy thing to enter the holy of holies, even with a beloved brother, but believing these pages will not be read until my grave is made, and my voice cannot come back to offer consolation to the few who will grieve for me, I will say the words now, and leave your own lips to repeat them, if they will be a balm to my distant friends. You know, because you saw and felt it, how Colonel Berry loved your lost sister. He did not recognize Remy St. Remy in his "Boy in Blue," because I trained my voice and features to delude him, and yet the inexplicable soul-in-

fluences which we cannot control, touched him when we met, and though he thought I was only a reminder of his wandering friend, I knew it was the life of my life, wrapping his spirit in an unending enfolding. How I trembled in his presence, when his eyes laid their level penetrative gaze within my own! I feared the very silence would utter my name to him. And so we parted. Had I revealed myself, who would have been safe, that protected me? He will not, cannot love another woman, and you may tell him I wait and watch for him upon the everlasting hills. He will not grieve too much, for he has faith, and patience. He is opulent in the best attributes of magnificent manhood, and the world, and liberty has need of him, and of you. Love each other, and sometimes speak of Remy.

“Remember me as your sister, and your friend. Don’t forget me as the “Boy in Blue,” for when I can lay aside the memory of the old prejudices of apparel, I think of my lad’s life, with a painful pleasure.

“I am glad that I could serve my country, and you, though in even so slight and trivial a way.

“With the deepest love, and the sincerest prayer for all who love me, and for my country, that I love better than all, I am in death, as in life,

“Your devoted friend, and sister,

“REMY ST. REMY.”

“To Leon Trissilian St. Remy.

“Memphis, January, 1863.”

It is not strange that the fever settled deeper in the cheek of Colonel St. Remy when he knew how the treasure of love had been with him unrecognized, and then slipped away when he needed it most. How he trembled when he remembered the battle scene of Pittsburg Landing, and the terrible march to Corinth. The Boy in Blue had been his wonder then, but was his worship now.

He remembered all the tender and womanly ways that had made his suffering after Donnelson, not only tolerable, but almost a pleasure. He remembered her abiding faith in an unseen God, and the beautiful devotion which was delicate, but not shamefaced, in its outward expressions. He remembered the graceful bowed figure, and silent prayers, which always caused him to uncover his head, but never brought a word to his lips. A thousand memories made him clench his thin hands, because he did not interpret them before. Then he would stretch them forth wildly, as if he would grasp her in his arms, and then fall quivering, and helpless upon the white cover to his hospital bed. If his attendants thought him delirious, it was not strange, but he, alas! was too sane.

* * * * *

It was no easy thing to transfer a feeble man to Memphis, but it was the only hope, and with powerful stimulants, and careful attendants, he started to bridge the rough distance, between himself, and he knew not

what, only somewhere, that seemed like following the lost girl. The Fifteenth Army Corps had advanced toward Vicksburg, and the idle life, had he remained at Jackson, would have made a speedy grave for him.

Slowly the days went by, as he followed like a rear guard the grand attacking army. At last they were upon the shore of the Mississippi, and its murky waters looked beautiful to the desolate eyes of the suffering man. The transit up the river was made with comparative comfort, but the days of inactivity were scarcely less tolerable there, even with Jetty transformed into Dot, to watch for every asking look, and to talk of the dear old times, and the lost lady. The poor black girl only knew that it was her mistress' wish that she should lay aside her boy's attire, and be Dot again, and it was a desire only too gladly complied with. She knew that there was no longer a reason for silence, and one must become a negro to understand the delight of lingual freedom. Everything she said was interesting to her master, now, for it came like a revelation of the life from which he had been excluded. Episodes in the childhood of "Missy Remy," of which she would not have uttered a syllable had she not been sure the lady was dead, were related with absurd additions from her own fantastic imagination. If the listener separated the real from the fanciful, we do not know, for in after days he persisted in repeating the legends as they came to him

Every whim of Dot's was indulged, until she was very near being spoiled. From the day that the bandana was knotted about her head, and the gayest of colors swam over her rotund figure, her womanly delight in decoration was indulged to the border of extravagance.

She would wipe her eyes after a touching relation of old time scenes, and say :

“Massa Trissilian, I'se sufferin for side combs in my har. All spectable collud pussons wears em now. They is gold like, only they isn't spensive, an keeps a body's curls out of em eyes. Missy Remy allus got em for me, allus.”

It was not side combs that let the tears fall from her black lids, and lay like glittering globes upon her cheeks, but it was that curious mixture of the tragic, and comic, which makes up the sum of the African character.

Dot did mourn for her mistress, as her prayers, and weeping in the silence of the night could attest, but the bubbles of merriment which have lifted many a sinking heart in its bondage of cruelty, ran over in her nature, in countless quaint shapes, and colors.

Colonel Leon St. Remy's perfect physical organization, asserted a supremacy over disease, at last, and it was evident that he was mending. He knew that his country had need of him, but it was hard to turn back from seeking his sister, alive or dead, as soon as strength re-

turned. Many and many a fierce battle was fought with his own heart before he could trust her to God. His resignation was not offered to the War Department, though he would have suffered the horrors of martyrdom in the flesh, to have reconciled inclination, with a high sense of duty, and honor. This very struggle held him in his invalid's chair, and saved him for the happiness of which he only dreamed. Had health come sooner, who can say that his grave might not have been in the shadow of Vicksburg?

This year, another value was added to our country's birth day!

The Gibraltar of America—the Fortress of anarchy fell, and Vicksburg was ours!

The cannon's voice held another meaning, when it thundered it's good night to the patriots of the North, upon the evening of the 4th of July, 1863! There were tears of gladness for the triumph, and tears of fear for those who fought, and might have fallen, under the veil of twilight after that glorious anniversary!

Colonel Leon St. Remy exulted, because his own Fifteenth had been so brave, and wept rebellions tears, because his hand and voice had not helped the victorious. Forgive him, for the flesh was very weak!

The day he arrived at Memphis, he caused a letter to be written to Colonel Berry, relating the story of his illness, and his parentage, together with the loss of his sister. He appealed to him in the name of un-

broken friendship, to devise some means of restoring the child to her friends or procuring her beloved body, for christian burial. He was not weak enough to lay his sister's heart open to his friend, until he was certain it would not give him greater pain than pleasure. Suppose he could not procure release? Suppose there was no hint in his rich brain which could relieve him of this poverty of resource?

Whatever the reply, he knew there would be some hope in it, but the days were so hot, and long, and the solitude of a sick chamber so deep!

Waiting was the hardest portion of his trial, and to record the history faithfully, demands the fact, that he was not patient, nor saintly. He was simply a man, all restlessness and petulance, and that was all. The broken hopes of his young life were all he had left of a youth, never too full of happiness, but this he gave to his country, and so we can forgive impatience.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THEY MET.

“ Never a sigh so soft, and low,
That the angel, hearing, does not weep ;
Yet never a wail so full of woe,
As to stay the pendulum in its sweep.”

MURFREESBORO had gained in its heroic soldiery from the mountains in the East, and overflowed into Grant's army.

Nothing could have suited the St. Remys so well, except a victory of our arms. Remy had been proposing Aurora to go where the wounded Loyalists demanded womanly tenderness, and care, as there was little in their own garrison for their hands to do. Now the way was opened by the same overruling Hand that had led her in safe paths hitherto.

At Memphis once more, the glorious news reached them of the enemy's defeat, upon the river. It was the sixth of July, but they held jubilee in their hearts, as if it were the rightful day for rejoicing.

Proudly, Colonel Berny St. Remy marched his muscular soldiery through the city to Headquarters, while Mr. St. Remy, Mr. and Miss Farnam, Remy and Hokey sought the Allaires, with Hokey, to learn tidings of poor Dot, and Leon.

There is no artist to portray it, and no words to describe it, that meeting then and there between the red bandana who opened the door, and the demure gentleman of color who was caught clinging to the bell pull. A laugh, and a scream blended very closely, and loudly together, and four black arms just as closely interlocked, followed by kisses, brief prayers, and very inappropriate texts of Scripture, in the most rapid succession, quite regardless of the friends who understood, and the spectators who did not, made up the spectacle. To Remy, who could comprehend all the waiting, and the longing for this meeting, it was too pathetic for smiles; but to the outer circle who had gathered upon the pavement about the scene, it was ludicrous in the extreme. Colonel Trissilian heard the wild intermingling of Dot's best soprano, with the rise and fall of the notes of somebody's vocal trombone which was evidently keyed from the negro elements of sound. It seemed to his strained, and impatient ear, interminable. Fastened to his chair by the weakness that still lingered, the blood surged through his veins, roused by the possible which Dot's joy suggested, and then as if the spirit refused to linger under the veil of the flesh,

he saw her—his lost sister within a group of strange faces, and yet one of them, the tallest—he knew.

How his memory lifted his father's face from the past,—changed and older by near a score of years, and a hundred cycles of suffering, we cannot tell, but he saw and remembered it, while sitting in his chair within his closed chamber, that summer morning. Philosophy finds ways of reconciling strange phenomena, with the laws of Nature, and would prove the Colonel of unsound mind, and body, but he never felt so thoroughly a perfect being, as at this moment, and yet he was fixed as a statue in the *fauteuil* where Dot left him.

The pendulum moved on, and voices will weary, so the sounds died out at last, and other greetings to Dot, musical, and cheery, vibrated through the halls, and told the story of the wanderer's return, though with no surer proof than his spirit eyes had given him.

By and by, a footfall which he knew so well, by its firm soft tread, ascended the stairs with the bobbing style of Dot mingling in the echo, and a conference in an adjoining room ended in a tap,—a touch so characteristic, that the colonel replied :

“Come in, Remy,” and the girl's beautiful arms wound about his neck, and laid his silky curls, and white face upon her bosom, she, cooing a wordless greeting in his ears, so sweet that he almost believed he had died in his last night's sleep, and was with his sister in the Better Land.

She unfolded her arms and kissed his cheeks and brow, and then laid his head back upon the pillow supported by his chair, and stood apart and looked into his eyes, with her own long lashes dripping with heavy tears.

“So pale and thin, and suffering, and I not here to care for you! And yet I am glad to find you even thus! You must be well now, for we are altogether, and that will make us strong. All together!” and she sank upon her knees, and laid her head upon the quivering hands of her brother and sent silent thanksgiving to the listener of prayer, and praise.

She rose calm, and beautiful, with the tears undried, but smiles shone through like sunshine between the drops of summer rain, and she said:

“The little shoe, Leon. Our father believes your baby bones are bleached with the wasted sea shells. I must disclose your existence carefully, for he has borne rough shocks since he and you parted over the ocean. We must be tender of him.”

She took his keys, and in possessing herself of the little crisp shoe, and the Cairngorm cross, she entered herself as mistress of his entire worldly treasure.

“Be patient, Leon, and be calm till I return,” and the door swung to its place with that lady-like habit, which leaves out the clang, for which he always steadied his nerves when Dot touched the knob. Everything

made him feel her presence, and her voice filled the silence after she had gone. It lingered as a childhood melody lingers in the thoughts, but never shapes itself in articulate music. Not many minutes passed, when the tall sad man, with the remembered face, entered the invalid's room, with his brown cheeks pallid with emotion, and his eager eyes burning with the hunger of the heart, which longs to feast upon the presence of the beloved.

“My boy, my little child! Thank God, thank God! How I have wept for a touch of your sunny curls, and a stroke from your baby hand! How often I have heard your voice in the rush of the water, calling to me for help! It was through the torn fibres of my broken heart that the sound must have come, and not from your lips, for I am alive to hear them. Speak to me—call to me!”

“Father!”

“So sweet! I see your mother's smile upon your lips and she loves me through them, and forgives me for the hard things I uttered in my anger. God pardon us both! These days are terrible but an inexpressible gladness has been born of them, to Robert St. Remy.”

And so the father became as a little child in his gladness, but the son, Leon Trissilian, had only great happiness but no words with which to manifest it. His New England childhood had left him untaught in the uttered

language of the deeper emotions of his nature. But his eyes—his magnificent, eloquent eyes, told all the story of his newly found delight.

Perhaps the surgeon would have protested against such a flood of feeling in one brief morning, but pleasure so pure holds no depletion, and gladness is not the attendant of death.

Leaning upon his father's arm, he paced his room for the first time since his entrance into conquered Jackson.

He felt as if but another such day of transformation, and he would be able to make the second attack, and a second capture of the city which had gone back for a time, only a little time, to Rebellom.

The Farnams enjoyed the meeting of their friends, but could not, even with their loving self-forgetfulness, put away the thought, that for their broken circle, there was no reunion, that between themselves and their absent ones there was a gulf as wide as life, and deeper than death. If they thought of any measurement of the separation, it was suggested by Dives, and Lazarus.

It was not like Aurora Farnam to permit the clouds that blackened her own life, to obscure the sunshine in the path of another, and so she covered her face with smiles, and filled her voice with jubilant sound, and its tones caressed the ear like a lullaby, all that summer morning.

Remy St. Remy was too much of a woman not to hear the falsetto. but she said nothing, only now and

then, suddenly breaking away from the heart of the sentence she was chirruping, she would kiss Aurora for a pause, and then go on, with her eyelids drooping.

How she sat demurely at the feet of her brother, or petted his pillow, in those succeeding days, contrasted strangely with her target shooting with Colonel Birges at Donnelson, or the sword practice of Pittsburg landing.

"Leon, why don't you play Catechist now? I wont threaten to leave, nor fly into a passion at your impertinence. I'm so tame in organdie, I think I could be captured without a flank movement, provided the attacking party was——well——Leon,"

"Well?"

"You know that package Dot was to give you after——after——when I didn't come back?"

"Jetty you mean."

"Yes, Jetty. You know I was somebody else then. The closing portion of the manuscript is contraband information, and I hereby issue a special war order that it be suppressed."

Her cheeks were aflame, and her little fingers crimping the frills upon her pretty white dress.

"I don't see the necessity of your last command. There has been little else, save military authority, since you took possession. Eating, drinking, silence, sleep, and all the 'inalienable rights of man' have been under tyrannical rule, even the command issued that I should

recover, has been complied with. Don't go too far, or there may be insubordination."

Remy continued crimping, and she didn't laugh as he intended she should. People don't like to say funny things without the compensation of a smile. You don't, and I don't, and nobody does.

"You know, Leon," she added after a little, "the fall of Vicksburg has opened the Mississippi, and—and——"

"Yes, I know. You mean to say that General Banks may be ordered to make a change of base, and——"

"Yes, and somebody in that department who outranks you in every particular, may—that is, I suppose,——somebody wouldn't have anybody for a rival now, not even the Boy in Blue. You know Colonel Berry's affections have been under your own *surveillance* and not mine. I guage my opinions by your own, and as I yesterday burned the letter you read upon the hospital cot, introducing your sister, I have only to get your soldier's word, that you will not repeat the closing remarks."

"You are a little thief. I'll call you Jenny Wren, henceforth."

"But you will promise."

"Peradventure——"

"Dot shall bang the door,—prepare your soup—punch your pillows, tease you for bandanas, and be your sole companion till there is no peradventure, but

a positive promise is given me, as strong as a soldier and a christian white-man can make.

“An oath registered under such fear is not binding upon the conscience, Jenny Wren.”

“Good morning, and good bye.”

The mist of muslin drifted toward the door, and the Tennessee eyes looked wicked, but she had not touched the knob when she was recalled.

“Remy.”

“What, Leon.”

“Do you think I could reveal the beautiful delicacy of my darling sister’s thoughts and emotions?”

“No, Leon, but you are so fond of Colonel Berry, and felt so deeply the—you know what I mean, brother, that I feared your tenderness for him might lead you to forget me. I don’t believe I should be so selfish about anything else. Please promise me,” and the pleading eyes conquered, for the promise was not long withheld.

“I don’t believe you are the same friend that saved my life once by an onslaught that would have made you a Brigadier, if military justice was ever meted out. You know there is a Scotch superstition about one’s double, and we own a quarter of the best blood of a noble clan. If you are not double lived, then there is no foundation for the faith.”

“We are the merest strangers to ourselves. Cir-

cumstance makes us acquainted with our individualities. I don't wish to retain the acquaintance I made with the Boy in Blue during the dreary midnight rides in Virginia, and the weary marches in the west. Bah! he has the smell of powder, and the dabble of blood! Try to forget him. I do."

"Not for any memory of my life, would I drop the recollection of the grandeur of your soldier days. Not but that I love you most in that petite chair, and in your womanly ways, but I reverence your self-abnegation, and wonderful self-poise of character. You were a Joan of Arc in disguise—a Grace Darling in spurs—a Lady Godiva in——"

"My curls were very short, brother, and I couldn't ride in Coventry, besides, I am Jenny Wren. Kiss me, and go to sleep. Good by, and try to keep some of your admiration for a young lady in Rebel-dom who is my style, only very beautiful. Her name is Belle Stuart. Now dream of her, for two hours, or no dinner."

Colonel Leon Trissilian did not long for recovery, as some valiant veterans might. Perhaps it was not quite manly, and if it was not, he had been defrauded of his rightful childhood, and had a claim upon his family for an accumulated amount of petting. Many days passed before a second interview with his father, and his brother was still in ignorance of his existence,

so occupied was he with his command, and so devoted to his men.

Like a meeting between two Romans, was their first one when it came,—a grasp of the hand—a long look to learn each others' faces—unbroken silence, a loosening of the palms, a heavy choking in the throat, a heaving of broad bosoms, which the will conquered after a tug, and that was all.

“When does your command move?” was the question from the New England bred officer, who subdued his quivering lips first, by virtue of his Northern right to self-control.

“I am not under orders yet. The fall of Port Hudson will be likely to cause a cessation of any great activity just now. If we move, we shall probably occupy Vicksburg. Our men are fresh from the fields, and have no powder smoke upon them yet, but their bravery is equal to that of the Light Brigade which fell before the Muscovites, in the Crimea. Every man is willing to leave his bones in the hungry graves of the Lagunes, or bleach them upon the bare East Mountains, if triumph but crowns the conflict.”

And then Leon flushed, and grew eloquent over the daring of his own men, and then the two soldiers measured the prowess of their separate commands, with the pride of the old-time Chieftains of the Northmen, but they watched each other's faces, and kept upon

the margin of the new relation—not touching the tender pride of equals in rank.

Not a word of the past in either life was spoken then, for neither heart was ready yet, but both poured forth their thoughts, and their hoarded admiration for each other, into Remy's ear, and she dealt it out in delicate morsels in their days of separation.

Mankind is so strange in its manner to mankind! Even Robert St. Remy remembered his first interview with his recovered son, with a flush and a tingle upon his cheek, as if he had been too womanly. The gushing is for woman only, and man believes it ungenerous or undignified to partake of the luxury. They receive it, however, from the feminine element, with an apparent pleasure, which if not real, is exceedingly well played.

The Allaires' names were never spoken, and if Leon remembered them, the annoyance was soothed, or cured by his sister. He had seen Aurora Farnam but a few times, because she had adopted the Sisters of Mercy garb, and entered upon her new and busy life, and Remy was only waiting for the recovery of her brother to follow her. Leon did not find the glory he expected, in Aurora's dull-face, and introverted eyes. Then her golden gleams of hair were hidden under the muslin cap of the nurse, and her tropical love of adornment, which was so charming once, was all gone now, and it took not a little from her unusual characteristics. He

saw nothing but a colorless girl, tall, willowy, and graceful, but untouched by beauty. She might have been an automaton, and interested him more. Why should she glow, and be radiant, where life had no sunshine, and only the pitiful and sympathetic of her nature survived in the darkness? That she was an angel in a palmer's gown and guise, the least observant eye could see, but there were no earthy elements of beauty visible to Trissilian.

The last of the summer had gone, and Autumn had spent a month weaving arabesques of russet and gold, and amber, dabbled with Tyrian, when the victor of the West returned from his triumphal passage to, and from New Orleans.

He had been detained by an accident, and leaned heavily upon his staff, but he had not, for an hour, laid aside his official duties at the bidding of a wrenched limb, for he brought a campaign fully planned in his wonderful brain, and ready for execution. Remy St. Remy's eyes indicated a mysterious expectancy, the day of the General's arrival, but she said nothing. She knew that an appealing letter went to Colonel Berry weeks before, and she thought, now that the way was open, perhaps—perhaps—she did not fix the perhaps in sound, but Dot's best soprano did, when she opened the vestibule door to a tall bronzed officer, with silver grey hair, and an eager handsome face, asking for Colonel Trissilian. He had a perfect right to suppose

he had unwittingly entered a private lunatic asylum from the manner of the girl, and though he did not shrink before Port Hudson, an involuntary indication of retreat made Dot's ideas of capture shape themselves into a close grasp upon his two arms while she continued her shrill upper notes to the astonishment of Hokey, who came quietly, and, with a strategy wholly his own, released the officer, and with numberless twitches at his braided temple locks, begged to know who the "gentleum" would see.

"Why its missus, and me, to be sure, Hokey."

Cleopatra's ghostess manifested itself in this reply, but the officer did not corroborate her assertion.

"I would like to see Colonel Trissilian, whose address I procured at Headquarters, and I may have mistaken his residence."

"There isn't any Colonel Trissilian any more," pulling vigorously still at the braid of knotty hair, "because, sah,—he's——"

"Dead! When did it happen?" asked the husky voice.

"No, sah, not any, but ye see, he is'nt at home, but the missus is, and she'll tell you, sah."

Now he was certain of the Asylum, and started upon the retreat movement again, when Hokey said:

"Missus St. Remy will see you, sah, and tell you all about it."

The name was like a minie ball, and he showed

signs of a wound in some vital part, but rallied and said:

“Where?”

Hokey bowed him into the drawing-room where Remy sat, not capriciously enjoying the ludicrous conversation, but immoveable, with her right hand holding the busy little indicator under her bodice from occupying her white throat, and preventing articulation.

A picture of a girl in misty white, with a girdle of emerald green velvet, and a pale rose fastened to its lacings, stood in the full light of the open windows.

She had dressed especially for somebody. For Leon, perhaps, because he was soon to leave her for the field. For Abernethy it may be, who seldom brought his eagle eyes, and corrugated brows, into the peaceful home where his sister was once more safe. He was too busy preparing for the deadly struggle. She would scarcely have permitted herself to remember that Colonel Berry loved to see her in green and white. She only knew it happened to be those colors. If she had been all soldier, once, she was certainly all woman now. Happiness is such a magical transformer!

Then she was friendless, homeless and pursued. Now she is a bird, a blossom, and a joy. Once she was exacting to herself, and permitted her rich æsthetic nature no liberty, but now she luxuriated in womanly ways, and stood an embodiment of Colonel Berry's dreams of human perfection. Not so steady was his

approach to her, as many an advance he had made upon a rifle pit, when he had dismounted, and led his brave fellows to the charge.

“I have nothing more to ask of life, because you are here. My hair has blanched, and my heart shrunken with the horror of your loss. Thank God for this last best Providence.”

He held her left hand. The other was still keeping guard over the green velvet bodice. At length she answered an amen, and the spell of silence was broken.

The self-reproach which he felt at not recognising the Boy in Blue, under the mysterious attraction of his presence—the vacuum in the tent when he was gone, had often been matters of marvel, and speculation in the after time, and why the truth had not overleaped all these vague thoughts, was not explained, nor ever would be. The border lands of soul perception, have been often wandered over, but they are strange shores to us yet.

The day went by—and the sun fell into its bed behind the purple hangings of the west, and the story was but half told. Not but Remy would have gladly omitted everything except the meager outlines, but the soldier was unsatisfied if a day was left unaccounted for. How he rejoiced in Colonel Trissilian's newly found happiness, and longed for the “boy's” return! Leon would always be a boy to him.

Then the pale scholarly man who was his boyhood's

friend, and correspondent, was a soldier too, and of his own rank! Three of them—and all Colonels! Remy laughed, and said she did not like the multitude, and preferred Captain Robert, her father. Then there was another, a boy with chevrons upon his arm, called Sargeant Stuart, she thought she liked him better than a colonel, for colonels were so common among her friends. O she was merrier, and more charming than he had ever seen her before. How the week rushed by them all in this glad reunion, only those who have drifted apart upon the waves of fate—each tide bearing, death upon its crested surf, and then been safely beached, can feel! No one can articulate it. How many times Dot was turned about, to find a remembrance upon which to fix the memory of Jetty; were left uncounted. Certainly, he had no recollection of such a quality of voice as greeted him the morning of his coming, and he did not express a desire for its repetition.

Hokey, who had become legal reprover, and protector of the screamer, gave her very grave advice, which she bore with marvellous patience, but expressed no resolutions of vocal control.

“’Pears like screechin ain’t good for white folks’ ears, but it felt monstrous good in mine, that are mornin, when we cum here,” Hokey said, with a pat on Jetty’s head, that sweetened the reproof.

October was inaugurated, and Colonel Leon Trissilian

who kept his old name, for convenience sake, was to rejoin his regiment the next week. General Sherman was in Memphis at this time, with his Fifteenth Army Corps, and though bleached, and delicate, Leon Trissilian was not the man to be left behind, when they faced Chattanooga. He longed to look upon the place of his birth, but longed more intensely still, to see it in the hands of Union men. This entire corps, except General Tuttle's Division, was to move upon the 10th of October, to relieve our beleaguered army, closed in by Rebels, and mountains after the defeat at Chickamauga, where they were wretchedly fed upon half rations, with but a portion of this in prospect, if relief did not reach them soon. No medical remonstrance, no sisterly protest, availed now, and Leon reported himself, and waited orders. In the consolidation of portions of regiments, Colonel Abernethy St. Remy was permitted to deal his first blow for his own fireside, and see his first battle at Chattanooga. A father, and two sons striking boldly together for Freedom, whence two had crawled under the darkness of mortal terror, was pride enough for one long lifetime.

The Allaire residence, which was soon to be occupied by other servants of Loyalty, wore the aspect of transition. Bustle and hurry, though there was little to remove, filled the last day. Leon had never said as much, but Remy knew a leave-taking would have its pleasures, as well as its pain to him. Here, his first

dream grew into delight, and faded into stony indifference. Here, his first real nature had expanded, and his heart, and soul was larger, and grander, than before. It was only a coincidence that he should have been brought to this shelter in his helplessness, and whatever of bitterness might have swept over his life there but for his more absorbing sorrow for his wandering sister, we cannot tell. The shadows that did darken him, momentarily, he put by, and said nothing.

Colonel Berry could not find the ebon that he lost from his hair, but one week had brought back youth from out the past, and lightened his eyes, and smoothed his face. Robert St. Remy had called him son, with a quiver in his voice, and a tender look in his deep eyes, but Remy said :

“Not yet, not yet. My place is with the fallen. I have had so much gladness, that I can keep enough in my heart for the days that might have been desolate. I join Aurora Farnam at Vicksburg immediately. My income will help smooth the rough paths, by which so many of our soldiers go down to death. You know Mr. Farnam is with her. He had heavy investments, at Louisville, and now that he has taken the oath of Loyalty through such tribulation, he is in a position to do immense service to the suffering, and he is only too glad to assist his country in this way. We shall work together. Don't look so dreary. You will love me

better, sometime, for refusing safety, and idleness, while you are in the field. I believe you do now."

He only kissed her forehead, and she slid away from his grasp, and returned an hour later in a pretty muslin cap and grey dress, round cape, and white apron, with a demure look, that would have seemed saintly, but for the twinkle under the long, drooping black lashes.

"Do you think the Boy in Blue was ever in love with Remy St. Remy? A little advice, and a suggestion about the youth of your rival, might be appropriate, Colonel Berry."

"You are a wicked girl, to remind me of those days of stupidity. Don't consider me lacking in gallantry, because I believe I could love a woman with a touch of human nature, better than I could a saint."

And so with a heart as heavy as a stone, she twittered the hours away, and separated from each, with a cheery word of parting, and a hope of reunion, which came to her friends like a prophesy. She would not permit Colonel Remy to accompany her to Vicksburg, knowing how precious to his mother, would be each hour of his brief furlough, and had she not enjoyed ten days of perfect happiness?

No remonstrance availed. She was as firm as the Boy in Blue, and turned away with a stubborn compression upon her beautiful lips, but the colonel knew that tenderness and love nestled in her heart, like fully

fledged swallows waiting for the twilight of sadness in somebody's life, when they would plume their wings and brood down with peace, pity, and immeasurable joy. She was brooding happiness, for future years, and it will come when the cry of battle has ceased, and the flag of our Union flutters from every hamlet in the land.

Hokey and Dot, or Mrs. Dot Hokey as she calls herself, faced Vicksburg with Remy, and they entered upon their new duties at the same time that General Sherman carried hope, and new life, to the troops hemmed in the mountains.

Remy's pilgrimage to the Hospitals, is it not recorded in many a man's heart, and carried by many another whose earthly tent is struck, to the higher records, where there is no suffering? Her career is not yet ended—indeed it is but just began. God bless her! How she will mask herself lest this record be placed by her labors, and she be recognised! Many are the angels born of this struggle, and parallels are not hidden from the eye that watches for the noble deeds of to-day.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT CHATTANOOGA AGAIN.

“One solid thrust to plant the staff---
‘There! let the Eagle soar!’
He cried, and reeling, clasped his breast.
He fell---and breathed no more!”

How their bayonets glistened in the autumn sun, as the Union troops approached the circumvallating ramparts which Nature had reared in the stillness of the early days, and upon whose bastions were now planted the fiercest artillery of the South?

Every angle, and re-entering angle, was mounted by the swarming rebels, and from the bold point of Orchard Knob bellowed forth a challenge which was accepted by the heart of every man who fronted that bold bluff, and with steady steps, and dignified eagerness, they rolled on like a great glistening wave toward the base of the mountain. The heavy fall of shot and shell, now and then parted their ranks as a meteor would divide a billow, and then they closed again.

Little heeded they, then, if from the ranks below, to the ranks above, they were summoned on that grand march, if they were sure that from the crown of the hills,

our stars glittered, while their dead eyes were turned to it, from the valley.

They knew that their general watched them from the ramparts of Fort Wood, and they were glad to prove their courage to their beloved leader, and their patriotism to their country. How the heroes dropped that day, like leaves from ripened trees, and how unflinchingly their brothers swept past them, forgetting to be human in that terrible march, cannot be written, but the night dews mingled with the drops of baptismal blood that fell from brave hearts upon the brow of Orchard Knob that twilight, and above it all—the dead and dying, the vanquished and the victors, the seething passions, and the passionless dead, floated the heavenly blue and glorious red of our unconquerable emblem—and the stars were all there!

Only one of the many hills was ours!

The dawn of the 24th of November was grey and threatening, and the tone of the sky lay over the features of Sherman's men. Not that they doubted the issue of the conflict; for the color, and fixedness of their features was like iron, cold, inflexible, and enduring. The dead of the day before, with which Orchard Knob was purchased, they did not deem too high a price nor their own lives too great a sacrifice, but there were remembered wrongs yet unavenged.

When at noon, the rain came dripping over their

blue, they carefully shielded their rifles, but thought not of themselves. There was a crescent of three hills to mount, and steadily, with eyes turned upward, the soldiery pressed on, with little to hinder their advance, till the waning day brought them under the brow of Fort Buckner. Tunnel Hill held this still incomplete structure, but busy hands were strengthening its rims of defence, and though the Federals had climbed all that declining day, the enemy were higher still, and could toss death down into their bosoms.

General Hooker gazed at the bold grey face of Look-out Mountain, but only shrugged his broad shoulders, and, with a wicked smile, ordered his column into the forest south of Wanchatchia, and wound about it like a serpent lifting its head crested with spears, upon the rear of the unsuspecting enemy.

From Moccasin Point to Mission Ridge—the interchange of hostile sentiments was kept up, until the whole circle of hills was hid in a dense mantle of smoke.

Like bees swarming behind the jutting rocks, the rebels hid themselves while they fought about Moccasin Point, while the serpent formed by General Hooker's incantations enfolded them, group by group, in its huge coils, and bore them into the careful keeping of the Federal guards.

All day the battle raged, and smoke, and daylight,

smothered the flash of artillery, but the twilight tore away the tapestried curtain and revealed the red eyes of the iron contestants.

Leaping tongues of fire from the musketry, revealed the outlines of the massed forces—intermingled with volcanic flames from the giant mouths of the huge field pieces.

Perfect darkness covered the retreat of the enemy toward Mission Mills.

From the valley below, watchers saw the camp fires spring up, farther, and farther over the enemies' lines, until before the dawn hid their blaze, they covered the whole forehead of the mountain, and the Rebels were gone.

The night knew no rest for the intrepid Hooker, and the day no end of endeavor. He followed the enemy down Mission Ridge without the aid of the waiting divisions, and took his place close to Fort Breckenridge.

Mission Ridge bristled with fierce bayonets, but brave Union boys had planted their colors about the crest with a determination to let them stand, or advance.

How the time had sped with the St. Remys has not been told. While Hooker was winning laurels, Sherman was not idle. The morning was just drifting into the deeper gloom of a cloudy noon day below, when he made a feint upon his right, and drew the enemies,

fire that he might gauge their strength, and when fully conscious, he was silent, and waited.

Vibrating between triumph and death, not surrender—the hours of mid-day waned slowly. Bravely the corps in which the St. Remys led, and fought with their fellows, crept up the mountain, and neither the musketry nor the huge bowlders which the Rebels rolled through our rank and file from the heights above, intimidated these men, who were fighting for their own hearthstones.

Regiment after regiment, joined these climbers for Victory, and the whole mountain grew into a quivering mass of flame.

Once only our heroes flinched, broke, and faced the valley, flying from the enfilading fire, downward, downward to safety and disgrace!

While wild and maddened by defeat, an officer sprang into their midst, and seizing the standard of a regiment, planted it, and waving his sabre upward, every man turned as if the heroism of their leader's soul magnetized their own, and in a fixed column again, they mounted the steep sides of Mission Ridge. Canister, from double shotted guns, did not break their ranks until they stood within the Rebel battery, but oh, for those who loved this beautiful world, and oh, for the praying, and waiting ones at home, the triumph was not here! Enfuriated men outnumbered our brave

patriots, and but a small portion of them faced, and fired, as they pushed down toward the valley again.

Many a strong arm bore down a wounded comrade tenderly, to let him die with his brothers, but Robert St. Remy was not lifted from where he fell!

One strong sob burst above him, and tears, just two great, bitter, burning ones, sparkled upon his forehead before a garment covered his dead eyes, and the parting between father and son was passed, for this world.

The days of their love had been brief but beautiful, and even Abernethy was willing that the last moment, should have been his brother's, because the record of a lovely life was laid away in his own memory, unshared by Leon St. Remy.

How those rocky points had glimmered, and glowed from dun to crimson, and from gold to russet up above his happy, boyish head, but now those gothic pinnacles would forever drip with purple drops!

The great crescent of hills would forever bear a ghostly semblance to the face of the good man, who had fallen to sleep upon its tips!

Mission Ridge seemed like a dim cathedral where strange souls, just wandering upon the shores of the unknown, were gathering for ghostly worship, and the deep rift below, a valley where Death was calling the roll of honor!

Those who floated mid-heaven that night, and those who waited, and struggled still, are alike immortal!

Neither brother, got leave of their hearts to weep then, and there, save the tears that did not hinder, for the battle palpitated still, like a monster to whom entire death is impossible. Limbs had been severed, but he was struggling still.

The lines wavered—Victory went out a little upon the tide of disaster, and then came back again, and Liberty spread her wings at last over that circle of hills dripping and slippery, and ghostly with white, silent faces, and unclosed sightless eyes, and fanned the fevered air into the purity of peace.

The rain cooled waiting lips, and then left the stars to beckon the sufferers home.

Hooker had fought all day above the clouds, with not a mist between himself and the clear blue November sky above—and only when the night was fully upon them, did the divisions below, know how gloriously brave had been their comrades in the air. Chattanooga was ours. How the three columns followed the enemy, and hung like devouring tigers upon the fringe of their rent mantle, is recorded in the history of this closely contested battle for human freedom.

* * * * *

Berny St. Remy lay in his own home a few weeks later, with one limb severed, but the old grand look was in his face—and triumph lit his brown eyes, as if he had bought liberty for his own, very cheaply.

The dear face upon Mission Ridge, had been hidden

by strange hands in the bosom of the earth, but he knew it had been done reverently by brother soldiers' hands, and he endured no sorrow—only a tender regret, it may be—because the clay did not rest upon their own pretty lawn. Why should he? That which had made the hand-grasp true, and the face loveable, was above the peaks of Mission Mountain, perhaps,—or, it may be, was silently inspiring his children to brave the present and hope for the future. Who can tell?

The uplifted spirit may be truer in its care of us, because stronger in its free life than our fettered selves, because from its backward look, it learns how much sorrow the flesh brings to us. The dead have no voices, and yet we sometimes call to them in our distress, and are comforted, by silence. We reach out feeble hands and are strengthened, and yet know not what touches our palms. The angels have encampments by our own, and surely some holy presence breathed into the souls transfigured upon those bloody hills, for the faces of the dead were like those of little children, and smiles were turned to the skies, as if the last look was into the face of a friend.

CHAPTER XX.

ANGELS OF MERCY.

“How much is wasted, wrecked, forgot,
On this side heaven.”

THESE pages are only a catagraph after all. Who could complete a picture that would tell you how human sympathy made the dark valleys less lonely, and set a love-lit lamp upon the bluffs of time, that pierced the shadows of the future? How the prayers of saintly women went as a convoy to bewildered souls, and lessened their solitariness by spiritual companionship, shall we not know, and understand, when we too, have waded breast deep, in the river that has no hither voyagers?

Aurora Farnam and Remy St. Remy are but two of the many who in these sad years, remember how womanhood is travestied by *dilettanteism* and falsehood, and make complete their own right to this title, “God’s last, best gift.” In the solitudes of sorrow, upon the wastes of pain in a dearth of friendliness, these two women seem disrobed of the flesh, and their hopeful

words, and soothing touches, and above all, the tearful pity that never voices itself in articulate language, went where the spirit drifts, when the wasted body no longer holds its treasure.

O the many, many angels who are yet captives upon the earth, and joy in their imprisonment, because their hands, and voices, are filled with merciful healing!

The circumference of such holy lives, who can bound? When will the touches of their spirit loveliness fade from the memories whereon they have pictured themselves in the dimness of dreary chambers? Not in this life, and not in the Beulah of the next—that soldier's Rest after the last Battle!

Miss Farnam seemed to take the unhappiness of others for the most part, as something that care and skill could cure, or death release. Though she did not speak of her own, there was that in her face at times, that told of internal wounds, bleeding, and aching always, but forcing no moan. Like a loving angel she walked her ward helping some to unloose their hold upon earth, and piloting them into the peaceful haven of perfect faith, and giving some, courage to face life, shorn of strength, and helpless, because of lopped limbs, and sinews in bondage, and leading some back to youth and hope. We cannot give to others, and be utterly impoverished ourselves, and perhaps there was courage bestowed upon her in turn, for all that she gave. Remy was no less an embodiment

of beautiful, helpful womanhood, and her returned happiness spread its cheeriness through the long line of stricken soldiery, who peopled her ward.

The surgeons blessed her for the sunshine she gave their patients, and the twilights she filled with music that throbbed "sweet home" into their leaden nightfalls, and bridged the desolate distance between their narrow pallets, and the pillowed beds of their boyhood, so perfectly, that they were rested in the sweet fancy her low melodies wrought.

Drugs were not so bitter, nor bandages so painful that her hand touched. It was easier to bear the probe among the splintered bones, with her eyes pitying, and uttering hope.

Aurora, and herself, spent their resting hours together under the care of faithful Dot, who had consented through lamentations to permit Hokey to join the Union army, and work out the freedom for his people that had come to himself through the christianity of his dear old master.

Many were the tearful experiences related in those weeks, and one evening while in their little barren room, which self-denial made beautiful, the surgeon in charge of their hospital, paid them his first visit, and made an abrupt demand which hospital nurses so well understand. Courtesy lies under the brief sentences, but there is no time for its expression, nor is there any need :

“Miss Farnam, there is a new inmate in the Hospital, who was captured with the city, and he is in a critical condition—with but one hope, and that not a brilliant one. He is not an original Unionist, but took the oath of allegiance eagerly. I do not mention this last, supposing it would matter with a christian woman, but the fact slipped my tongue. He is a magnificent man, just upon the verge of perpetual blindness. The case is so delicate I dare not trust it to an uneducated nurse, no matter how kind, and attentive she may be. He is worth saving, because he is so repentant. I will procure another attendant in your ward, and you can visit it now and then. This man needs something more than medicine, and surgical attendance. A reader, and some one to speak to, or he will go mad.”

“I believe you did not consult my wishes. Your foregone conclusion would amuse me, if anything could, Doctor.”

“Beg your pardon. I know you are not subject to orders, only as they seem to come from the lips of Duty. Visit this man with me, and look into his sightless face, and you will require no urging. You will see your pathway of duty.”

Miss Farnam had two poor fellows under her care, who would receive their discharge from earthly service, very shortly, and her heart told her she would be missed there, but she followed the surgeon passively—asking nothing and caring for nothing, save to stand in

just the place the Father called her to occupy. In one of the distant rooms of the hospital—a home once—the surgeon tapped lightly at a door, and entered unanswered.

If the silence had been broken by the voice of the patient, who can tell if Aurora would ever have crossed its threshold?

It was in the gray of the waning daylight, and the occupant of the room sat by the window, as if he were waiting for a glimpse of that which had been so long gone.

“Good evening, Colonel,” said the cheery voice of the surgeon.

“Don’t give me that detested title, if you respect me, Doctor. It has been my ruin, and now its repetition is a perpetual reminder of what might have been,—what might have been—and is not, nor ever can be in this world.”

Some women would have cried out, hearing a voice once so dear,—so lost! Some would have fainted, and sank away just a little time, as if resting from the first great pain, but Aurora Farnam did neither, and if the blood receded from her face, it was too white always, and the dusk too tender to reveal it now. She only lifted her finger in token of silence to the surgeon, and his receptive brain took in something of the truth, and so he only made a professional call, and left his patient as usual with Aurora’s foot-falls blended in his own,

so that Hobart Ringold did not know that the best, and most beautiful thing in life, to him, had "been so near, and yet so far."

Eagerly she clutched the Doctor's arm, and facing him in the vestibule, she unveiled her woman's heart to him, forgetting that he was almost a stranger.

The fire had smouldered so long !

"I loved Hobart Ringold, and promised to be his wife. He turned from his country, and I turned from him. I cursed him with such words as a heart-broken woman pours out upon the man who has darkened her life. I told him he should never see my face again, but oh this is worse than death, and I did not curse him with this, tell me, Doctor, that I did not bring this to him."

The surgeon's jutting brow sheltered big tears, as he looked in the girl's dry fierce eyes, and said :

"No, no, child. A burn, or a shock from an explosion, wrought this blindness, and you may—I only say *may* bring back his sight. Cures have come by care. Will you let me tell him?"

"O no, no. He may hate me for the evil of my words, when we parted. I'll watch over him, and tell him, too, if—if—my heart directs my lips in such a way. Say to him he is to have a nurse from Memphis, and her name is—is—Hope—Miss Hope, that is enough, and I will save him, Doctor, if a woman's watchfulness, and a woman's prayers, can."

The surgeon went back to Hobart Ringold, and only peeped in, and said :

“I omitted to tell you, I have procured a careful, ladylike person to direct your attendant, and prepare your food with reference to the medicines you take from day to day. She will read to you, and her voice is very pleasant. I hope she will save your eyes, if not—why she will make it easier to bear. Good night.”

Hobart liked the signification of the name, and that was all the interest he took in his new nurse. His last one was abrupt, even brusque, but very kind. Then the books that fed his heart and brain were Greek to her, and her reading very disagreeable. He might have been, for a moment, pleased by the remark about Miss Hope's voice, but there was little to gladden him in anything that happened now. It was an especial attention that he had a room by himself, because he had no longer any money with which to procure even his common requirements. Sometimes he fancied his expenses were met by the generous hand of the surgeon, but such kindness was so unlike his ideal Yankee character that he was slow to admit it. However, he could see some things with more distinctness in his blindness, than ever before. His humiliation was never alluded to by the Union officers, and he was met with the free courtesy of an equal, always. How much this delicacy added to the bitterness of his penitence,

can only be guessed by the nervous tread of his restless feet, and the lines about his expressive mouth, after an interview with a northern visitor.

He was casting off the accumulation of self-reproach which the surgeon's thoughtfulness always brought, when a tap—soft, and yet firm, told him an unusual hand was upon the door, and the character of its owner, too, with just the accuracy that a look into her face would have given him. With a careful politeness that he had rendered no other visitor, he groped for the door, and said: "I was expecting you, Miss Hope. Will you find yourself a seat?"

She was glad to obey him, so thrilled was she by those wonderful tones, and so pained by the thin face—ghastly at noon-tide,—but unearthly in the glimmer of the little nurse lamp, with its side shade. How she marshaled her mental, and physical forces sufficiently to ask for his diet orders, and say she hoped to help him past the shadows, only a woman who has fettered her emotions, can ever tell. That he did not remember her voice, was no marvel, for her own mother would not have turned to her with a thought of recollection, it was so deep, and tremulous. Besides, Mr. Ringold had not been sightless long enough for his other senses to have rallied, and taken the perceptive uses of his eyes upon themselves.

His attendant touched the slip of directions inter-

lining the blank formula, and Miss Hope left the apartment.

“She has lost her all in this struggle, and is purchasing peace for her troubled spirit, by consoling others. Poor empty heart! The voice sounded so sad, so sad! Perhaps we can comfort each other.”

This, Ringold said aloud, with the habit of sightless people, and Aurora, who was steadying her shivering nerves by a grasp upon the casing of the door, heard his utterance of sympathy, and in that moment forgave him all! How, being a woman, could she help it? Then she felt safe from recognition, and that took away one of the terrors of her position.

How delicately the broth was flavored! What a dainty brown the toast took on, under her eyes! How fragrant the tea announced itself to be, when she entered the patient's room. Silently she placed it upon the little table, and, with a motion to the man in waiting, left the room. She fancied it would be hard for Ringold to have a stranger witness to his helplessness, and forgot that she was to act the role of nurse, and not the sensitive lady—but she was a novice still.

That night she did not tell Remy of her last patient. Her new sorrow, or rather her old one, with a sweeter face, and more endurable bitterness, she wanted all by herself in its first days, but Remy understood it, and was the saddest of the two women during that sleepless

night, when neither spoke. Remy feared who the patient might be, from the surgeon's story, and her fears were confirmed by the softer lines in Aurora's silent face, and her forgetfulness of another's presence.

Aurora had been so thoughtful, and careful of Remy's health, and had striven, when wearied and despondent herself, to make Remy cheerful and hopeful, but to-night she was self-absorbed, and walking in a dream. There seemed to be a present shadow upon her life—but beyond—somewhere in the far-away horizon of her existence there lies a shore of softer lights, and tenderer coloring.

Many times, the stillness of the midnight almost forced Remy to reach forth her palm, and say :

“Aurora, this hand took the light out of his life, and left him, and you, in darkness and sorrow,” but her reason held back her voice, and she buried the secret in her own soul. Many and many another time it will rise and beg for utterance, but may she be strong enough to cling to the pitiful story, and leave it forever untold.

How confession helps one to bear a remembrance with patience and peace !

The next morning, and the next, and every morning, the aroma of flowers filled the room of the sightless man, and he turned to them with an emotion born of less, and less, sorrow.

The breakfasts were so dainty, and a woman's hand

was so much more helpful, and careful than a coarse man's, that the patient forgot to be proud, and repellent and took the food with an enjoyment he was supposed to have forgotten.

She did not ask him what books she should read, after the meagre news of the day was gleaned, but unasked, commenced Geoffrey Chaucer's "Man of Law's Tale," and made the blind penitent forget himself in this picture of womanly holiness. Constance has been called one of the white lilies of womanhood, and the symbol belongs to such as she. His face grew soft, and a hush came over his disturbed features, always so changeable. There was a lulling charm in the voice, too, that soothed, and caressed him into quiet. She ceased when the story was ended, and he only said :

"I thank you, Miss Hope. There are currents of sound in your voice, and now and then a minor tone, that is a perfect echo of one who is now buried, not under the golden dandelions, and silky grass—but buried away from me. I am better for this lesson of a woman's patience, and better for the assurance that life has a little to enjoy, however much there is to endure. Read me a little more of something, and then go rest yourself in the sunshine of this early autumn."

She took from her pocket a tiny, russet-colored Bible, and the fiftieth Psalm went through and through his soul, by its own wonderful power, and the penetrative tones of the voice that so wrapped him in memory.

Now and then, those beautiful eyes were lifted to the face of her auditor, as the sentences flowed on, while unutterable pity, and almost the old love, lay in them, and then a look, as if a resolution was melting away in the moisture that hung in crystal pendants from her long golden lashes and drifting like a tide over her features, and then it ebbed slowly back into calm determination. How she might have hated him still, but she did not, for she was only a woman!

Pardon her for loving one who had been traitorous to his country. Her father had been a rebel, and was penitent, and she forgave, and loved him still. Hobart Ringold was penitent also, and his punishment was so terrible!

When the history of this pitiful era shall have been fully written, we shall understand how many have been caught in the whirlwind of sophistry, and by the pressure of fateful surroundings, and hurried to doom, only to know where they were tending, too late!

Aurora Farnam knew how alluring had been the influences that drew so many to death, or worse, and as she looked into that sightless, helpless, hopeless face, a quiver of startled thought told how she let herself, dream,—just for a moment—that the old bond so sweet and so strong, was not severed utterly. Then her expression said:

“Not now, nor here. He must bear it yet awhile

longer, for God sent him the darkness. Sometime—perhaps,—I will be again truly his Morning, but not now—not now !”

She looked this last, as if she, too, had sinned, and was sentencing herself to penance.

But the Psalm was ended, with scarce a look at the little book, so perfect was her recollection of its beautiful cadences, and the volume closed.

Hobart Ringold's head was bowed upon his hand, and deep feeling shook his great manly figure like the swaying of an oak in a strong wind.

How she longed to kneel by his side, and pray for him, even as she had prayed for other penitents, but she did not. God could hear her in the silence of her own barren room, with as tender a bowing down to listen to the wordless longing of an earnest believing soul, as by the side of her beloved.

First, to the poor fellows who had looked, and longed in vain, for her, all that dreary morning, she went, and with her soft hands soothed the aching temples of one—prepared a cooling draught for another, and prayed a third over the mysterious threshold of the Hereafter, whence his disrobed soul, whitened, and purified by peril, and tears, and the simple faith that Aurora taught him, passed gladly.

Carrying her own burden as silently, and through as lonely a way as Constance of Rome bore her own

heavy sorrow for five years over a restless sea, Aurora went gathering consolation and rest for others, and reverential love for herself.

The days went by, and though the fitful fevered pulse of Ringold was quieter and indicated general improvement—the darkness tarried. His shy nurse interested him although she did not talk to him. She never asked him for the books he loved best, but read as she fancied he needed the thoughts, alternating, as she did with his diet.

She read John Brent, and the healthy tone, and earnest purpose of some of its characters roused him a little, but Don Fulanno stirred him into speech. He told of his own noble animal, and how when he could mount him no longer, the confederacy “conscripted” him, and separated them forcibly.

How he ground his teeth at the recital! Poor Glory doomed to an ignoble life, or perhaps better than that, a speedy death!

Once she entered upon the blind episode in the life of Lord Rochester, and little Jane Eyre. Then Aurora Leigh, with the saddest portion of poor Marion’s fate omitted, filled the blank morning and his face brightened at the last, and he interrupted involuntarily, to call out: “Aurora—my Aurora, would you be sunshine and moonlight to me if you could know how I had sorrowed and suffered!”

“Yes!—yes!” came in a whisper,—so far away it seemed to his imagination, and yet so near!

Nothing more came for all his eager listening.

“Miss Hope.” There was no answer, and Hobart Ringold was alone!

CHAPTER XXI.

WADING STILL.

“O smite us gently, gently God!
Teach us to bend, and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief.”

“LIGHT—more light!” Did Goethe call for just a glimmer to pierce through the darkness that seemed to gather, or are our imaginings at fault, and these last words of the poet, exultant exclamations of delight, as he floats out from earthy shadows, into the glory of unveiled radiance? We believe he beheld the dawn of an endless day. How like Gobelin tapestry, is “the life that now is!” We weave on, and weave on, but cannot see the wonders being wrought by our ceaseless endeavor. Neither can we know that while our shuttles are plying steadily, and the fair threads are winding in and out, those nearest and dearest to our lives are plaiting sombre fibres into deathly shapes.

While Aurora and Remy were weaving and weaving, as the threads came to them, the pictures upon the

mountains girdling Chattanooga, were being woven for sunken eyes to weep over, but before which, Liberty would clap her hands.

It was a victory, and Aurora, for herself and her country, was glad. It was a victory, and Remy trembled. For only a little, did her heart vibrate between hope and fear, because sorrowful messages are so swift! Her brother called to her, but from her father there was no message, and she knew that between they two silence had fallen forever!

How eagerly Aurora strove to gather comfort for her friend! How softly, and with bowed head, she told of the dawning of a better day to us all, and now that they must separate—one to go where dutiful affection, called, and the other to still stand by the suffering, till Peace brooded over us once more, there was no need for silence, between them. She acknowledged her allegiance to her old lover—sinful as he had been, and stricken as he was, and begged Remy to care for him on the way to his old home, and plead, if need be, with his mother, for room in her heart for her only living child.

She claimed a promise from Remy, that she would now and then lighten his darkness, by the bestowment of such attentions as her brother could spare. She said she dare not trust herself to tell him what she was to him now, and what she would be if the Good Father spared her till there were no more battles. She

believed that God meant his suffering as expiation and she would endure a portion of it, by helping him to bear the blows that Rebellion gave, even through separation, and weariness.

Remy had never thought of her own little self, as a type of perfect christian womanhood, but lifted Aurora's hand reverently and kissed it, as if she were sainted by sacrifice. She almost forgot her own affliction, knowing how much greater is an unburied sorrow, as she prepared for a hurried departure.

With the good surgeon, Remy held her first interview with the man she had doomed to blindness. She had a fiercer combat with herself to face him, than there had been in the contest where this retribution fell. Softly she repeated Aurora's message, and saw the lifted face of Hobart Ringold grow beautiful in this baptism of hope. He neither plead for a touch of Aurora's hand nor cried out against the possible that lay in this illimitable separation. He was like a lost child being led from bewilderment and terror to its mother's arms, and felt nothing but happiness.

It was a dreary severance between these two women who had so suffered and so endured, and for once, just once, Aurora moaned over the wretchedness which her self-immolation brought, but she never thought of swerving from the pathway she had chosen.

How long she lay, prone upon the bare floor of that dismal room, and wept and prayed, none save she and

the angels know, but she rose at last, and put away the traces of that sharp pain which gnawed at her heart, and took her old place in the hospital. The surgeon's voice always lowered with involuntary awe, when he spoke in her presence—and her patients seemed intuitively to know that a shadowy wing had swept over her life, and they were patient before this mysterious suffering, that was greater than theirs.

So the months went by with her, and so they glide on still. Now and then, she sends a cheery letter to Mrs. Ringold, hiding the pitiful, and picturing only the fairer and holier scenes of her hospital life and exulting in every victory of our arms as so much distance bridged between herself, and her heart's rest. She knew how the mother's anger had melted before her returning son, and was sure that his days glided on as happily as a mother's love could make them.

Remy lured back health and strength to her brother, and but once did she see him turn his manly face from beholding only the glory that was to come to a purified country, and that was when after his convalescence was fully established, she told the wonderful story of Aurora Farnam's love, and sacrifice.

To Remy's questioning eyes, he replied :

“ Only another sweet hope gone—another dream faded, but it is better so. Hereafter, Liberty alone, shall have my affection.”

“ And little Remy ?”

“And little Remy,” he answered, with a long gaze into her true eyes, so melancholy in the reflection of his broken pictures of a “Sweet, sweet home.”

The old year waned, and the new one grew, and Abernethy St. Remy returned to the field, a little deeper eyed—a shade tenderer to his companions, but unrelenting to himself. No duty was too wearying, or too dangerous now, and his men revered him, and followed him upon the very verge of Death’s dominions, but he was unscathed. He was a General after Missionary Ridge became historic, and he bore his honors as if a greater burden of care, and not a bay wreath, was laid upon him. He seemed to be lifted away from every tie of kindred, except that of human brotherhood after he had given his darling Remy in white mist, and orange blossoms, to Colonel Berry, one May morning before a Georgian battle. Victory arched his neck, and dilated his thin nostrils when General St. Remy limped into the saddle as if he was as proud of his gold lace, as a new Lieutenant. He was used to the clash of steel, and seemed pleased to exchange the feminine riding habit, which had mounted him, for silver spurs, and the “Battle’s dusky marge,” and Remy was glad she could send him as her substitute, knowing how faithfully he would serve his General.

There was no bridal spectacle, only a solemn religious formula—a sacrament, and afterward a separation at Vicksburg, where the bride laid away once more the

foamy muslin, and arrayed in white cap, and dusky gown, again took her place by the side of Aurora Farnam, to work out her portion of toil for the glorious cause of Universal Freedom.

May the Good God hold them both in his sheltering and loving Palm!

N O T E .

Leon Trissilian St. Remy was, early in the year 1864, bearer of despatches over the country toward Murfreesboro, and whether necessity, or curiosity led him, we do not know, but he spent a night at the Stuart Mansion, and would have lingered, but his orders were peremptory. It was not quite the shortest route, but his return brought him back again, and under the silver reign of a summer moon, friendship grew with wonderful rapidity. There was so much to say of the young Lieutenant—her chivalrous brother, and so much to

write about afterward. In the interval of communication, Miss Belle had a habit of trifling with a Cairngorm cross, suspended by a tiny fetter of gold, while her eyes—wore an expression which was softened into the peculiar velvety glow that was characteristic of the Boy in Blue.

How eagerly she extends hospitality to the Federal soldiery! How many of the poor fellows have found rest, and medicine for soul and body under that genial roof, they could not now remember. Because they have welcomed back their wanderers from over the sea, and because, the apostles of Liberty are so dear, they only remember their past sorrows as a troubled dream, and lift the shadows of all who come wearied to their thresholds.

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